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CHOICE HYMNS No. 1

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN D.D.

W. S. WEEDEN.

HALL-MACK CO.
PUBLISHERS
1021 ARCH ST. PHILA. PA.
156 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK.

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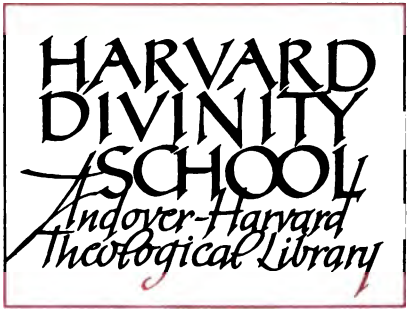
NO.1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CHOICE HYMNS

No. 1.

Compiled and Edited by

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

AND

W. S. WEEDEN

For use in the

Church, Sunday-School, Young People's Societies, &c., &c.

PRICE:

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PREFACE

These hymns are sent out with the earnest prayer that God may bless them in the upbuilding of the Church and the winning of many souls to Christ. All the profits accruing from the sale of this book so far as I am concerned shall be devoted to the School for Boys at Winona Lake, Indiana.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

Philadelphia, May 1902

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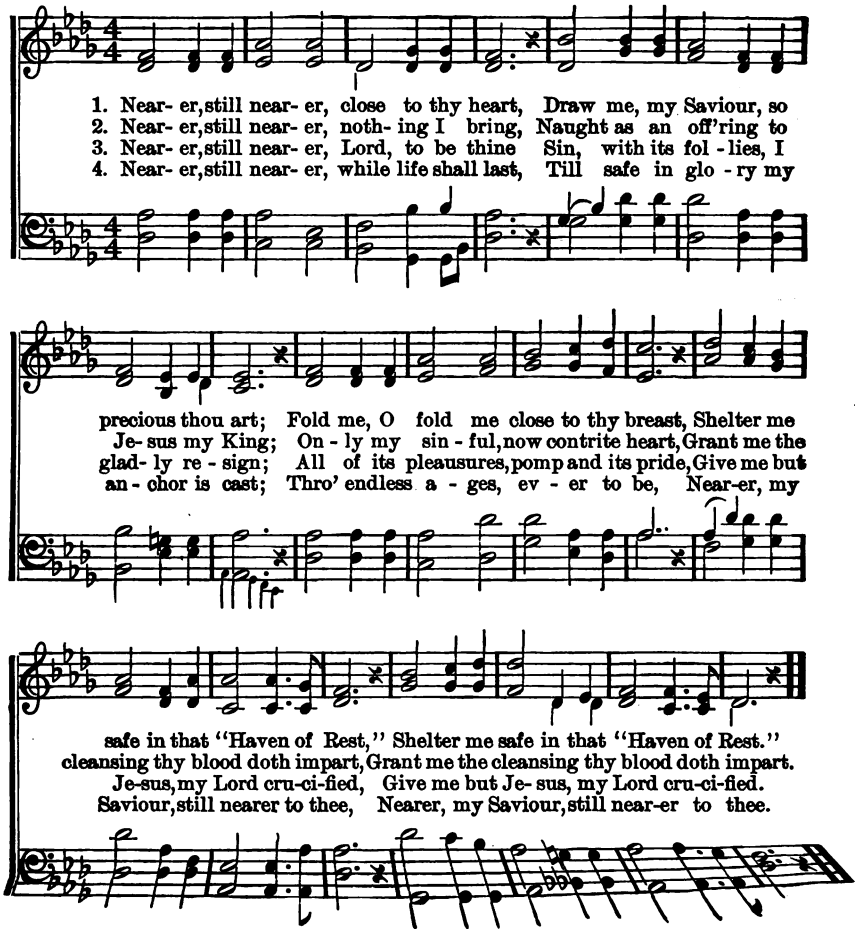
1902

Choice Hymns,

No. 1.

NEARER, STILL NEARER.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Near- er, still near- er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Saviour, so
2. Near- er, still near- er, noth- ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to
3. Near- er, still near- er, Lord, to be thine Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near- er, still near- er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my
precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shelter me
Je- sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad- ly re - sign; All of its pleausures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be, Near-er, my
safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je- sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
Saviour, still nearer to thee, Nearer, my Saviour, still near-er to thee.

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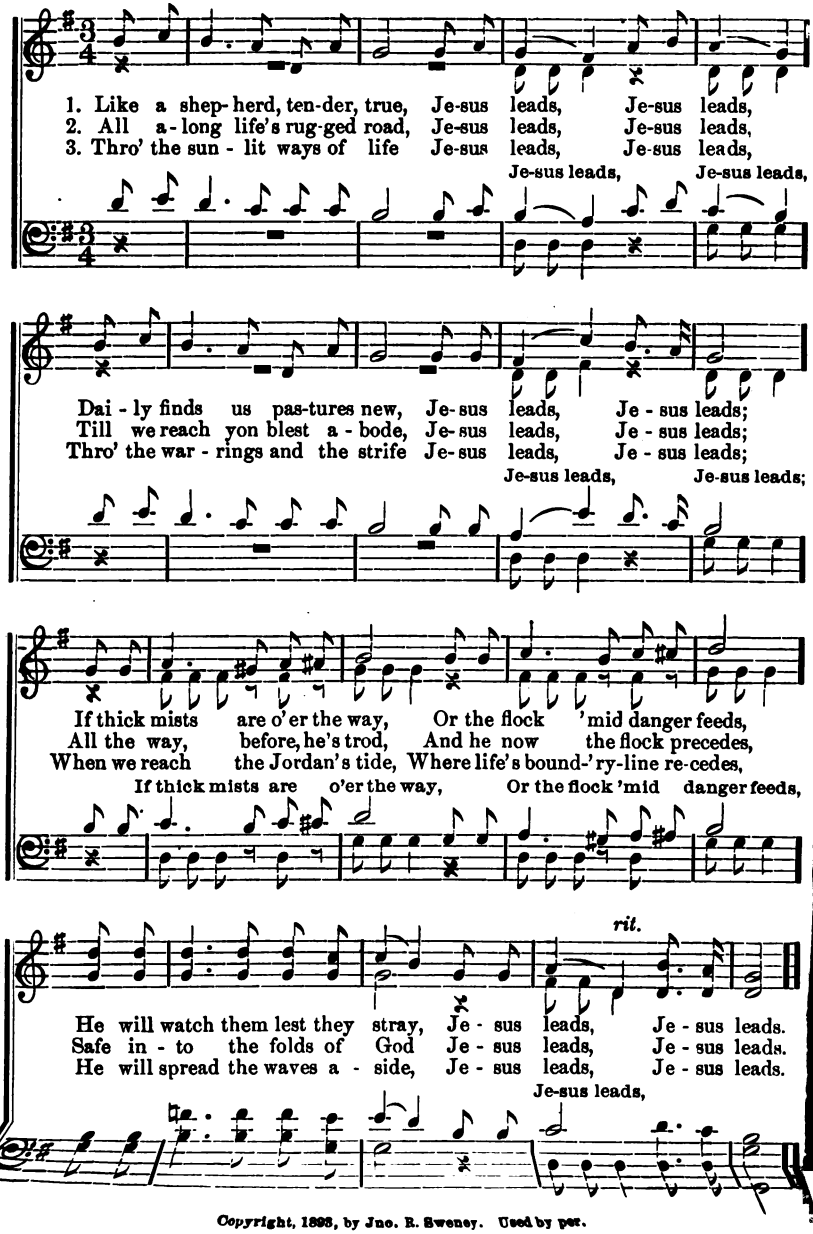
No. 4. JESUS LEADS.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice."—John 10 : 4.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

1. Like a shep-herd, ten-der, true, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
2. All a-long life's rug-ged road, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
Dai-ly finds us pas-tures new, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
Till we reach yon blest a-bode, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
Thro' the war-rings and the strife Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
All the way, before, he's trod, And he now the flock precedes,
When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound-'ry-line re-cedes,
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
rit.
He will watch them lest they stray, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads.
Safe in-to the folds of God Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads.
He will spread the waves a-side, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads.
Je-sus leads,

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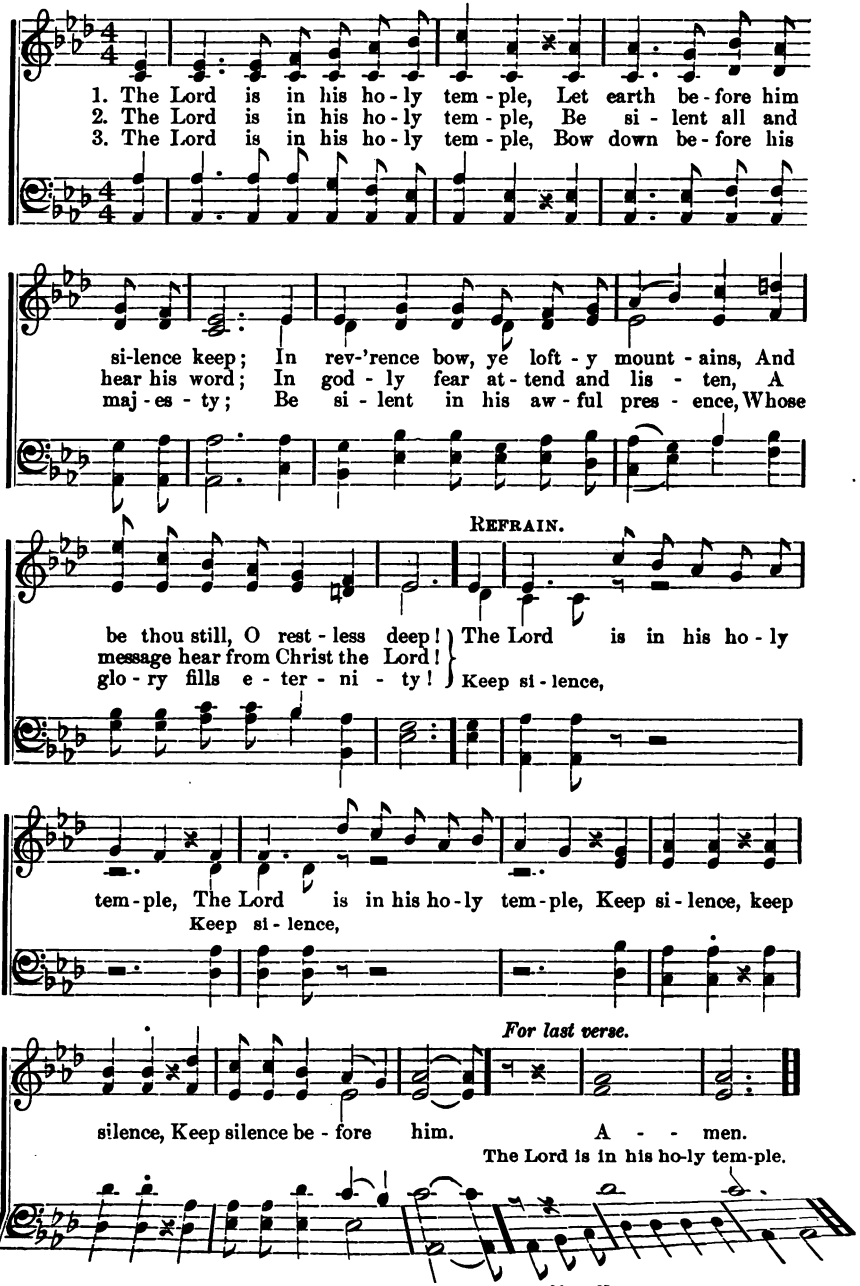
No. 5. THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.

W. H. Bagby. J. H. F.

1. The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, Let earth be - fore him
2. The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, Be si - lent all and
3. The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, Bow down be - fore his
si-lence keep; In rev-'rence bow, ye loft - y mount - ains, And
hear his word; In god - ly fear at - tend and lis - ten, A
maj - es - ty; Be si - lent in his aw - ful pres - ence, Whose
Refrain.
be thou still, O rest - less deep!
message hear from Christ the Lord!
glo - ry fills e - ter - ni - ty!
The Lord is in his ho - ly
Keep si - lence,
tem - ple, The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, Keep si - lence, keep
Keep si - lence,
For last verse.
silence, Keep silence be - fore him. A - - men.
The Lord is in his ho-ly tem-ple.

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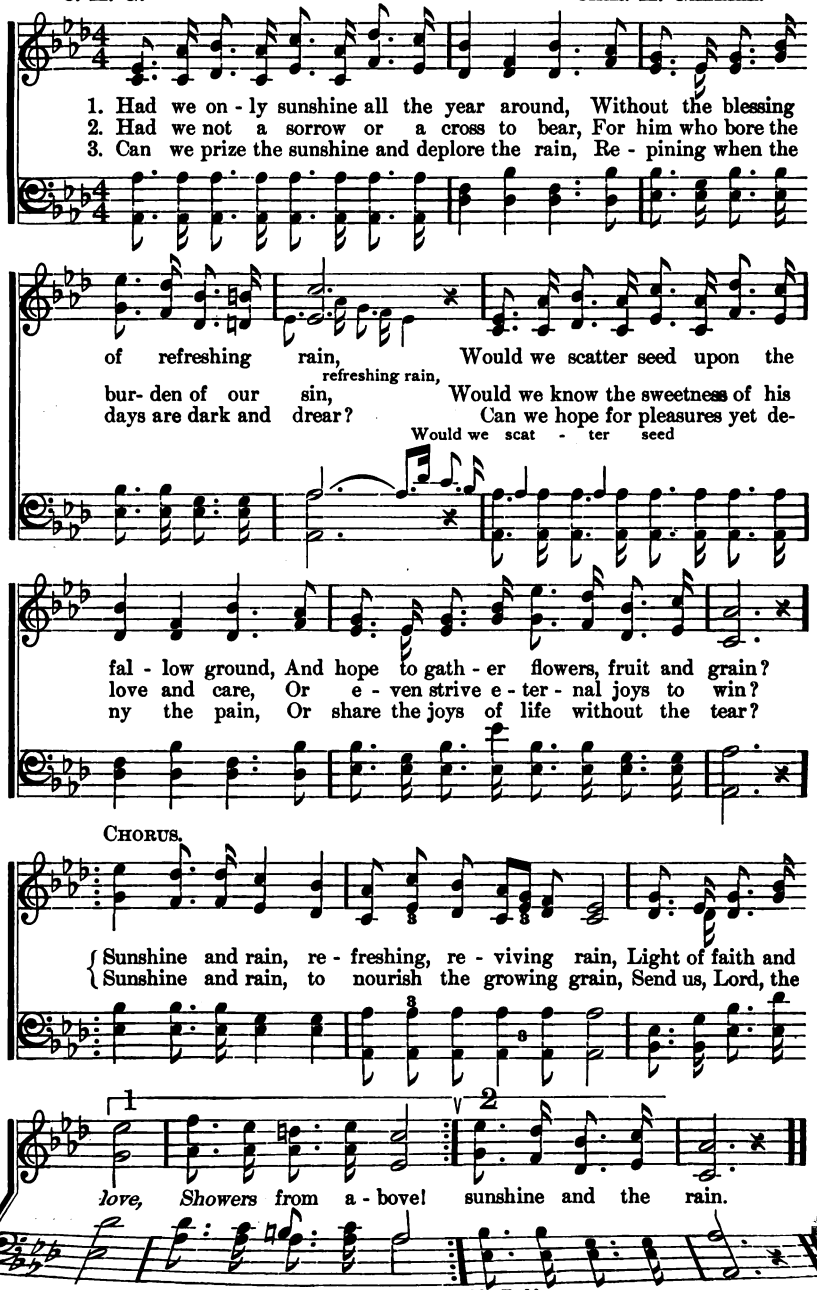
No. 6. SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Had we on - ly sunshine all the year around, Without the blessing
2. Had we not a sorrow or a cross to bear, For him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sunshine and deplore the rain, Re - pining when the
of refreshing rain, Would we scatter seed upon the
refreshing rain,
bur- den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of his
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures yet de-
Would we scat - ter seed
fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flowers, fruit and grain?
love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
ny the pain, Or share the joys of life without the tear?
CHORUS.
Sunshine and rain, re - freshing, re - viving rain, Light of faith and
Sunshine and rain, to nourish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the
1
2
love, Showers from a - bove! sunshine and the rain.

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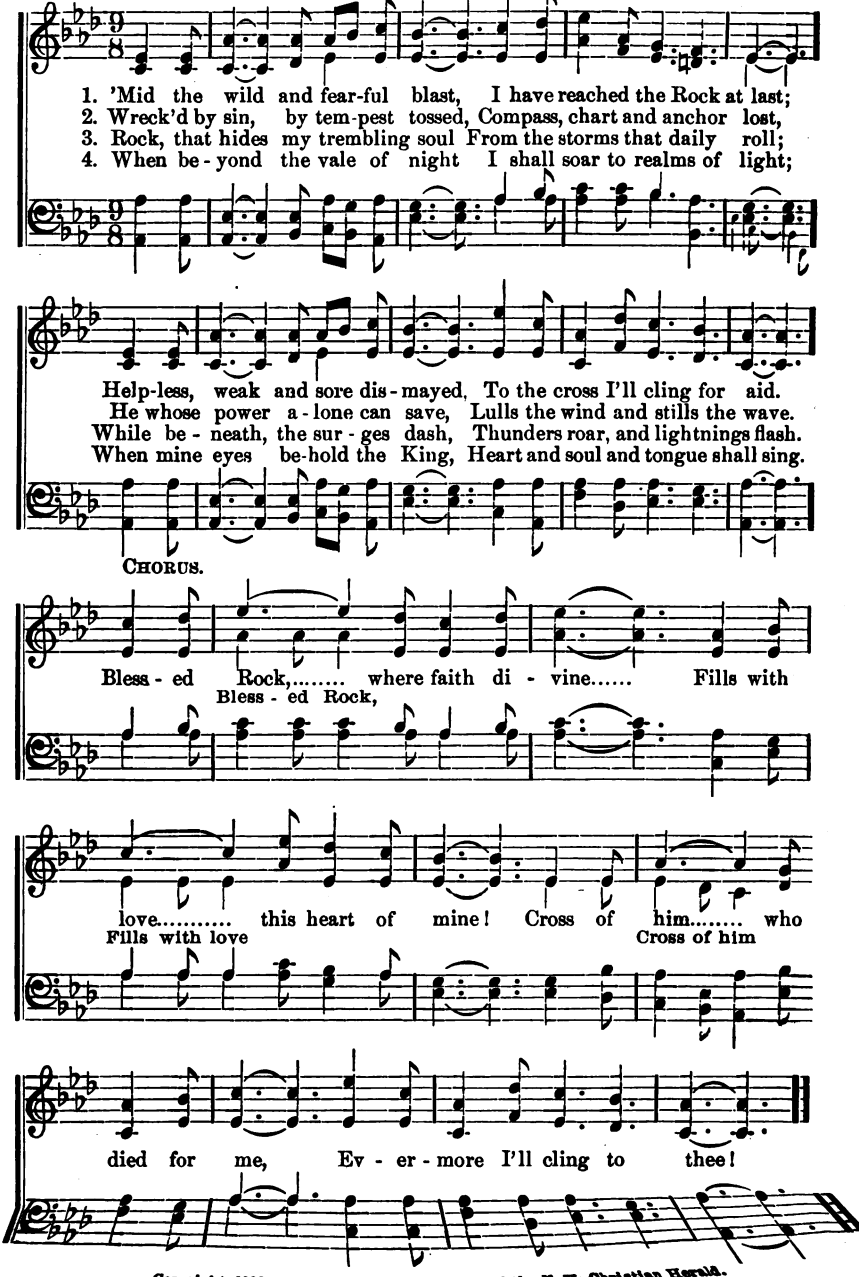
No. 7. BLESSED ROCK.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. 'Mid the wild and fear-ful blast, I have reached the Rock at last;
2. Wreck'd by sin, by tem-pest tossed, Compass, chart and anchor lost,
3. Rock, that hides my trembling soul From the storms that daily roll;
4. When be-yond the vale of night I shall soar to realms of light;
Help-less, weak and sore dis-mayed, To the cross I'll cling for aid.
He whose power a-lone can save, Lulls the wind and stills the wave.
While be-neath, the sur-ges dash, Thunders roar, and lightnings flash.
When mine eyes be-hold the King, Heart and soul and tongue shall sing.
CHORUS.
Bless-ed Rock,..... where faith di-vine..... Fills with
Bless-ed Rock,
love..... this heart of mine! Cross of him..... who
Fills with love
Cross of him
died for me, Ev-er-more I'll cling to thee!

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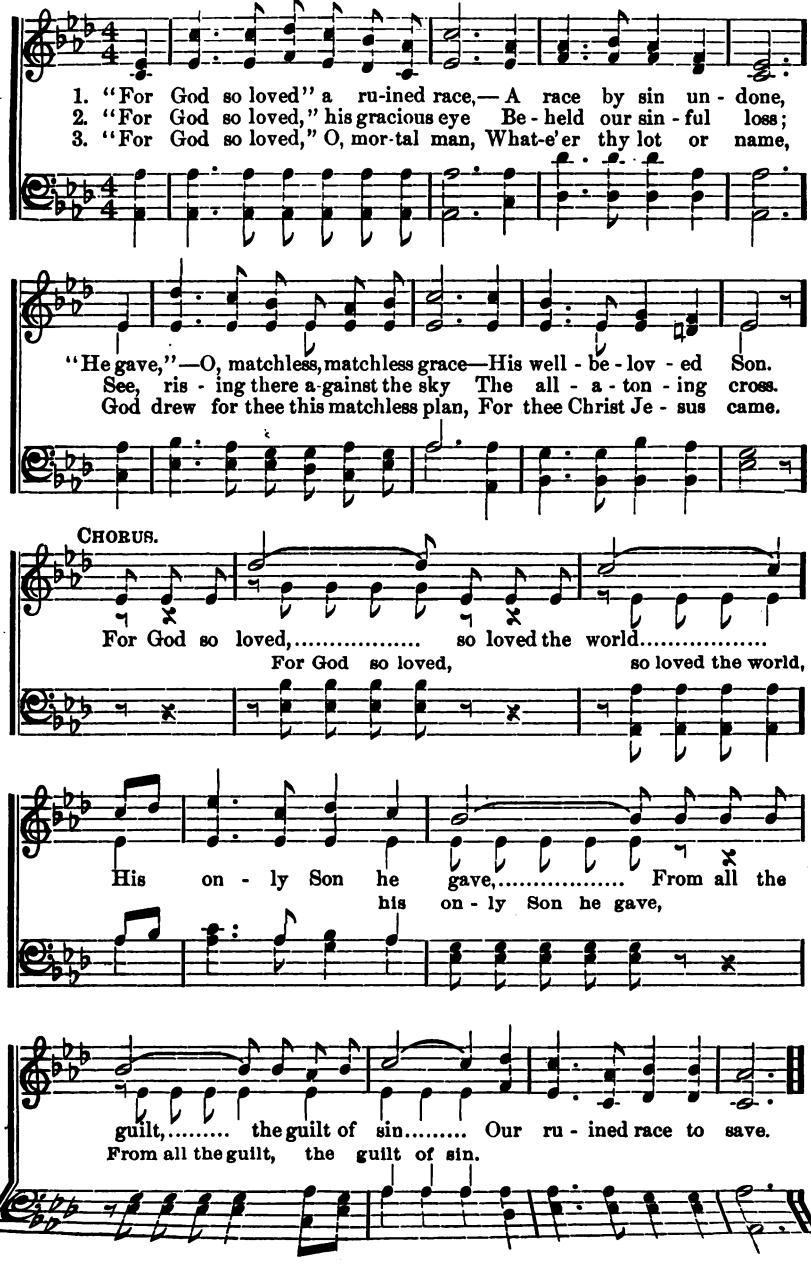
No. 8. "FOR GOD SO LOVED."

John 3: 16.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. "For God so loved" a ru-ined race,— A race by sin un - done,
2. "For God so loved," his gracious eye Be - held our sin - ful loss;
3. "For God so loved," O, mor-tal man, What-e'er thy lot or name,
"He gave,"—O, matchless, matchless grace—His well - be - lov - ed Son.
See, ris - ing there a-gainst the sky The all - a - ton - ing cross.
God drew for thee this matchless plan, For thee Christ Je - sus came.
CHORUS.
For God so loved,..... so loved the world.....
For God so loved, so loved the world,
His on - ly Son he gave,..... From all the
his on - ly Son he gave,
guilt,..... the guilt of sin..... Our ru - ined race to save.
From all the guilt, the guilt of sin.

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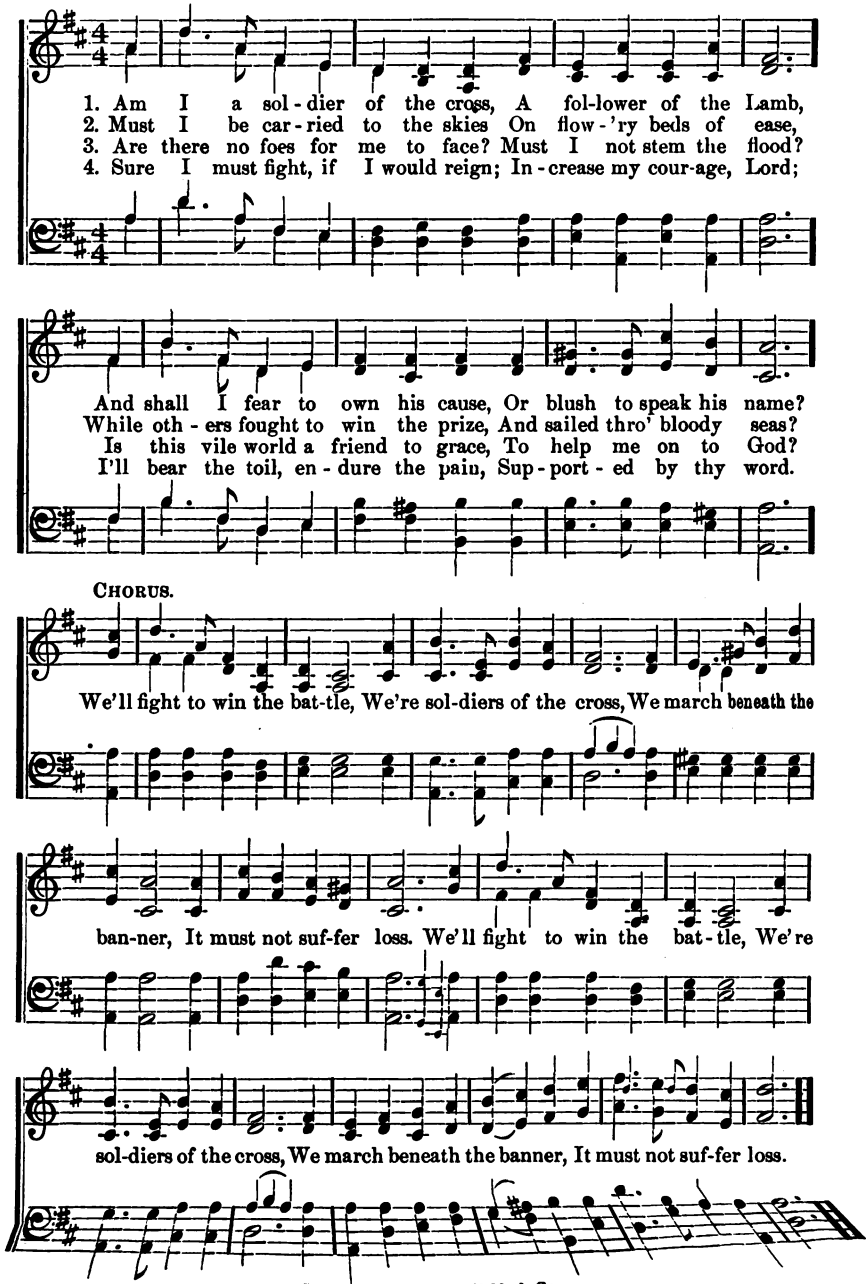
No. 9. AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word.
CHORUS.
We'll fight to win the bat-tle, We're sol-diers of the cross, We march beneath the
ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss. We'll fight to win the bat-tle, We're
sol-diers of the cross, We march beneath the banner, It must not suf-fer loss.

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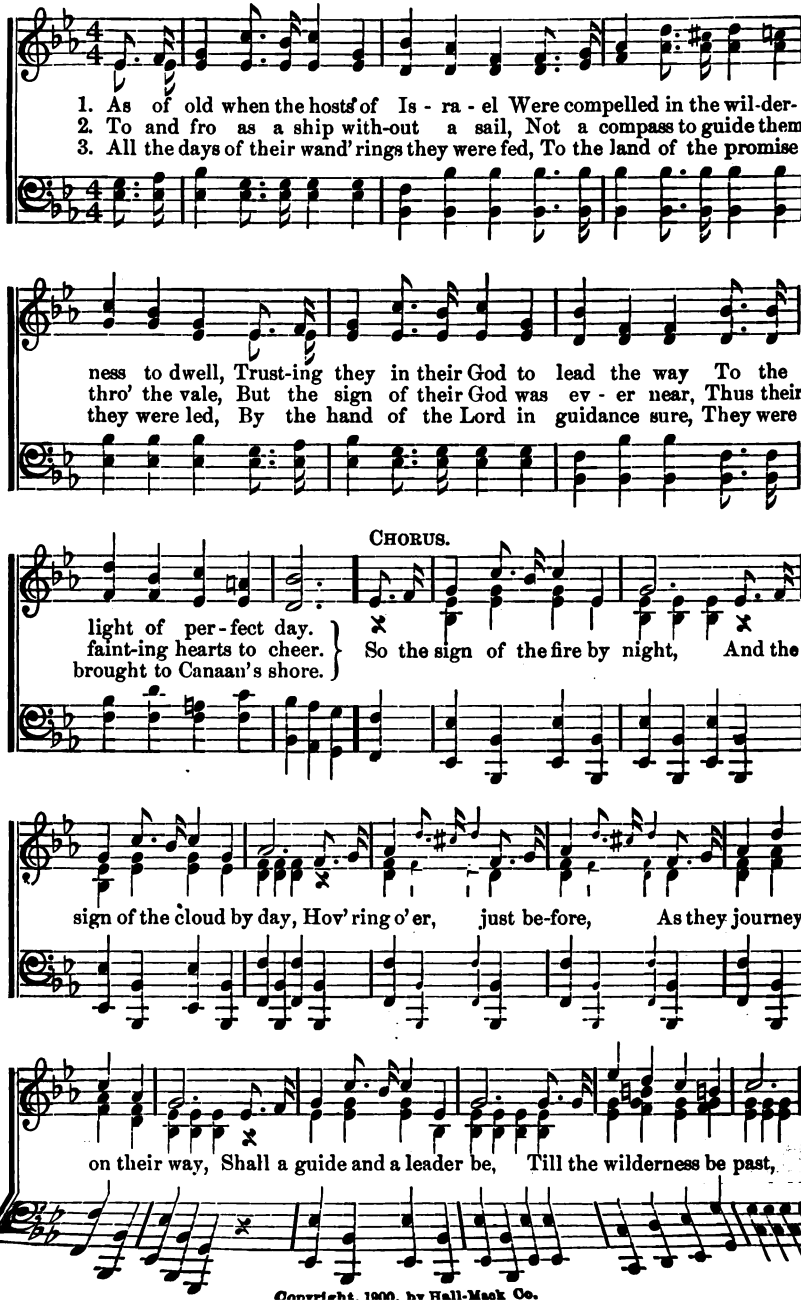
No. 10. THE CLOUD AND FIRE.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. As of old when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil-der-
2. To and fro as a ship with-out a sail, Not a compass to guide them
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the promise
ness to dwell, Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the
thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their
they were led, By the hand of the Lord in guidance sure, They were
Chorus.
light of per-fect day.
faint-ing hearts to cheer.
brought to Canaan's shore.
So the sign of the fire by night, And the
sign of the cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just be-fore, As they journey
on their way, Shall a guide and a leader be, Till the wilderness be past,

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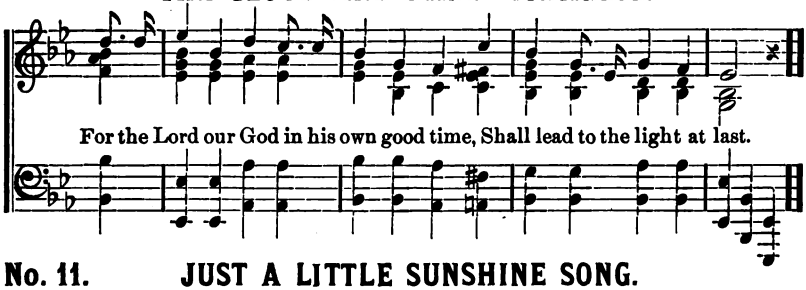
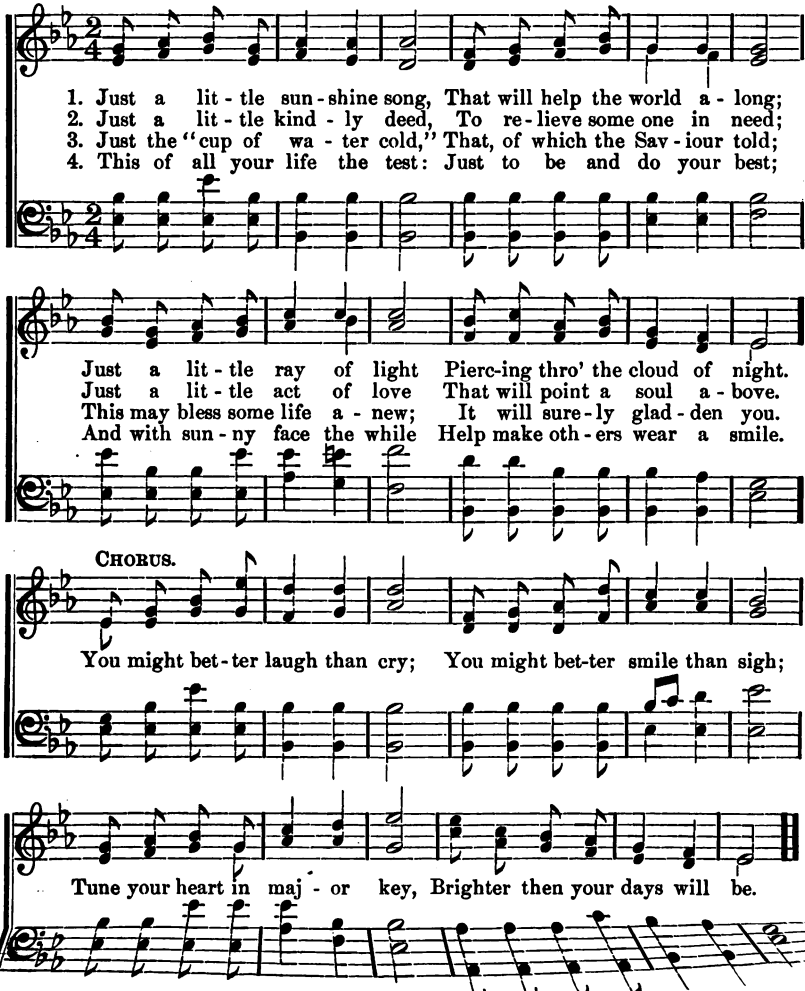
THE CLOUD AND FIRE.—Concluded.



No. 11. JUST A LITTLE SUNSHINE SONG.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. W. S. WEEDEN.


1. Just a lit - tle sun - shine song, That will help the world a - long;
2. Just a lit - tle kind - ly deed, To re - lieve some one in need;
3. Just the "cup of wa - ter cold," That, of which the Sav - iour told;
4. This of all your life the test: Just to be and do your best;
Just a lit - tle ray of light Pierc-ing thro' the cloud of night.
Just a lit - tle act of love That will point a soul a - bove.
This may bless some life a - new; It will sure - ly glad - den you.
And with sun - ny face the while Help make oth - ers wear a smile.
CHORUS.
You might bet - ter laugh than cry; You might bet-ter smile than sigh;
Tune your heart in maj - or key, Brighter then your days will be.

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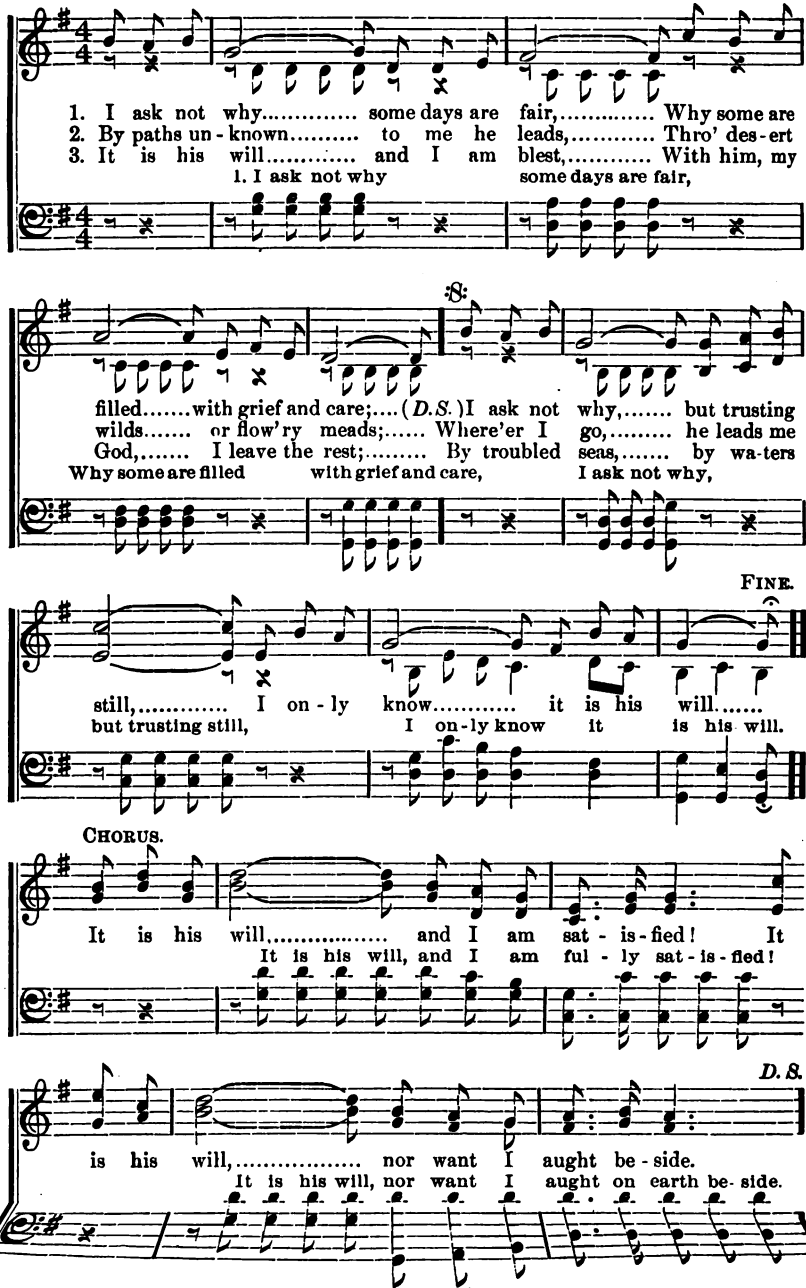
No. 12. IT IS HIS WILL.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. E. S. Lorenz.

1. I ask not why..... some days are fair,..... Why some are
2. By paths un-known..... to me he leads,..... Thro' des-ert
3. It is his will..... and I am blest,..... With him, my
1. I ask not why some days are fair,
filled.....with grief and care;....(D.S.)I ask not why,..... but trusting
wilds..... or flow'ry meads;..... Where'er I go,..... he leads me
God,..... I leave the rest;..... By troubled seas,..... by wa-ters
Why some are filled with grief and care, I ask not why,
FINE.
still,..... I on-ly know..... it is his will.....
but trusting still, I on-ly know it is his will.
CHORUS.
It is his will..... and I am sat-is-fied! It
It is his will, and I am ful-ly sat-is-fied!
D.S.
is his will,..... nor want I aught be-side.
It is his will, nor want I aught on earth be-side.

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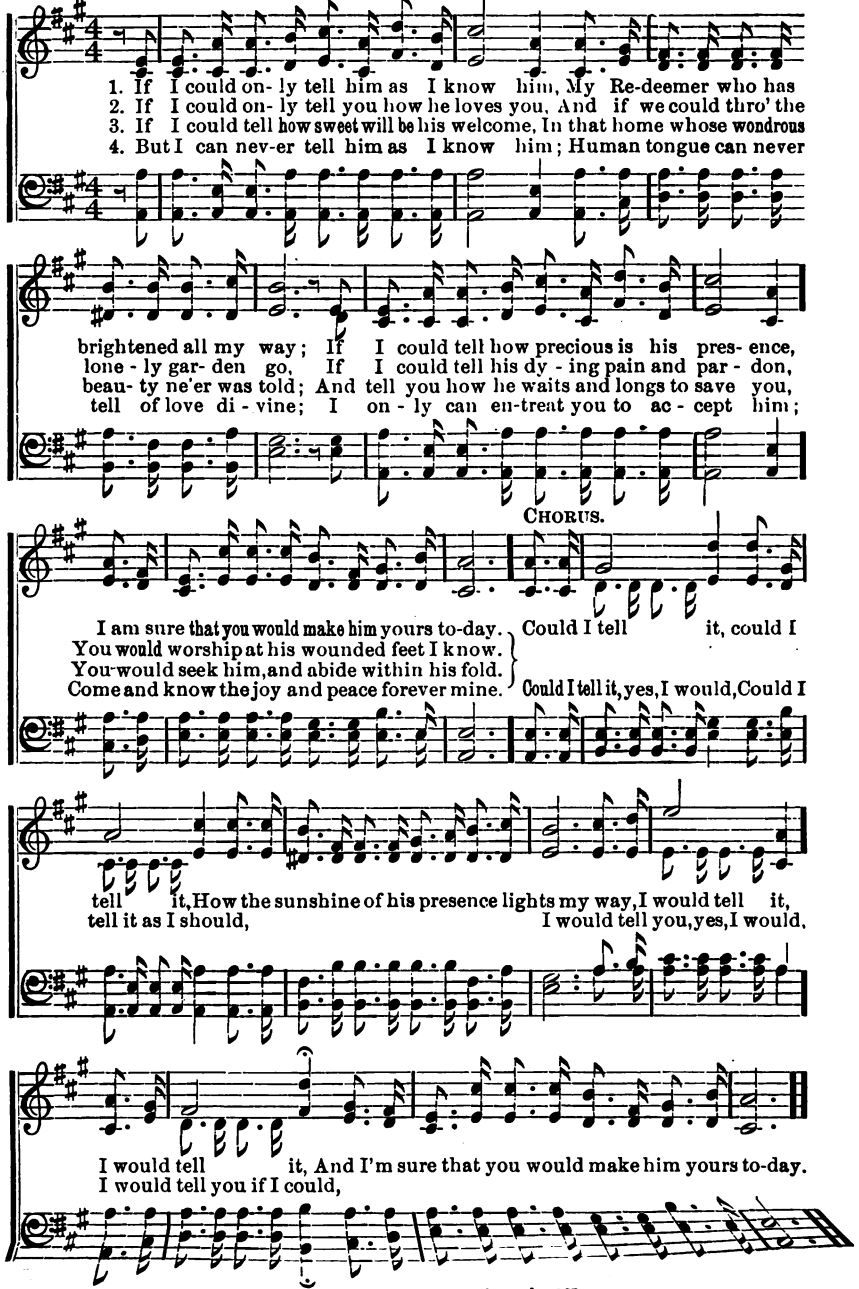
No. 13. COULD I TELL IT.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILLHORN.

1. If I could on- ly tell him as I know him, My Re-deemer who has
2. If I could on- ly tell you how he loves you, And if we could thro' the
3. If I could tell how sweet will be his welcome, In that home whose wondrous
4. But I can nev-er tell him as I know him; Human tongue can never
brightened all my way; If I could tell how precious is his pres- ence,
lone - ly gar- den go, If I could tell his dy - ing pain and par - don,
beau- ty ne'er was told; And tell you how he waits and longs to save you,
tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can en-treat you to ac - cept him;
CHORUS.
I am sure that you would make him yours to-day.
You would worship at his wounded feet I know.
You would seek him, and abide within his fold.
Come and know the joy and peace forever mine.
Could I tell it, could I
Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I
tell it, How the sunshine of his presence lights my way, I would tell it,
tell it as I should,
I would tell you, yes, I would,
I would tell it, And I'm sure that you would make him yours to-day.
I would tell you if I could,

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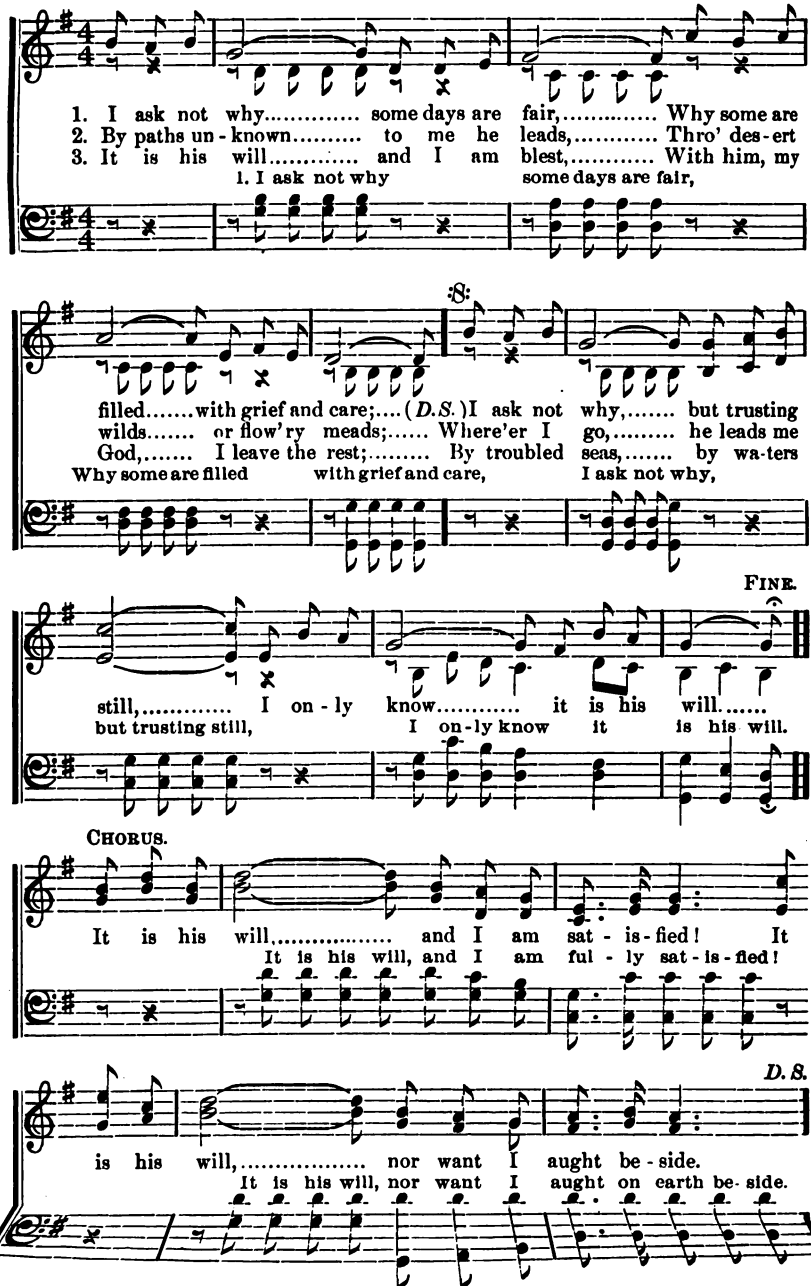
No. 12. IT IS HIS WILL.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. E. S. Lorenz.

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3. It is his will..... and I am blest,..... With him, my
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wilds..... or flow'ry meads;..... Where'er I go,..... he leads me
God,..... I leave the rest;..... By troubled seas,..... by wa-ters
Why some are filled with grief and care, I ask not why,
FINE.
still,..... I on-ly know..... it is his will.....
but trusting still, I on-ly know it is his will.
CHORUS.
It is his will..... and I am sat-is-fied! It
It is his will, and I am ful-ly sat-is-fied!
D.S.
is his will,..... nor want I aught be-side.
It is his will, nor want I aught on earth be-side.

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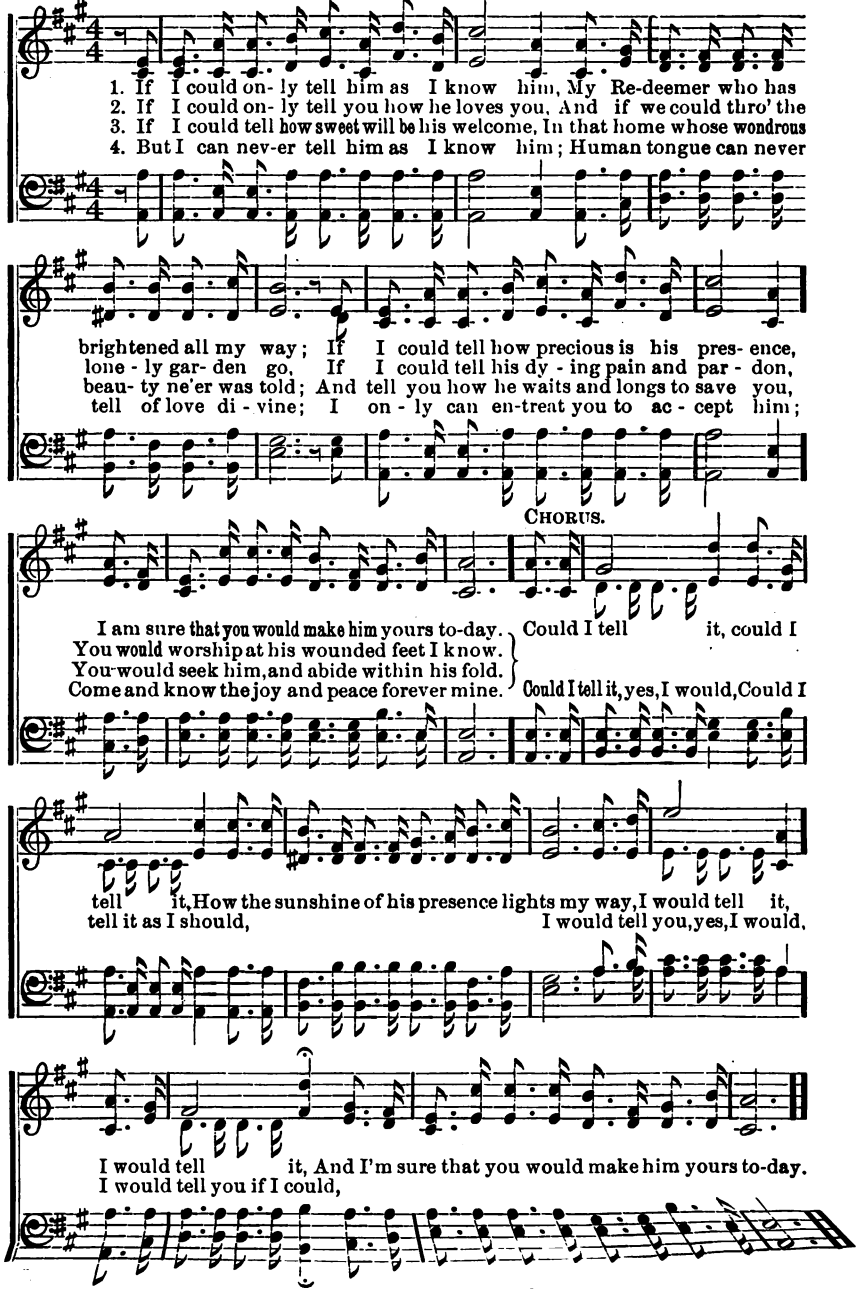
No. 13. COULD I TELL IT.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILLHORN.

1. If I could on- ly tell him as I know him, My Re-deemer who has
2. If I could on- ly tell you how he loves you, And if we could thro' the
3. If I could tell how sweet will be his welcome, In that home whose wondrous
4. But I can nev-er tell him as I know him; Human tongue can never
brightened all my way; If I could tell how precious is his pres- ence,
lone - ly gar- den go, If I could tell his dy - ing pain and par - don,
beau- ty ne'er was told; And tell you how he waits and longs to save you,
tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can en-treat you to ac - cept him;
CHORUS.
I am sure that you would make him yours to-day.
You would worship at his wounded feet I know.
You would seek him, and abide within his fold.
Come and know the joy and peace forever mine.
Could I tell it, could I
Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I
tell it, How the sunshine of his presence lights my way, I would tell it,
tell it as I should,
I would tell you, yes, I would,
I would tell it, And I'm sure that you would make him yours to-day.
I would tell you if I could,

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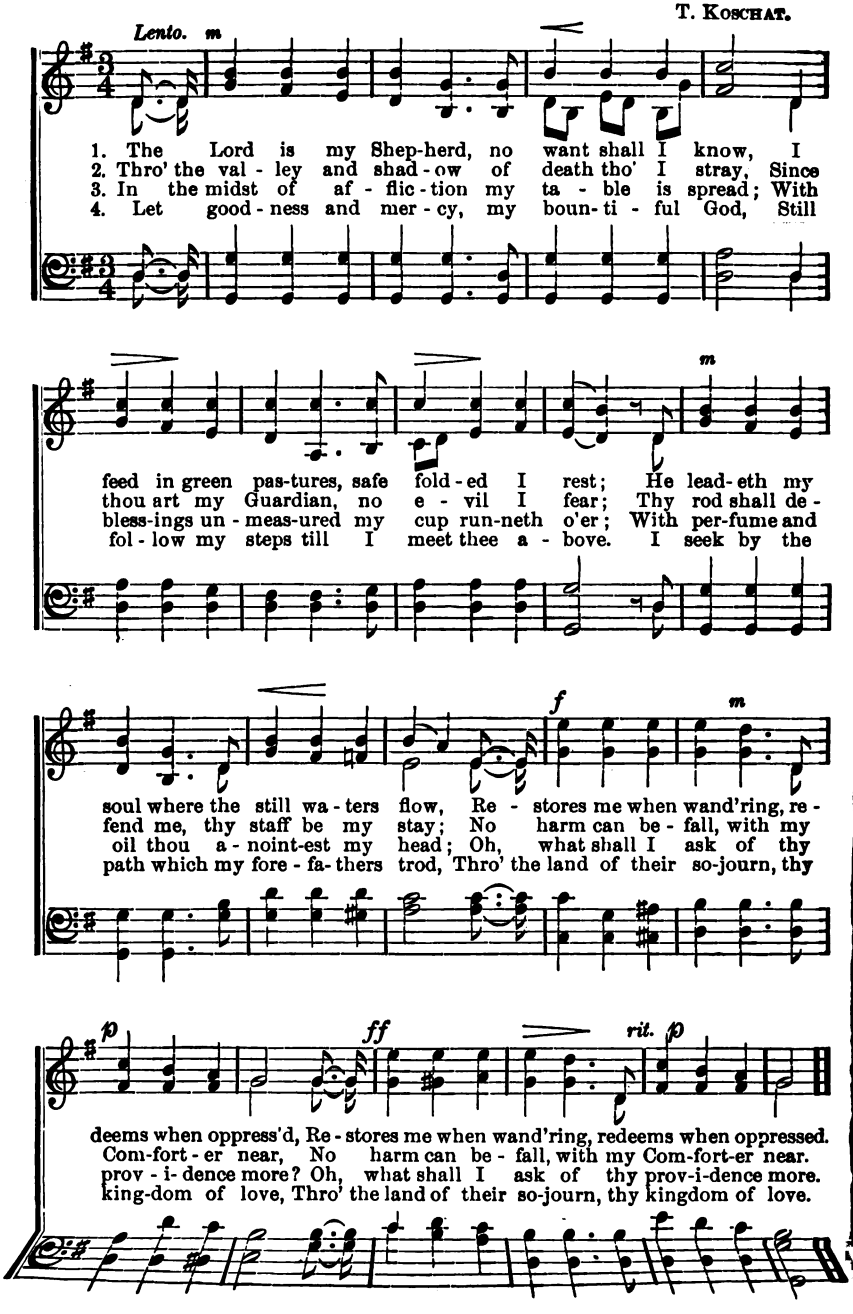
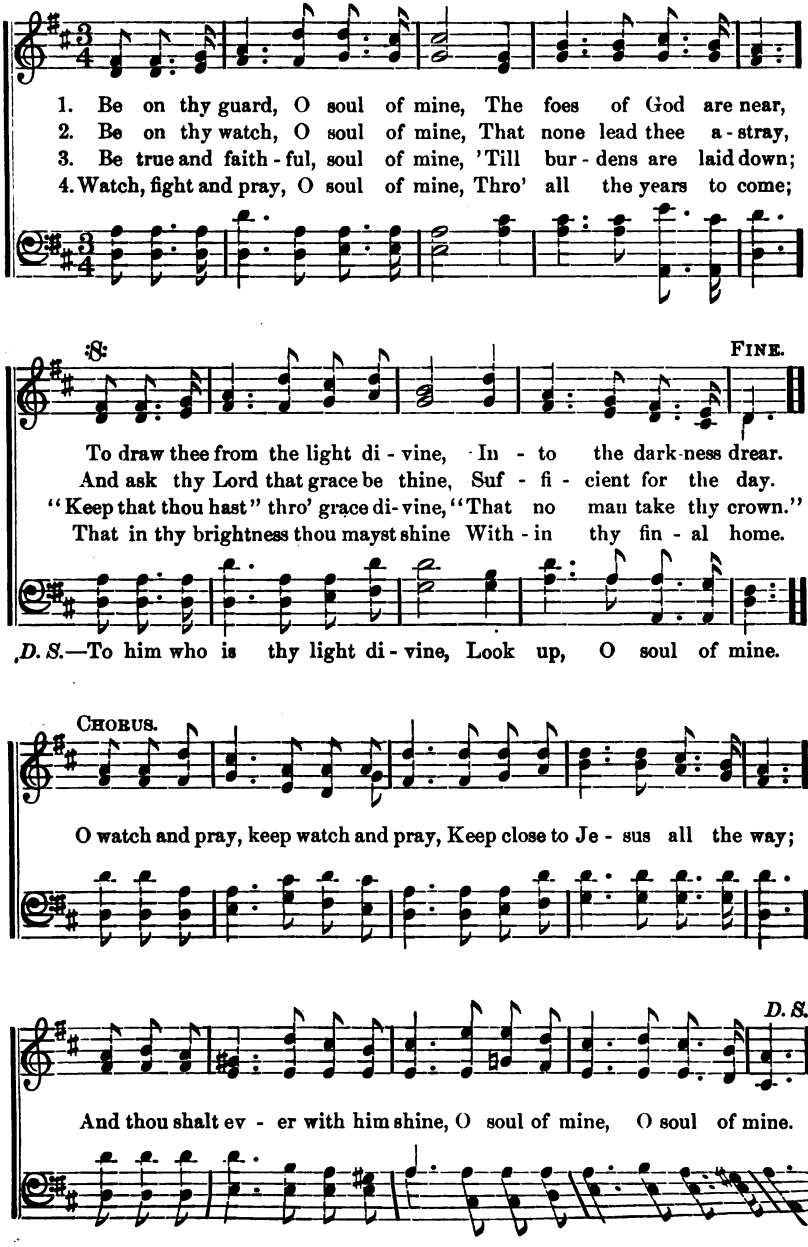
No. 14. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

T. KOSCHAT.

Lento.
m
1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know, I
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still
feed in green pas-tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my
thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -
bless-ings un - meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and
fol - low my steps till I meet thee a - bove. I seek by the
soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re -
fend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil thou a - noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of thy
path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, thy
p
ff
rit.
p
deems when oppress'd, Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
Com-fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
prov - i - dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of thy prov-i-dence more.
king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, thy kingdom of love.

No. 15. O SOUL OF MINE.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Be on thy guard, O soul of mine, The foes of God are near,
2. Be on thy watch, O soul of mine, That none lead thee a-stray,
3. Be true and faith-ful, soul of mine, 'Till bur-dens are laid down;
4. Watch, fight and pray, O soul of mine, Thro' all the years to come;
To draw thee from the light di-vine, In-to the dark-ness drear.
And ask thy Lord that grace be thine, Suf-fi-cient for the day.
"Keep that thou hast" thro' grace di-vine, "That no man take thy crown."
That in thy brightness thou mayst shine With-in thy fin-al home.
D. S.—To him who is thy light di-vine, Look up, O soul of mine.
CHORUS.
O watch and pray, keep watch and pray, Keep close to Je-sus all the way;
And thou shalt ev-er with him shine, O soul of mine, O soul of mine.

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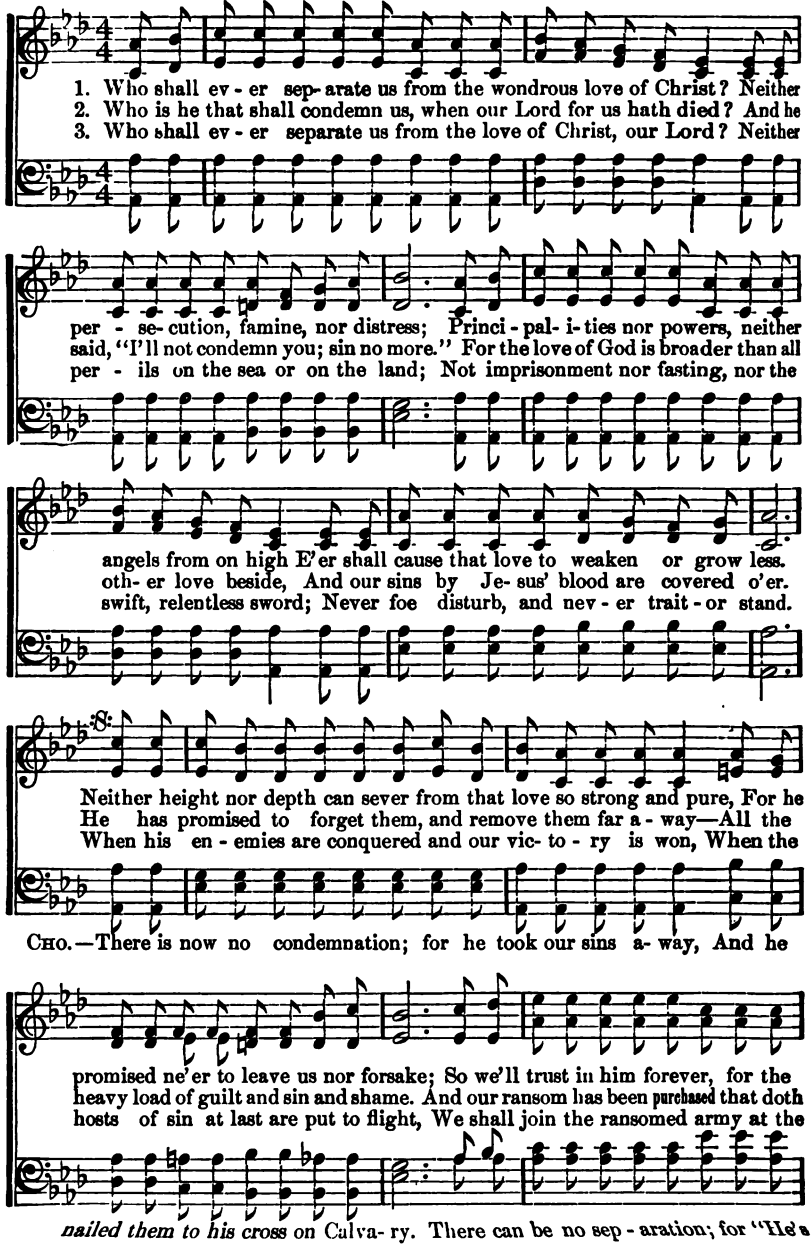
No. 16. NO CONDEMNATION, NO SEPARATION.

JENNIE EVELYN HUSSEY. J. LINCOLN HALL.

To my esteemed friend, Professor W. S. Weeden.

1. Who shall ev - er sep- arate us from the wondrous love of Christ? Neither
2. Who is he that shall condemn us, when our Lord for us hath died? And he
3. Who shall ev - er separate us from the love of Christ, our Lord? Neither
per - se- cution, famine, nor distress; Princi - pal- i- ties nor powers, neither
said, "I'll not condemn you; sin no more." For the love of God is broader than all
per - ils on the sea or on the land; Not imprisonment nor fasting, nor the
angels from on high E'er shall cause that love to weaken or grow less.
oth- er love beside, And our sins by Je- sus' blood are covered o'er.
swift, relentless sword; Never foe disturb, and nev - er trait - or stand.
Neither height nor depth can sever from that love so strong and pure, For he
He has promised to forget them, and remove them far a - way—All the
When his en - emies are conquered and our vic- to - ry is won, When the
CHO.—There is now no condemnation; for he took our sins a- way, And he
promised ne'er to leave us nor forsake; So we'll trust in him forever, for the
heavy load of guilt and sin and shame. And our ransom has been purchased that doth
hosts of sin at last are put to flight, We shall join the ransomed army at the
nailed them to his cross on Calva- ry. There can be no sep - aration; for "He's

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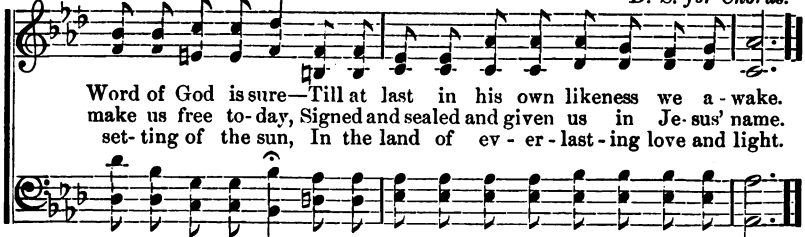
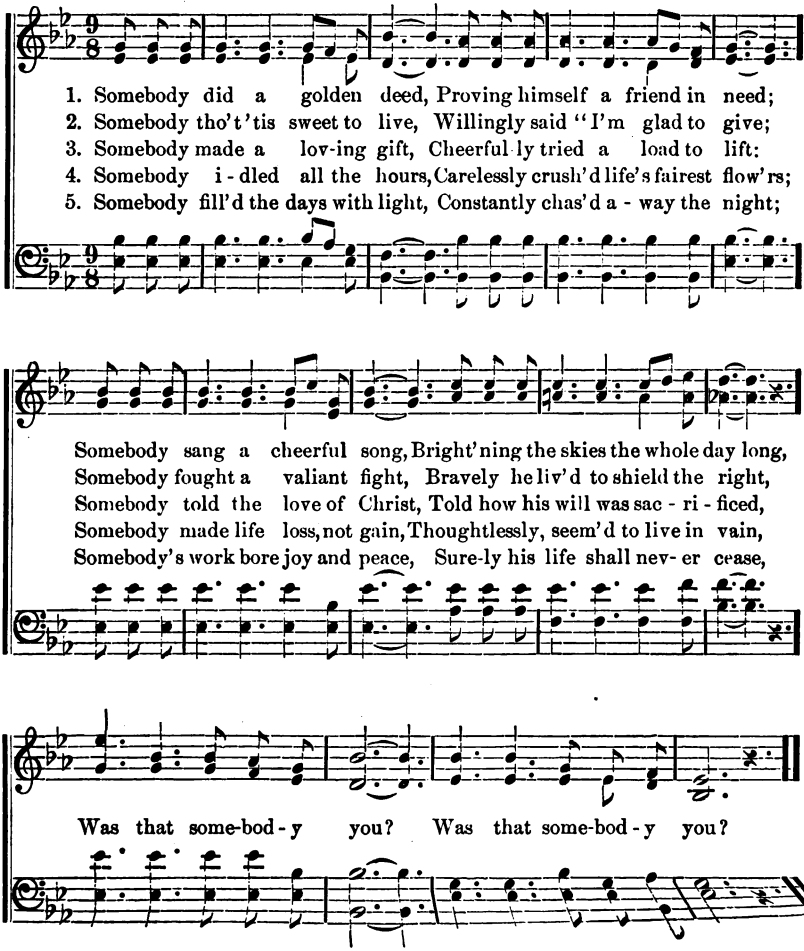
NO CONDEMNATION, NO SEPARATION.—Concluded.

D. S. for Chorus.


Word of God is sure—Till at last in his own likeness we a - wake.
make us free to-day, Signed and sealed and given us in Je-sus' name.
set-ting of the sun, In the land of ev - er - last - ing love and light.
just the same to-day," And his love still reaches out to you and me.

No. 17. SOMEBODY.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. W. S. WEEDEN.


1. Somebody did a golden deed, Proving himself a friend in need;
2. Somebody tho't 'tis sweet to live, Willingly said "I'm glad to give;
3. Somebody made a lov-ing gift, Cheerful-ly tried a load to lift:
4. Somebody i - dled all the hours, Carelessly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Somebody fill'd the days with light, Constantly chas'd a - way the night;
Somebody sang a cheerful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,
Somebody fought a valiant fight, Bravely he liv'd to shield the right,
Somebody told the love of Christ, Told how his will was sac - ri - ficed,
Somebody made life loss, not gain, Thoughtlessly, seem'd to live in vain,
Somebody's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,
Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?

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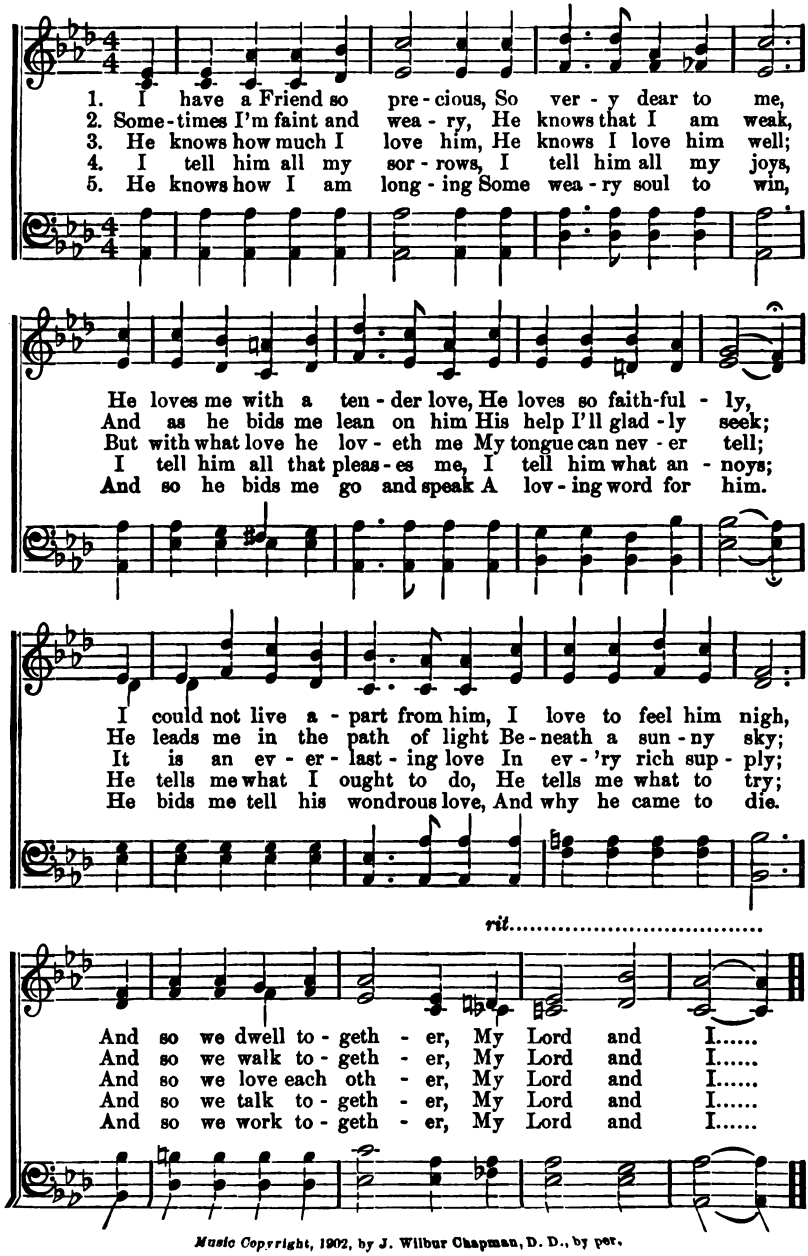
No. 18. MY LORD AND I.

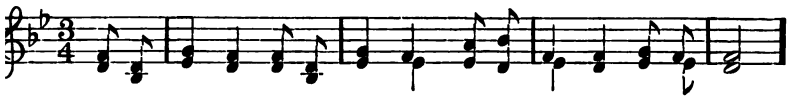
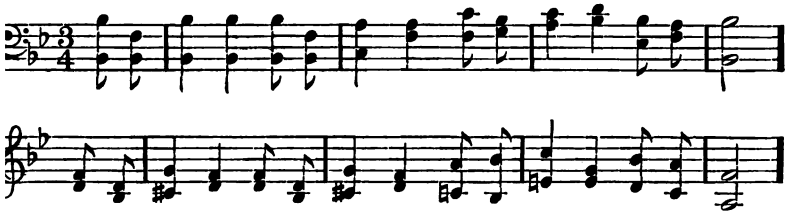
A hymn which was often sung by the persecuted Huguenots in the dens and caves of France in the sixteenth century.

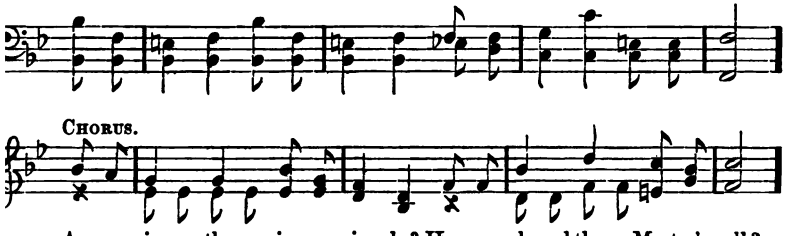
Anon. JOSEPH D. LITTLE.

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
2. Some - times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,
3. He knows how much I love him, He knows I love him well;
4. I tell him all my sor - rows, I tell him all my joys,
5. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,
He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith-ful - ly,
And as he bids me lean on him His help I'll glad - ly seek;
But with what love he lov - eth me My tongue can nev - er tell;
I tell him all that pleas - es me, I tell him what an - noys;
And so he bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for him.
I could not live a - part from him, I love to feel him nigh,
He leads me in the path of light Be - neath a sun - ny sky;
It is an ev - er - last - ing love In ev - 'ry rich sup - ply;
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;
He bids me tell his wondrous love, And why he came to die.
rit.....
And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.....
And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.....
And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.....
And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.....
And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.....

Music Copyright, 1902, by J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., by per.

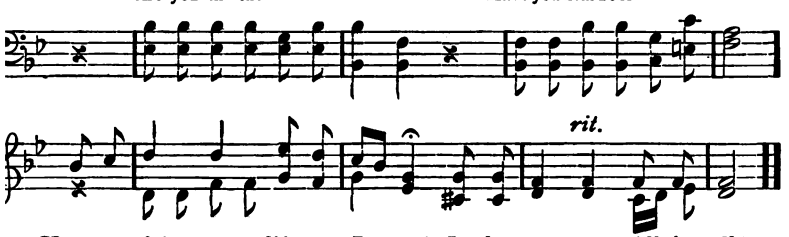
o. 19. THE INNER CIRCLE.

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.

Dedicated to Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., and first sung in the Union Meetings at Mount Vernon in November, 1896.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have chosen you?"
2. As the first dis - ciples followed, As they went where'er he sent;
3. Or, if he shall choose to send us On some errand in his name,
4. Master, at thy footstool kneeling, We, thy children, humbly wait;

Does he tell you in commun - ion What he wishes you to do?
So to - day we, too, may fol - low, On his leading still in - tent.
We can serve him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en- ter heaven's gate.

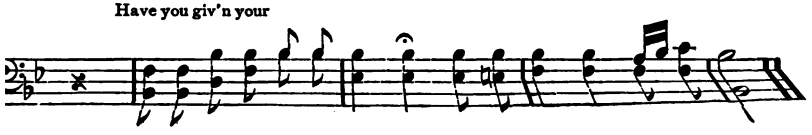


CHORUS.

Are you in the inner cir- cle? Have you heard the Master's call?

Are you in the

Have you heard the

rit.

Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is he now your All in all?

Have you giv'n your

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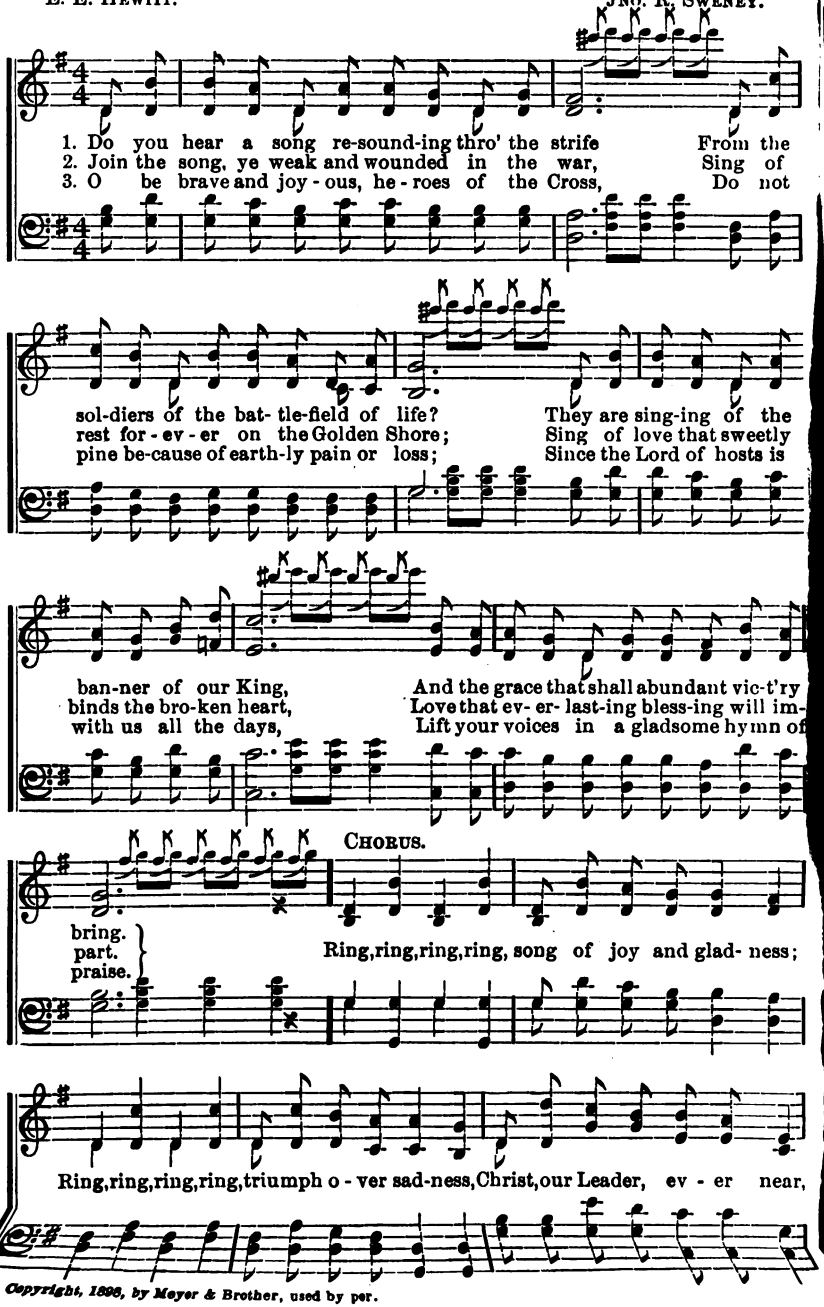
No. 20. DO YOU HEAR A SONG RESOUNDING?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Do you hear a song re-sound-ing thro' the strife From the
2. Join the song, ye weak and wounded in the war, Sing of
3. O be brave and joy - ous, he - roes of the Cross, Do not
sol-diers of the bat- tle-field of life? They are sing-ing of the
rest for - ev - er on the Golden Shore; Sing of love that sweetly
pine be-cause of earth-ly pain or loss; Since the Lord of hosts is
ban-ner of our King, And the grace that shall abundant vic-t'ry
binds the bro-ken heart, Love that ev- er- last-ing bless-ing will im-
with us all the days, Lift your voices in a gladsome hymn of
Chorus.
bring.
part.
praise.
Ring,ring,ring,ring, song of joy and glad- ness;
Ring,ring,ring,ring,triumph o - ver sad-ness,Christ,our Leader, ev - er near,

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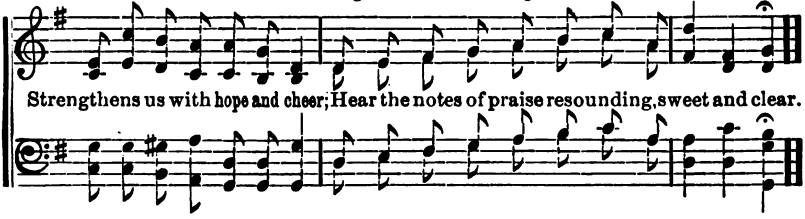
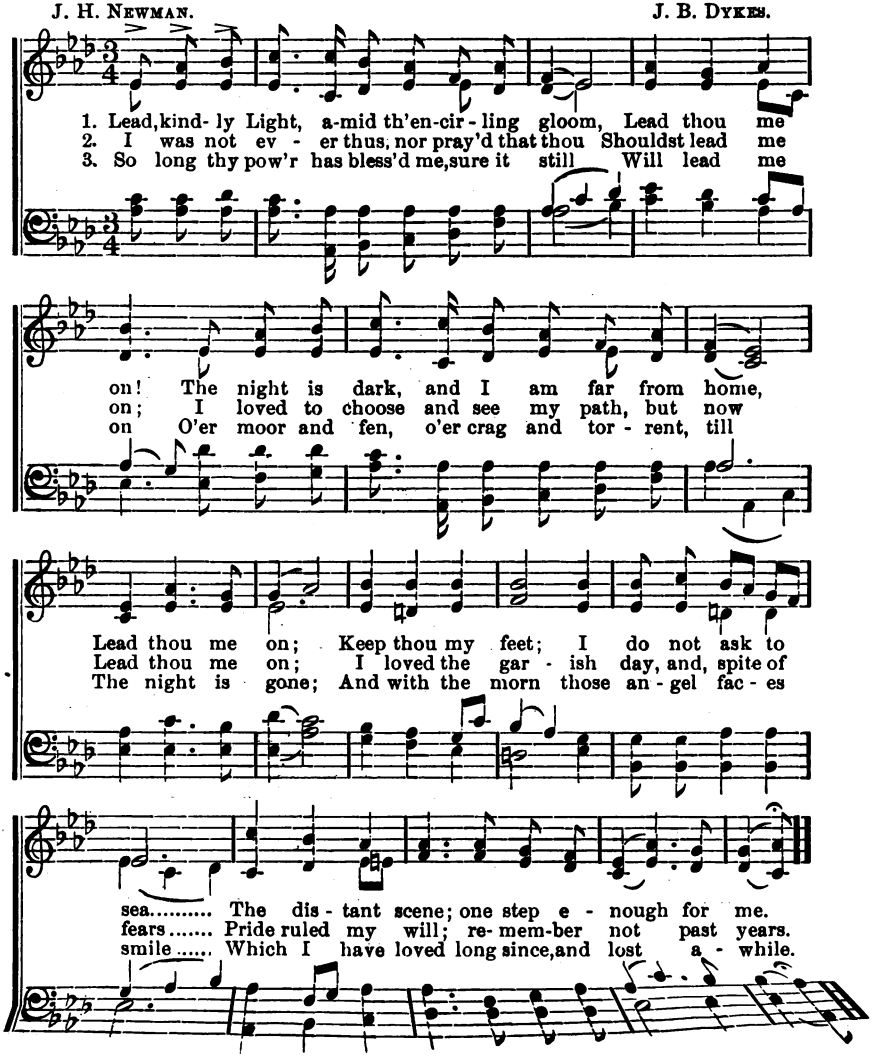
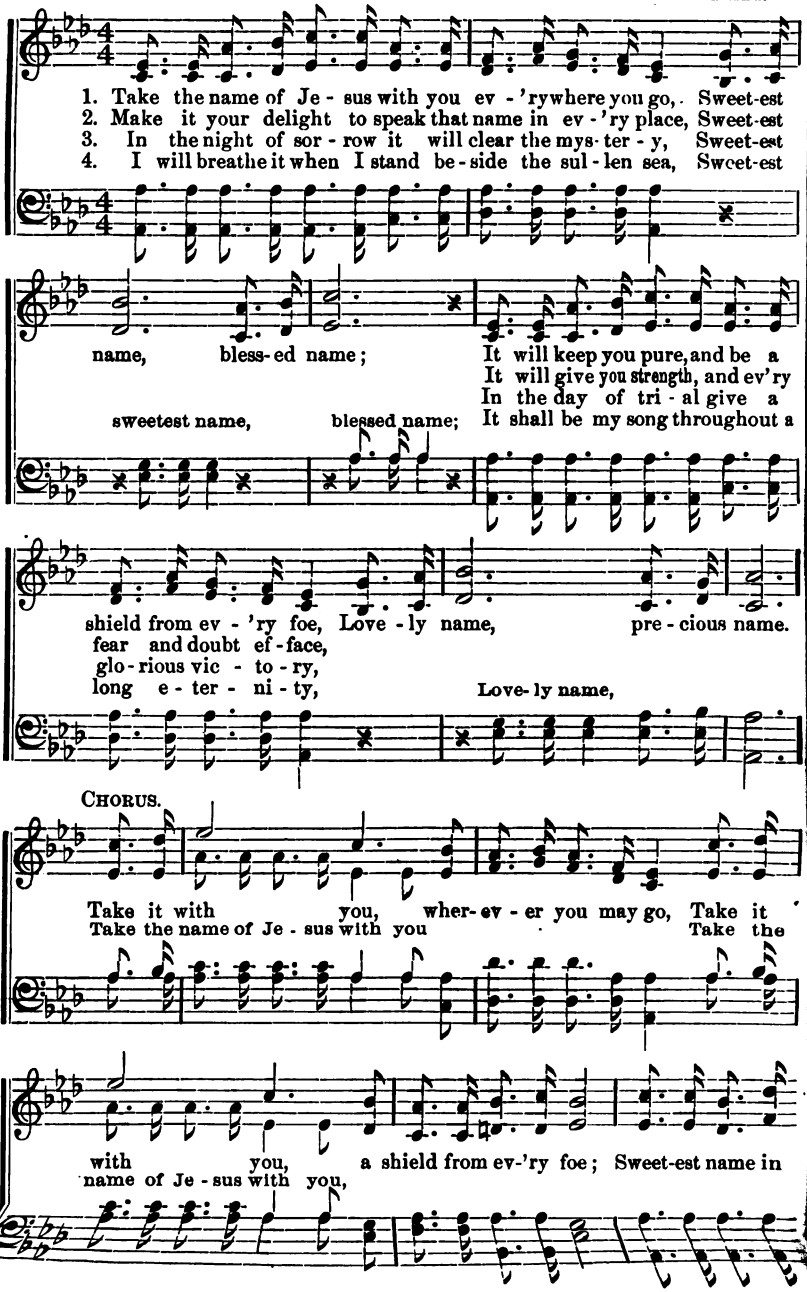
Do You Hear a Song Resounding?—Concluded.



No. 21. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

J. H. NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind- ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir - ling gloom, Lead thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me
on! The night is dark, and I am far from home,
on; I loved to choose and see my path, but now
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till
Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead thou me on; I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
The night is gone; And with the morn those an - gel fac - es
sea..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
fears..... Pride ruled my will; re- mem-ber not past years.
smile..... Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

No. 22. THE NAME OF JESUS.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you ev - 'rywhere you go, Sweet-est
2. Make it your delight to speak that name in ev - 'ry place, Sweet-est
3. In the night of sor - row it will clear the mys - ter - y, Sweet-est
4. I will breathe it when I stand be - side the sul - len sea, Sweet-est
name, bless-ed name;
It will keep you pure, and be a
It will give you strength, and ev'ry
In the day of tri - al give a
sweetest name, blessed name;
It shall be my song throughout a
shield from ev - 'ry foe, Love - ly name, pre - cious name.
fear and doubt ef - face,
glo - rious vic - to - ry,
long e - ter - ni - ty,
Love - ly name,
CHORUS.
Take it with you, wher - ev - er you may go, Take it
Take the name of Je - sus with you Take the
with you, a shield from ev - 'ry foe; Sweet-est name in
name of Je - sus with you,

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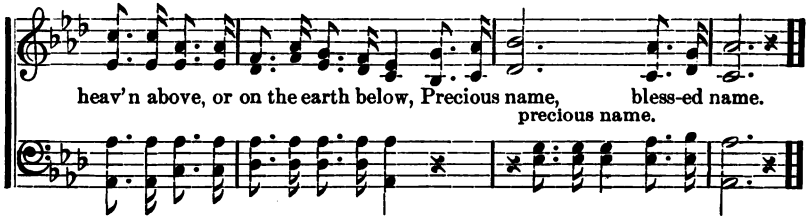
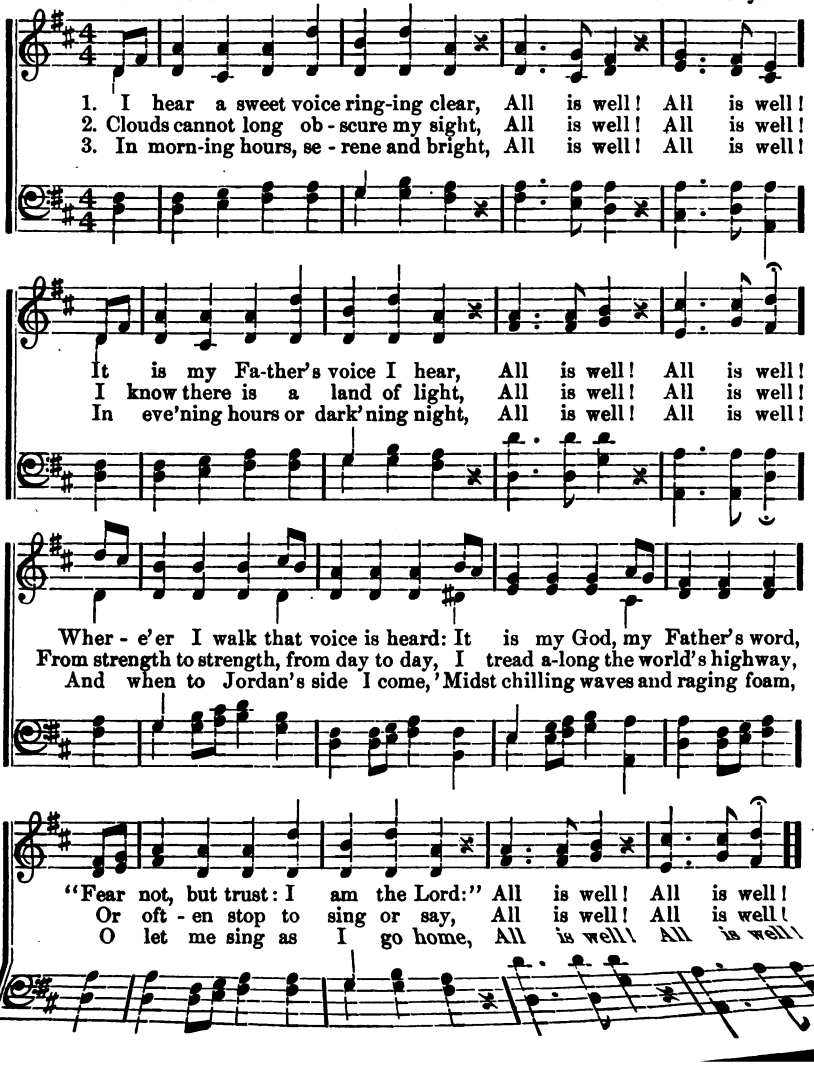
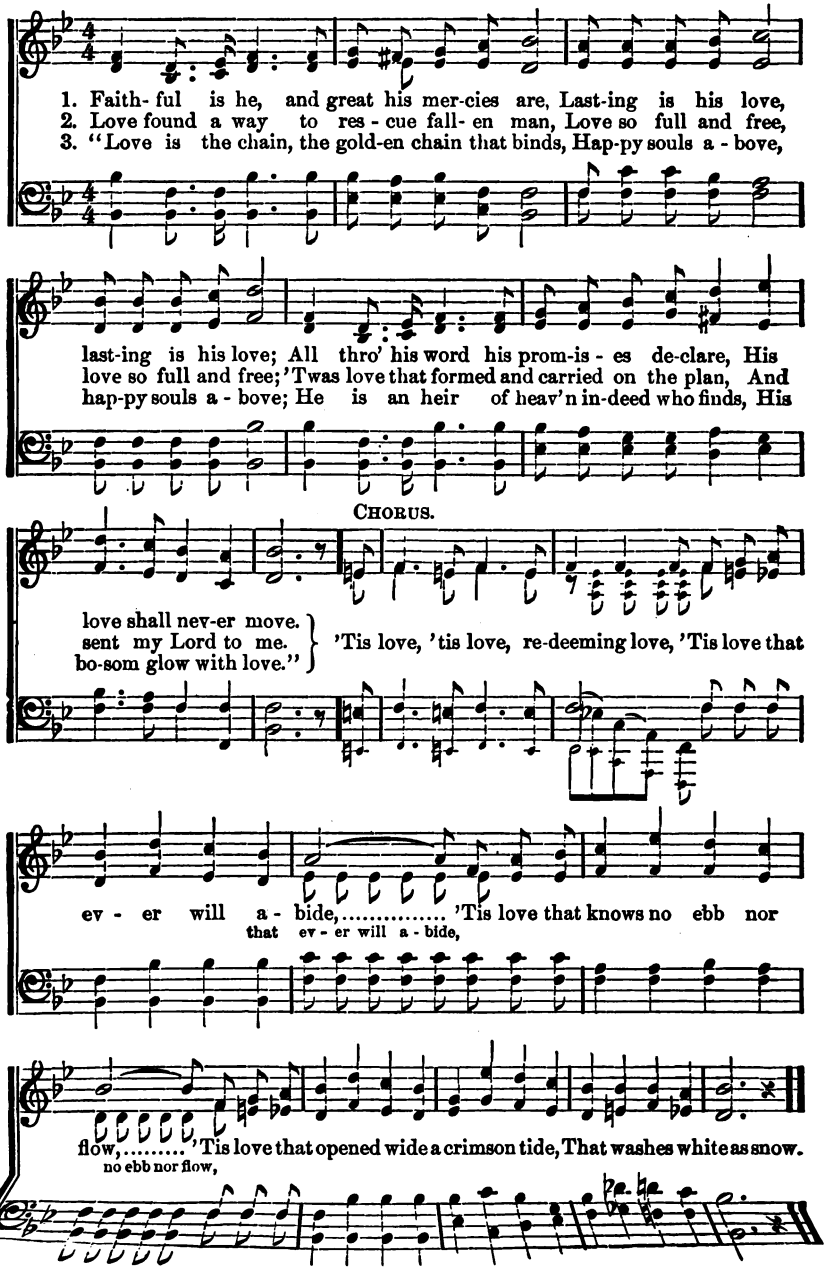


No. 23. ALL IS WELL.

E. Paxton Hood. Old Melody.


1. I hear a sweet voice ring-ing clear, All is well! All is well!
2. Clouds cannot long ob-scure my sight, All is well! All is well!
3. In morn-ing hours, se-rene and bright, All is well! All is well!
It is my Fa-ther's voice I hear, All is well! All is well!
I know there is a land of light, All is well! All is well!
In eve'ning hours or dark'ning night, All is well! All is well!
Wher-e'er I walk that voice is heard: It is my God, my Father's word,
From strength to strength, from day to day, I tread a-long the world's highway,
And when to Jordan's side I come, 'Midst chilling waves and raging foam,
"Fear not, but trust: I am the Lord:" All is well! All is well!
Or oft-en stop to sing or say, All is well! All is well!
O let me sing as I go home, All is well! All is well!

No. 24. 'TIS LOVE, REDEEMING LOVE.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Faith- ful is he, and great his mer-cies are, Last-ing is his love,
2. Love found a way to res - cue fall- en man, Love so full and free,
3. "Love is the chain, the gold-en chain that binds, Hap-py souls a - bove,
last-ing is his love; All thro' his word his prom-is - es de-clare, His
love so full and free; 'Twas love that formed and carried on the plan, And
hap-py souls a - bove; He is an heir of heav'n in-deed who finds, His
CHORUS.
love shall nev-er move.
sent my Lord to me.
bo-som glow with love."
'Tis love, 'tis love, re-deeming love, 'Tis love that
ev - er will a - bide, ... 'Tis love that knows no ebb nor
that ev - er will a - bide,
flow, ... 'Tis love that opened wide a crimson tide, That washes white as snow.
no ebb nor flow,

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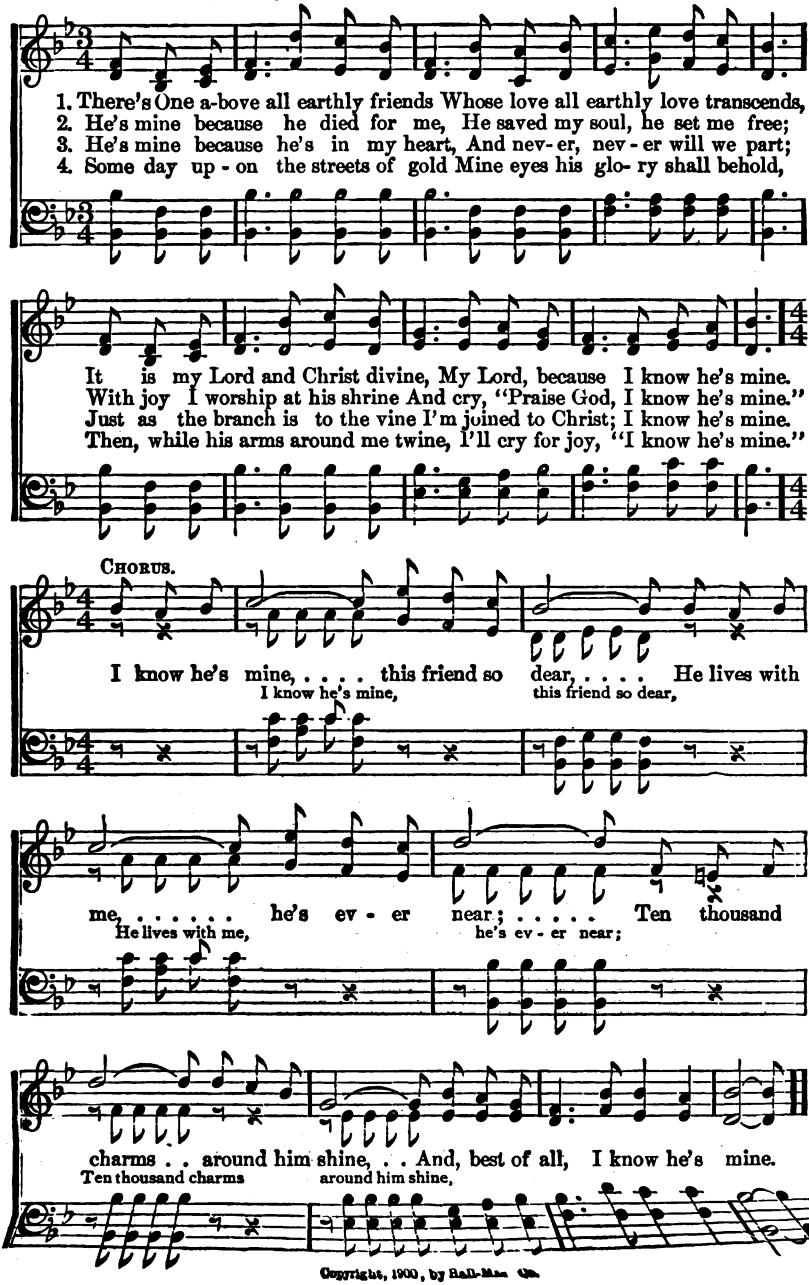
No. 25. I KNOW HE'S MINE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a-bove all earthly friends Whose love all earthly love transcends,
2. He's mine because he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
3. He's mine because he's in my heart, And nev-er, nev-er will we part;
4. Some day up-on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo-ry shall behold,
It is my Lord and Christ divine, My Lord, because I know he's mine.
With joy I worship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
Then, while his arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."
CHORUS.
I know he's mine, ... this friend so dear, ... He lives with
I know he's mine, this friend so dear,
me, ... he's ev-er near; . . . . . Ten thousand
He lives with me, he's ev-er near;
charms . . around him shine, . . And, best of all, I know he's mine.
Ten thousand charms around him shine,

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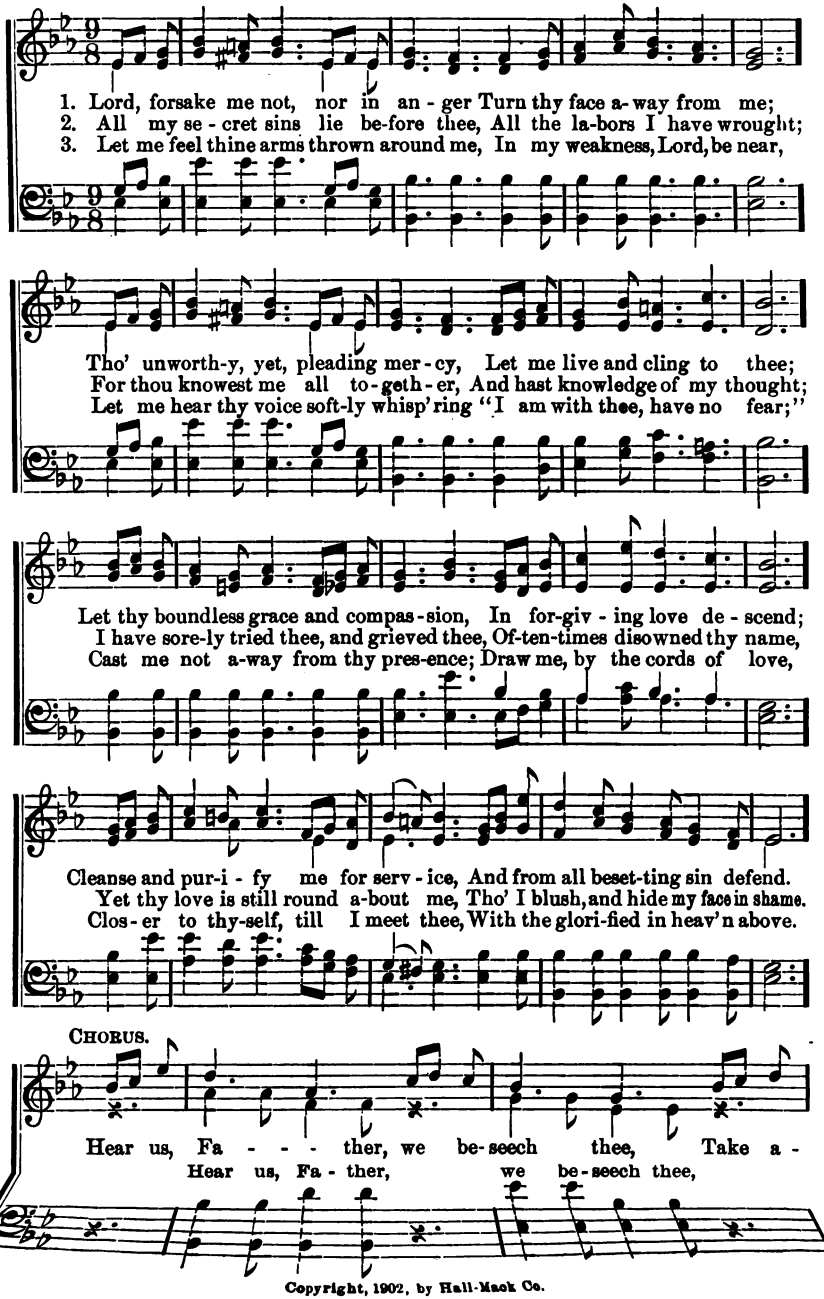
No. 26. LORD, FORSAKE ME NOT.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lord, forsake me not, nor in an - ger Turn thy face a- way from me;
2. All my se - cret sins lie be-fore thee, All the la-bors I have wrought;
3. Let me feel thine arms thrown around me, In my weakness, Lord, be near,
Tho' unworth-y, yet, pleading mer - cy, Let me live and cling to thee;
For thou knowest me all to-geth-er, And hast knowledge of my thought;
Let me hear thy voice soft-ly whisp'ring "I am with thee, have no fear;"
Let thy boundless grace and compas - sion, In for-giv - ing love de - scend;
I have sore-ly tried thee, and grieved thee, Of-ten-times disowned thy name,
Cast me not a-way from thy pres-ence; Draw me, by the cords of love,
Cleanse and pur-i - fy me for serv - ice, And from all beset-ting sin defend.
Yet thy love is still round a-bout me, Tho' I blush, and hide my face in shame.
Clos - er to thy-self, till I meet thee, With the glori-fied in heav'n above.
CHORUS.
Hear us, Fa - - - - ther, we be-seech thee, Take a -
Hear us, Fa - ther, we be-seech thee,

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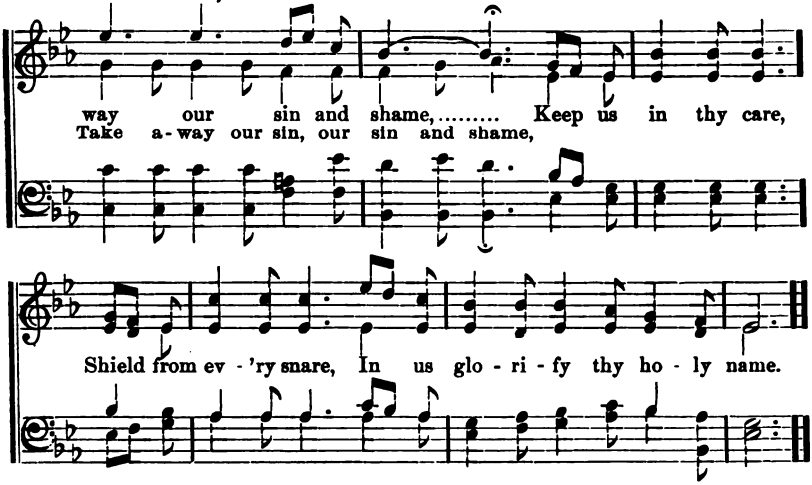
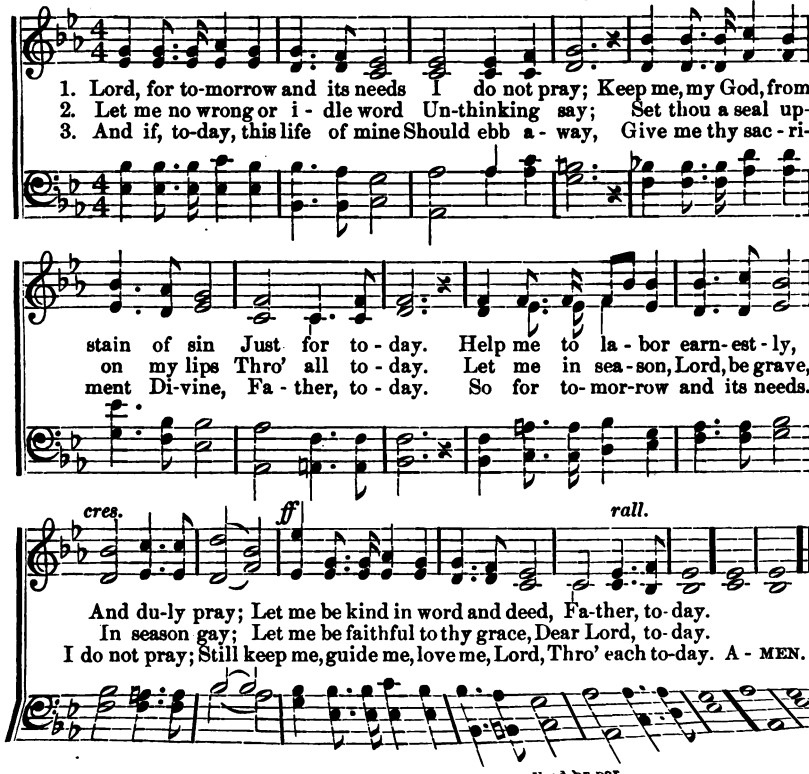
LORD, FORSAKE ME NOT.—Concluded.


way our sin and shame,..... Keep us in thy care,
Take a-way our sin, our sin and shame,
Shield from ev - 'ry snare, In us glo - ri - fy thy ho - ly name.

No. 27. LORD, FOR TO-MORROW AND ITS NEEDS.

E. R. WILBERFORCE. "Just for To-day."—H. R. PALMER.

1. Lord, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from
2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Un-thinking say; Set thou a seal up-
3. And if, to-day, this life of mine Should ebb a - way, Give me thy sac - ri-
stain of sin Just for to - day. Help me to la - bor earn-est - ly,
on my lips Thro' all to - day. Let me in sea - son, Lord, be grave,
ment Di-vine, Fa - ther, to - day. So for to-mor-row and its needs.
cres.
ff
rall.
And du-ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa-ther, to-day.
In season gay; Let me be faithful to thy grace, Dear Lord, to-day.
I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thro' each to-day. A - MEN.

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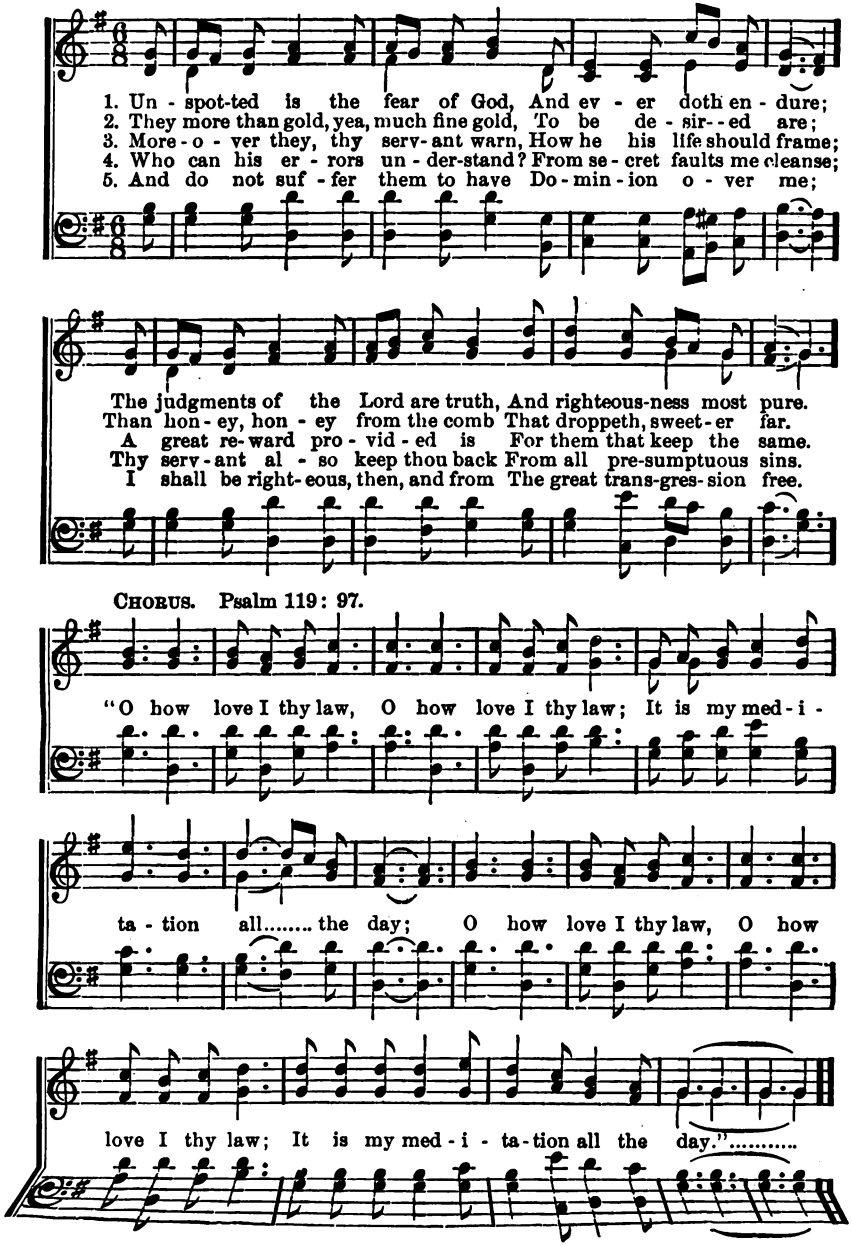
No. 28. O HOW LOVE I THY LAW.

"The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever."—Ps. 19: 9.

Anon. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Un - spot-ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - sir - - ed are;
3. More - o - ver they, thy serv-ant warn, How he his life should frame;
4. Who can his er - rors un - der-stand? From se - cret faults me cleanse;
5. And do not suf - fer them to have Do - min - ion o - ver me;
The judgments of the Lord are truth, And righteous-ness most pure.
Than hon - ey, hon - ey from the comb That droppeth, sweet - er far.
A great re-ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
Thy serv-ant al - so keep thou back From all pre-sumptuous sins.
I shall be right-eous, then, and from The great trans-gres-sion free.
CHORUS. Psalm 119: 97.
"O how love I thy law, O how love I thy law; It is my med - i -
ta - tion all..... the day; O how love I thy law, O how
love I thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day."

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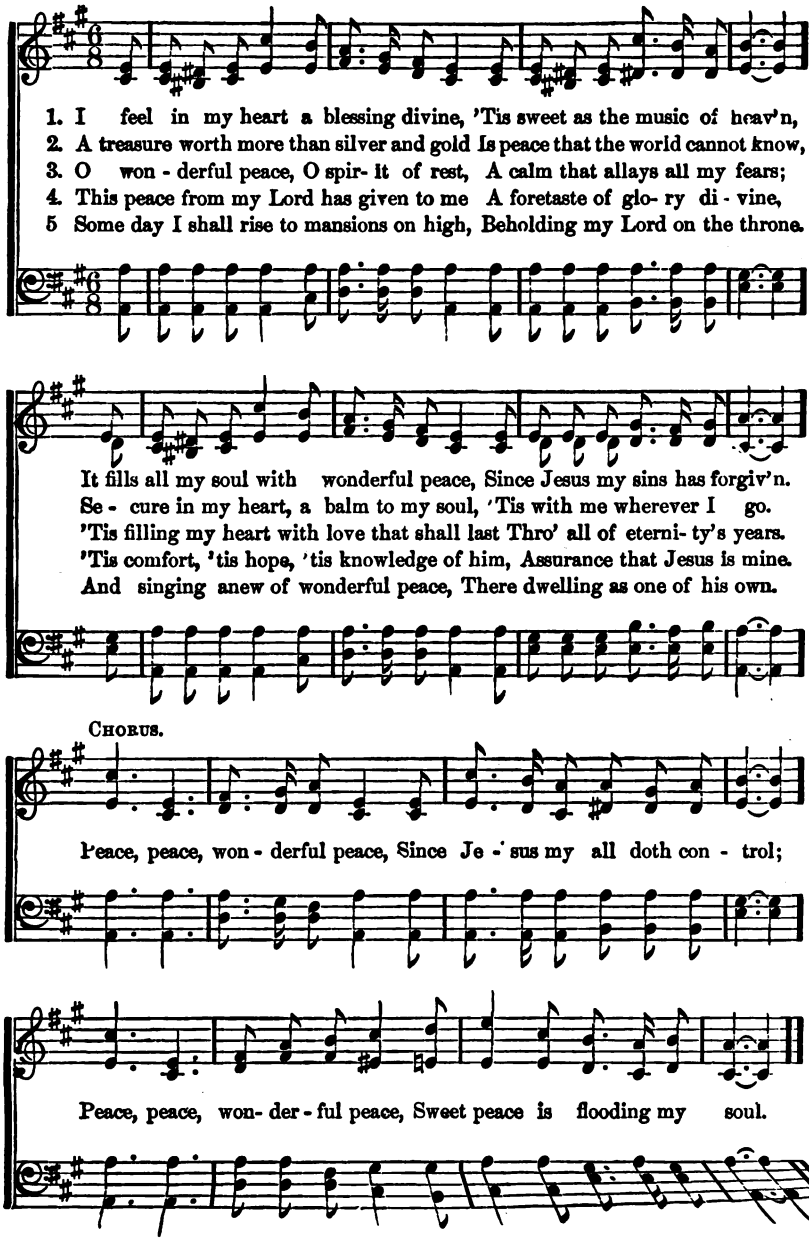
No. 29. SWEET PEACE IS FLOODING MY SOUL.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. I feel in my heart a blessing divine, 'Tis sweet as the music of heav'n,
2. A treasure worth more than silver and gold Is peace that the world cannot know,
3. O won - derful peace, O spir- it of rest, A calm that allays all my fears;
4. This peace from my Lord has given to me A foretaste of glo- ry di - vine,
5 Some day I shall rise to mansions on high, Beholding my Lord on the throne.
It fills all my soul with wonderful peace, Since Jesus my sins has forgiv'n.
Se - cure in my heart, a balm to my soul, 'Tis with me wherever I go.
'Tis filling my heart with love that shall last Thro' all of eterni- ty's years.
'Tis comfort, 'tis hope, 'tis knowledge of him, Assurance that Jesus is mine.
And singing anew of wonderful peace, There dwelling as one of his own.
CHORUS.
Peace, peace, won - derful peace, Since Je - sus my all doth con - trol;
Peace, peace, won- der - ful peace, Sweet peace is flooding my soul.

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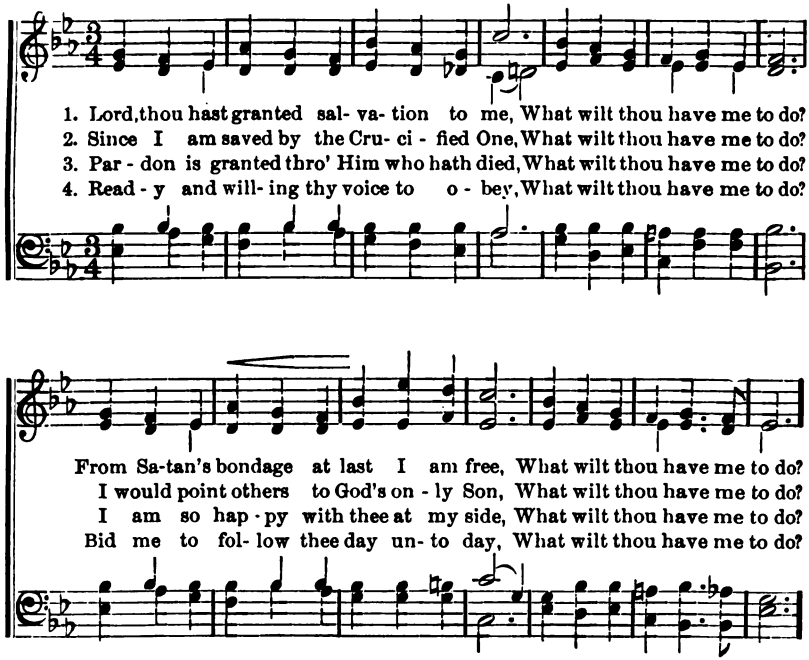
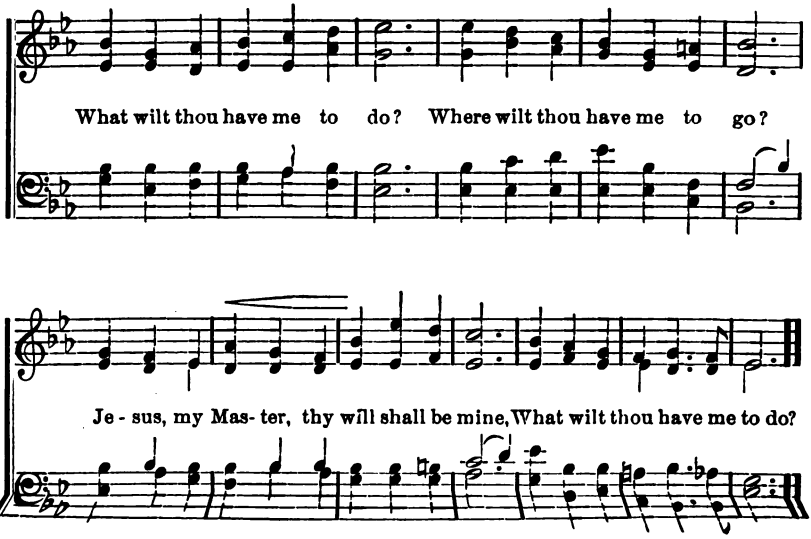
No. 30. WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

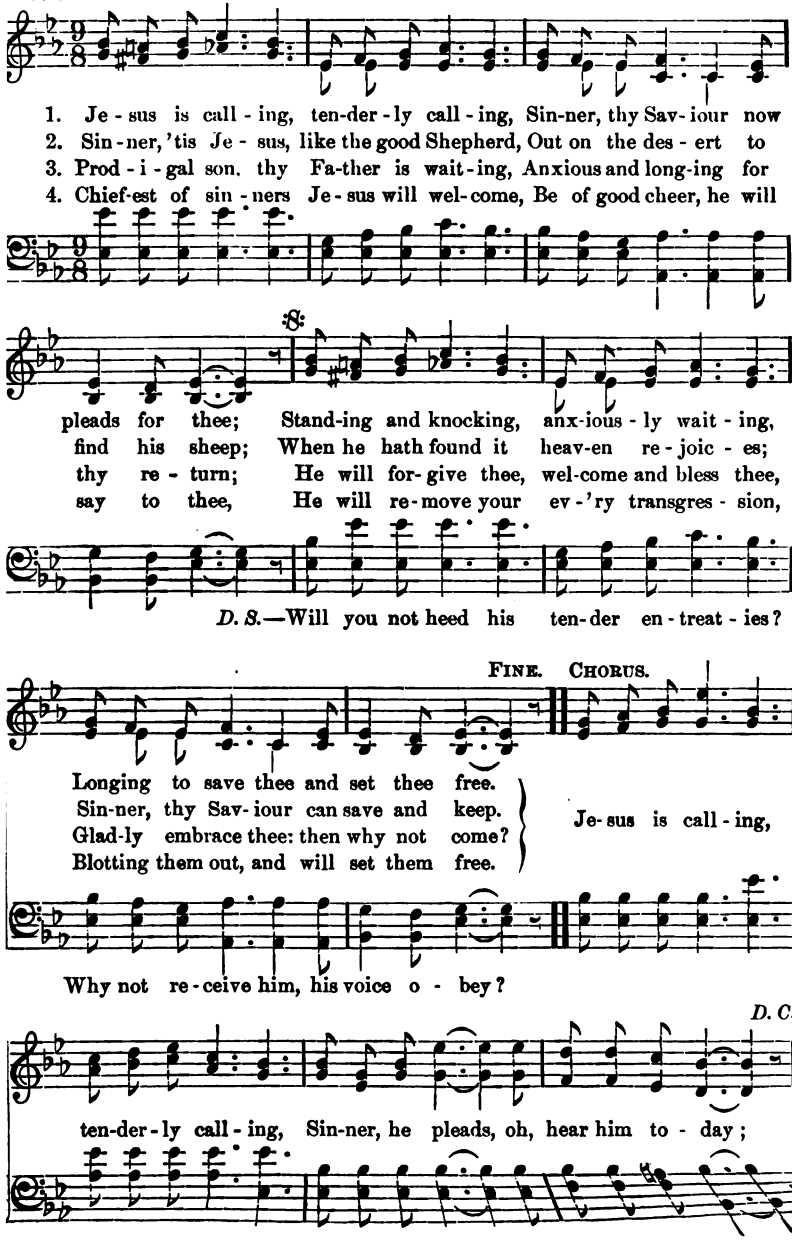
B. A. R. Arr. from M. C. by P. P. BILHORN.

1. Lord, thou hast granted sal- va- tion to me, What wilt thou have me to do?
2. Since I am saved by the Cru- ci - fied One, What wilt thou have me to do?
3. Par - don is granted thro' Him who hath died, What wilt thou have me to do?
4. Read - y and will- ing thy voice to o - bey, What wilt thou have me to do?
From Sa-tan's bondage at last I am free, What wilt thou have me to do?
I would point others to God's on - ly Son, What wilt thou have me to do?
I am so hap - py with thee at my side, What wilt thou have me to do?
Bid me to fol- low thee day un- to day, What wilt thou have me to do?

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

Words and Music, Copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn. By per.

No. 31. JESUS TENDERLY CALLING.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11 : 28.

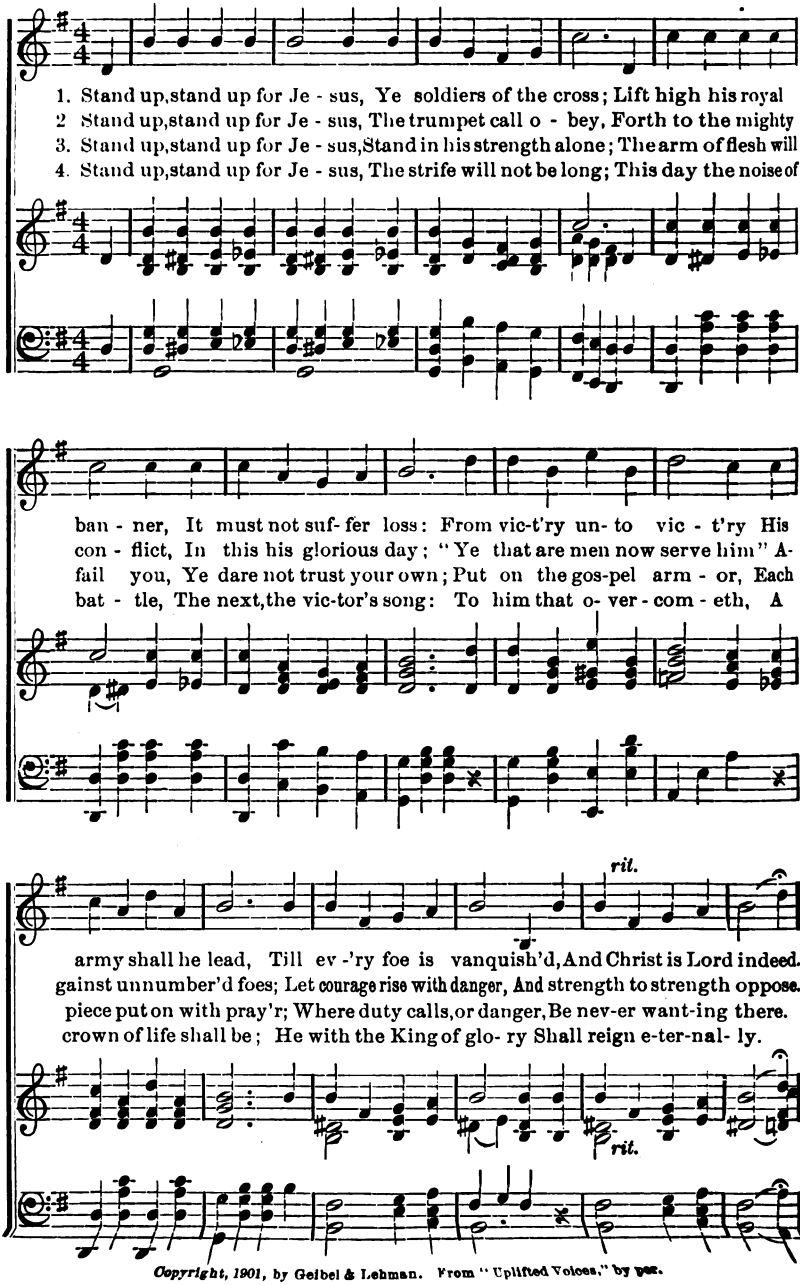
J. G. FOOTE. JOHN.


1. Je - sus is call - ing, ten-der - ly call - ing, Sin-ner, thy Sav - iour now
2. Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus, like the good Shepherd, Out on the des - ert to
3. Prod - i - gal son, thy Fa-ther is wait - ing, Anxious and long-ing for
4. Chief-est of sin - ners Je - sus will wel-come, Be of good cheer, he will
pleads for thee; Stand-ing and knocking, anx-ious - ly wait - ing,
find his sheep; When he hath found it heav-en re - joic - es;
thy re - turn; He will for-give thee, wel-come and bless thee,
say to thee, He will re-move your ev - 'ry transgres - sion,
D. S.—Will you not heed his ten-der en - treat - ies?
FINE. CHORUS.
Longing to save thee and set thee free.
Sin-ner, thy Sav-iour can save and keep.
Glad-ly embrace thee: then why not come?
Blotting them out, and will set them free.
Je-sus is call - ing,
Why not re - ceive him, his voice o - bey?
D. C.
ten-der - ly call - ing, Sin-ner, he pleads, oh, hear him to - day;

From "New Hymns." By permission.

No. 32. STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal ban - ner, It must not suf- fer loss: From vic-t'ry un- to vic - t'ry His
2 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty con - flict, In this his glorious day; "Ye that are men now serve him" A-
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel arm - or, Each
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic-tor's song: To him that o- ver - com - eth, A
ril.
army shall he lead, Till ev -'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord indeed.
gainst unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls, or danger, Be nev-er want-ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo- ry Shall reign e-ter-nal- ly.
ril.

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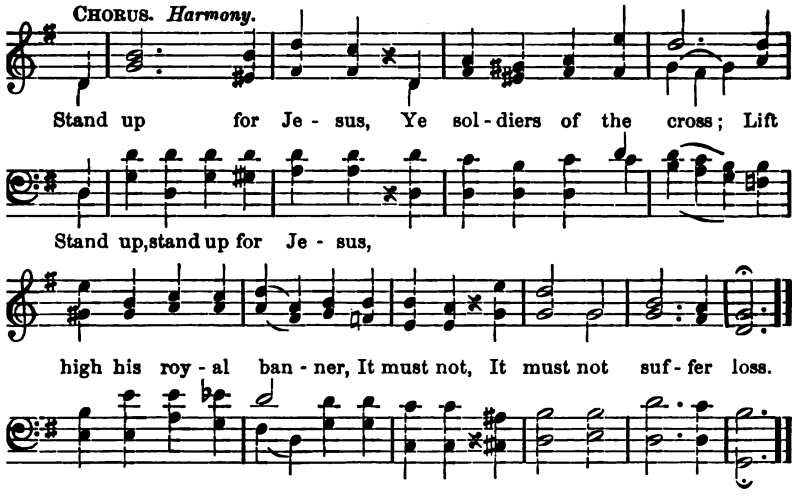
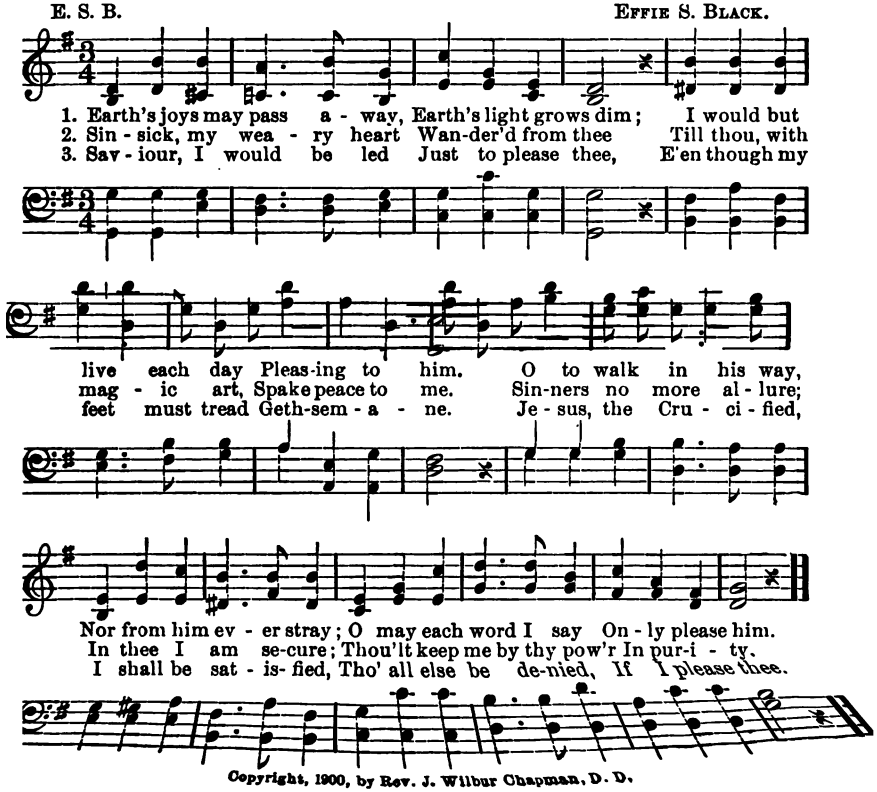
STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*


Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,
high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

No. 33. IF I PLEASE HIM.

E. S. B. EFFIE S. BLACK.

1. Earth's joys may pass a - way, Earth's light grows dim; I would but
2. Sin - sick, my wea - ry heart Wan-der'd from thee Till thou, with
3. Sav - iour, I would be led Just to please thee, E'en though my
live each day Pleas-ing to him. O to walk in his way,
mag - ic art, Spake peace to me. Sin-ners no more al - lure;
feet must tread Geth-sem - a - ne. Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied,
Nor from him ev - er stray; O may each word I say On - ly please him.
In thee I am se-cure; Thou'lt keep me by thy pow'r In pur-i - ty.
I shall be sat - is- fied, Tho' all else be de-nied, If I please thee.

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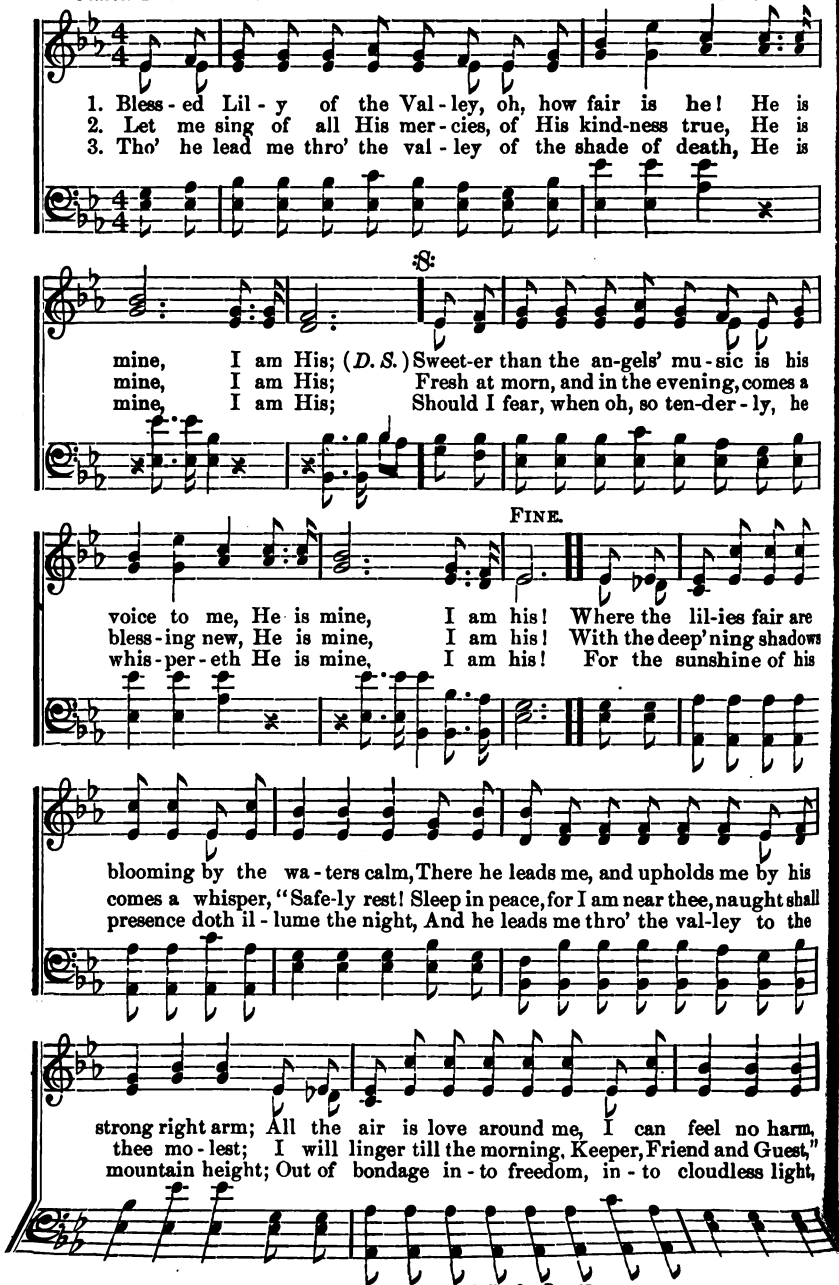
No. 34. HE IS MINE, I AM HIS.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Bless - ed Lil - y of the Val - ley, oh, how fair is he! He is
2. Let me sing of all His mer - cies, of His kind-ness true, He is
3. Tho' he lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death, He is
mine, I am His; (D. S.) Sweet-er than the an-gels' mu - sic is his
mine, I am His; Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes a
mine, I am His; Should I fear, when oh, so ten-der - ly, he
FINE.
voice to me, He is mine, I am his! Where the lil-ies fair are
bless - ing new, He is mine, I am his! With the deep'ning shadows
whis - per - eth He is mine, I am his! For the sunshine of his
blooming by the wa - ters calm, There he leads me, and upholds me by his
comes a whisper, "Safe-ly rest! Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
presence doth il - lume the night, And he leads me thro' the val-ley to the
strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,
thee mo - lest; I will linger till the morning, Keeper, Friend and Guest,"
mountain height; Out of bondage in - to freedom, in - to cloudless light,

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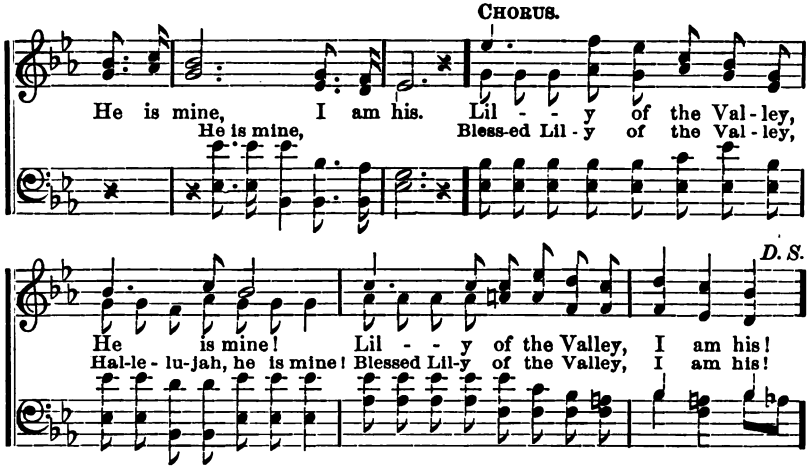
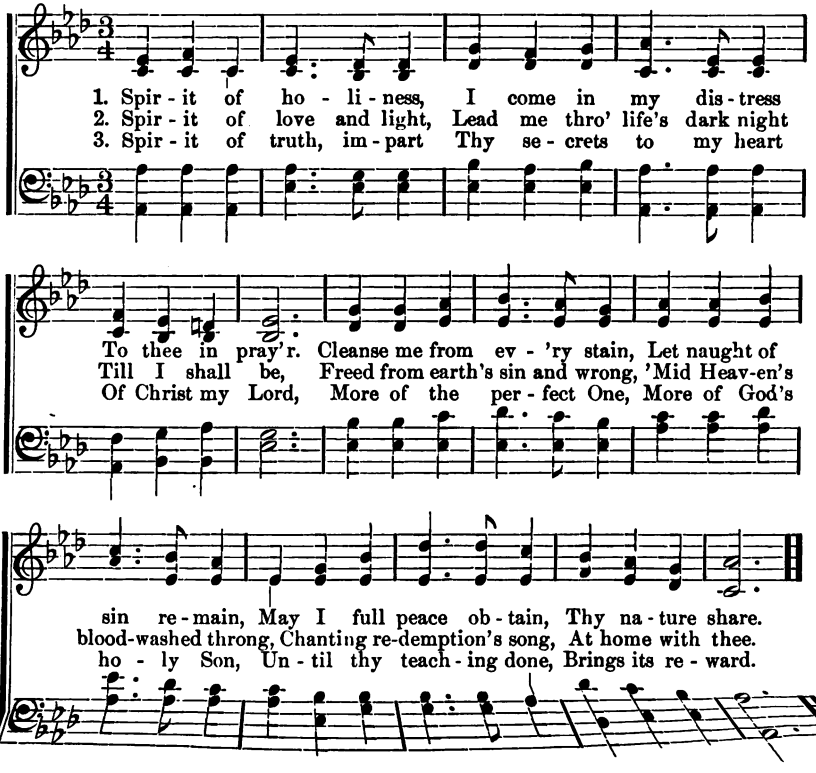
HE IS MINE, I AM HIS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


He is mine, I am his. Lil - - y of the Val - ley,
He is mine, Bless-ed Lil - y of the Val - ley,
D. S.
He is mine! Lil - - y of the Valley, I am his!
Hal-le - lu-jah, he is mine! Blessed Lil-y of the Valley, I am his!

No. 35. SPIRIT OF HOLINESS.

Rev. CHAS. W. FLETCHER. W. S. WEEDEN.


1. Spir - it of ho - li - ness, I come in my dis - tress
2. Spir - it of love and light, Lead me thro' life's dark night
3. Spir - it of truth, im - part Thy se - crets to my heart
To thee in pray'r. Cleanse me from ev - 'ry stain, Let naught of
Till I shall be, Freed from earth's sin and wrong, 'Mid Heav-en's
Of Christ my Lord, More of the per - fect One, More of God's
sin re - main, May I full peace ob - tain, Thy na - ture share.
blood-washed throng, Chanting re-demption's song, At home with thee.
ho - ly Son, Un - til thy teach - ing done, Brings its re - ward.

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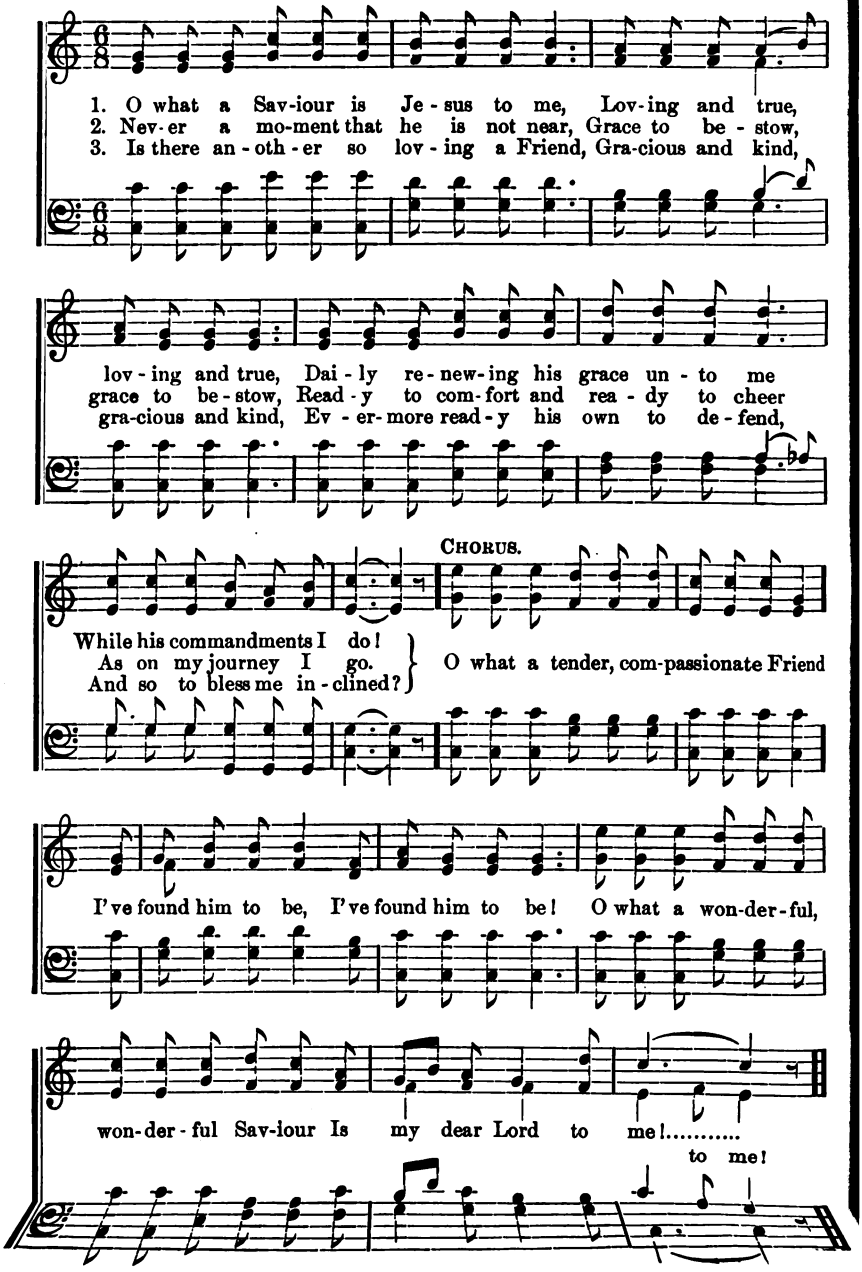
No. 36. O WHAT A SAVIOUR IS JESUS TO ME.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. HOWARD E. SMITH.


1. O what a Sav-iour is Je-sus to me, Lov-ing and true,
2. Nev-er a mo-ment that he is not near, Grace to be-stow,
3. Is there an-oth-er so lov-ing a Friend, Gra-cious and kind,
lov-ing and true, Dai-ly re-new-ing his grace un-to me
grace to be-stow, Read-y to com-fort and rea-dy to cheer
gra-cious and kind, Ev-er-more read-y his own to de-fend,
CHORUS.
While his commandments I do!
As on my journey I go.
And so to bless me in-clined?
O what a tender, com-passionate Friend
I've found him to be, I've found him to be! O what a won-der-ful,
won-der-ful Sav-iour Is my dear Lord to me!.....
to me!

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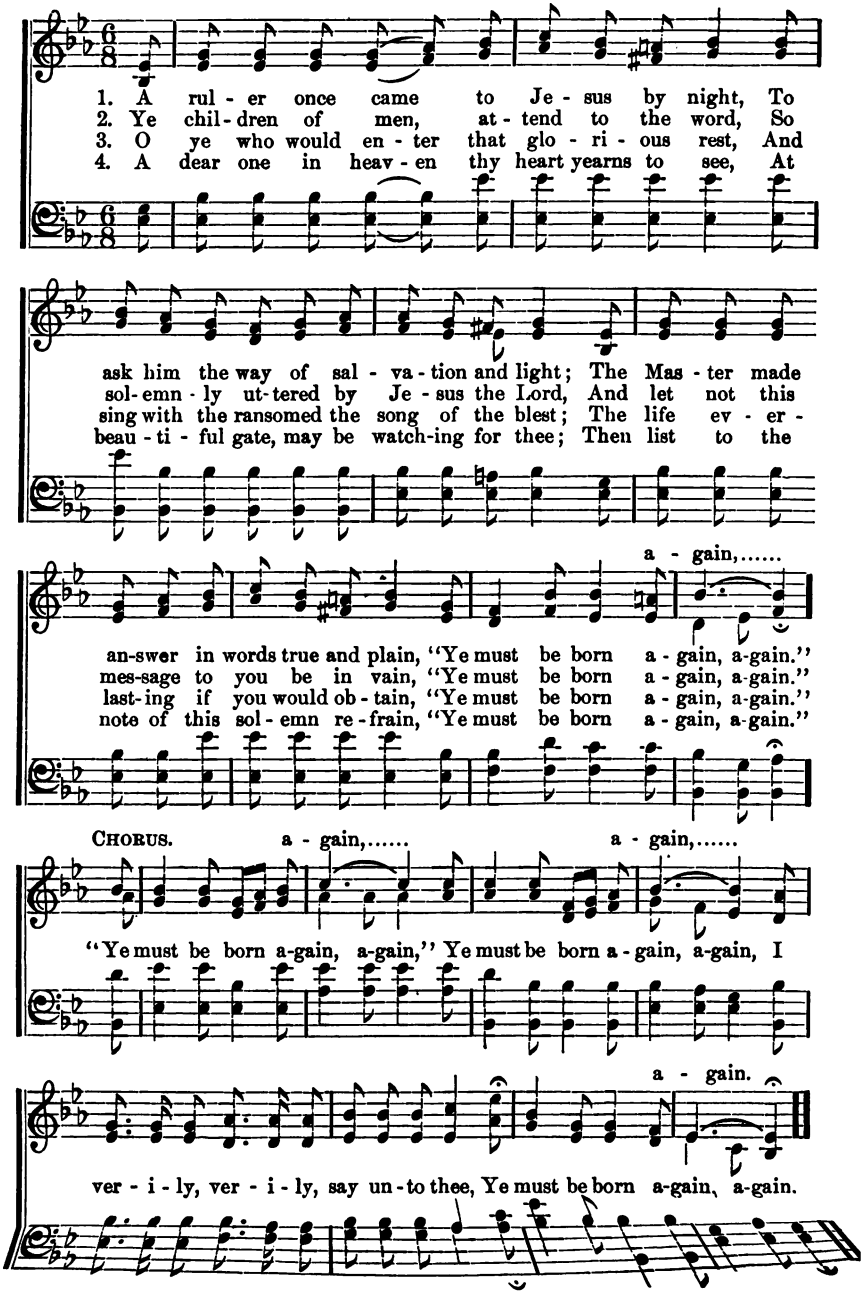
No. 37. YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To ask him the way of salvation and light; The Master made an-swer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born again, a-gain."
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word, So solemnly uttered by Jesus the Lord, And let not this mes-sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be born again, a-gain."
3. O ye who would enter that glorious rest, And sing with the ransomed the song of the blest; The life ever-last-ing if you would obtain, "Ye must be born again, a-gain."
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At beautiful gate, may be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the note of this solemn re-frain, "Ye must be born again, a-gain."
CHORUS. again,..... again,.....
"Ye must be born a-gain, a-gain," Ye must be born again, a-gain, I ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly, say un-to thee, Ye must be born a-gain, a-gain.

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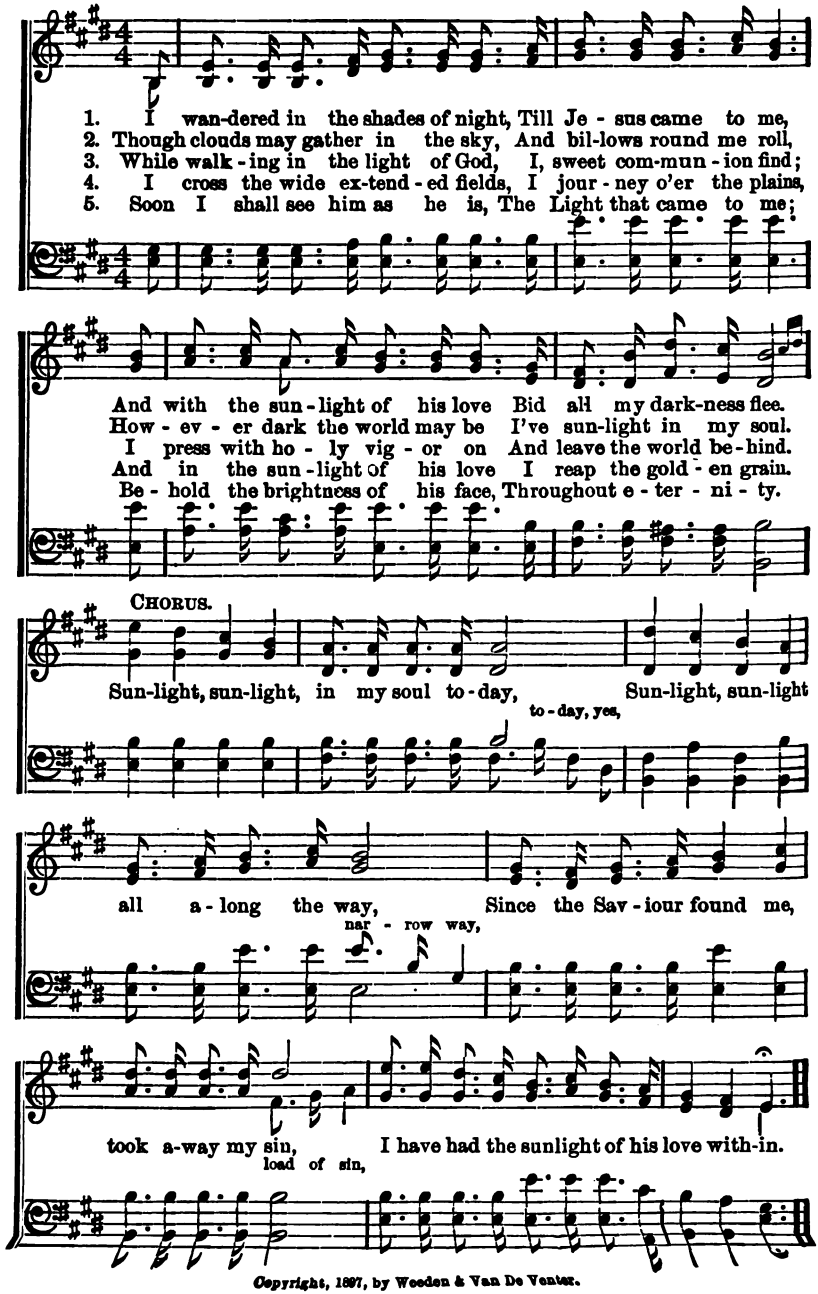
No. 38. SUNLIGHT.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Though clouds may gather in the sky, And bil-lows round me roll,
3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I, sweet com-mun - ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex-tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plains,
5. Soon I shall see him as he is, The Light that came to me;
And with the sun - light of his love Bid all my dark-ness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world be-hind.
And in the sun - light of his love I reap the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the brightness of his face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.
Chorus.
Sun-light, sun-light, in my soul to - day, Sun-light, sun-light
to - day, yes,
all a - long the way, Since the Sav - iour found me,
nar - row way,
took a-way my sin, I have had the sunlight of his love with-in.
load of sin,

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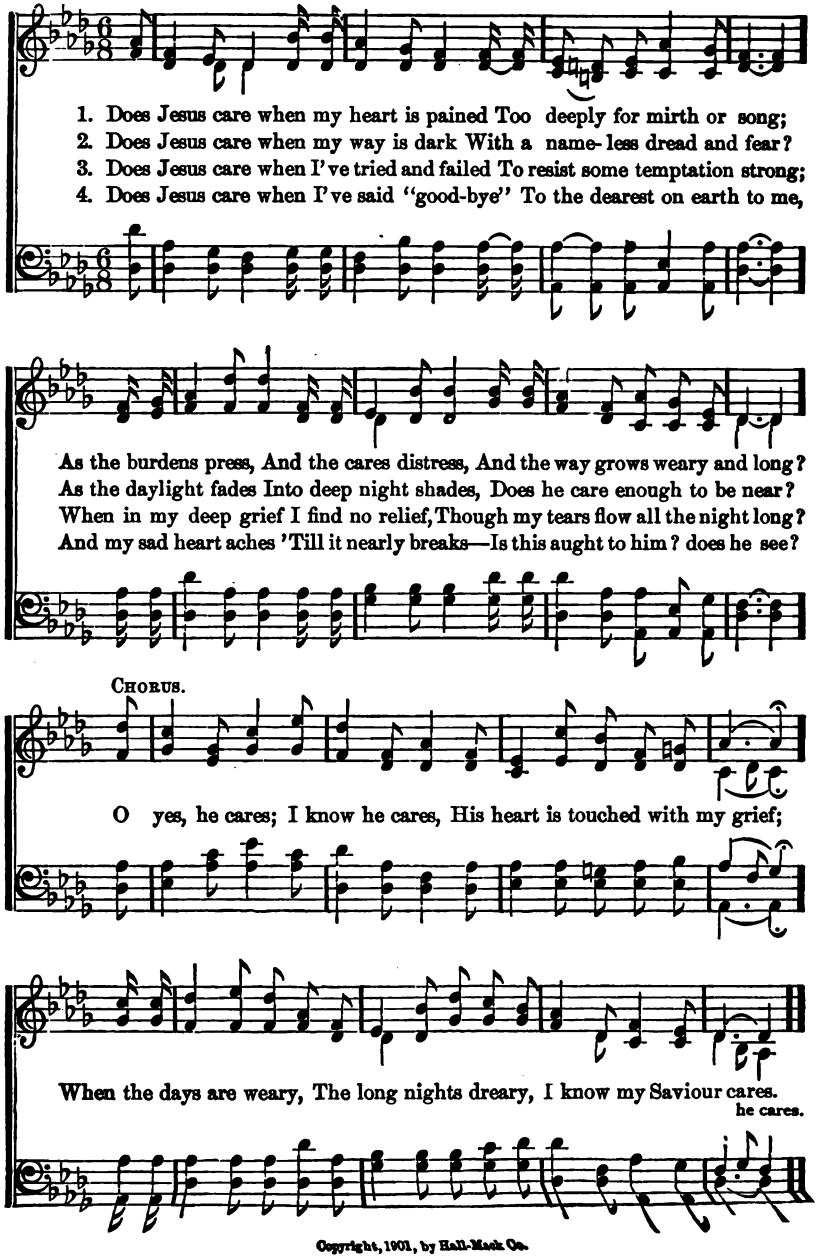
No. 39. DOES JESUS CARE?

REV. FRANK E. GRAFFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Jesus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for mirth or song;
2. Does Jesus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Jesus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,
As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Does he care enough to be near?
When in my deep grief I find no relief, Though my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches 'Till it nearly breaks—Is this aught to him? does he see?
CHORUS.
O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;
When the days are weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares.
he cares.

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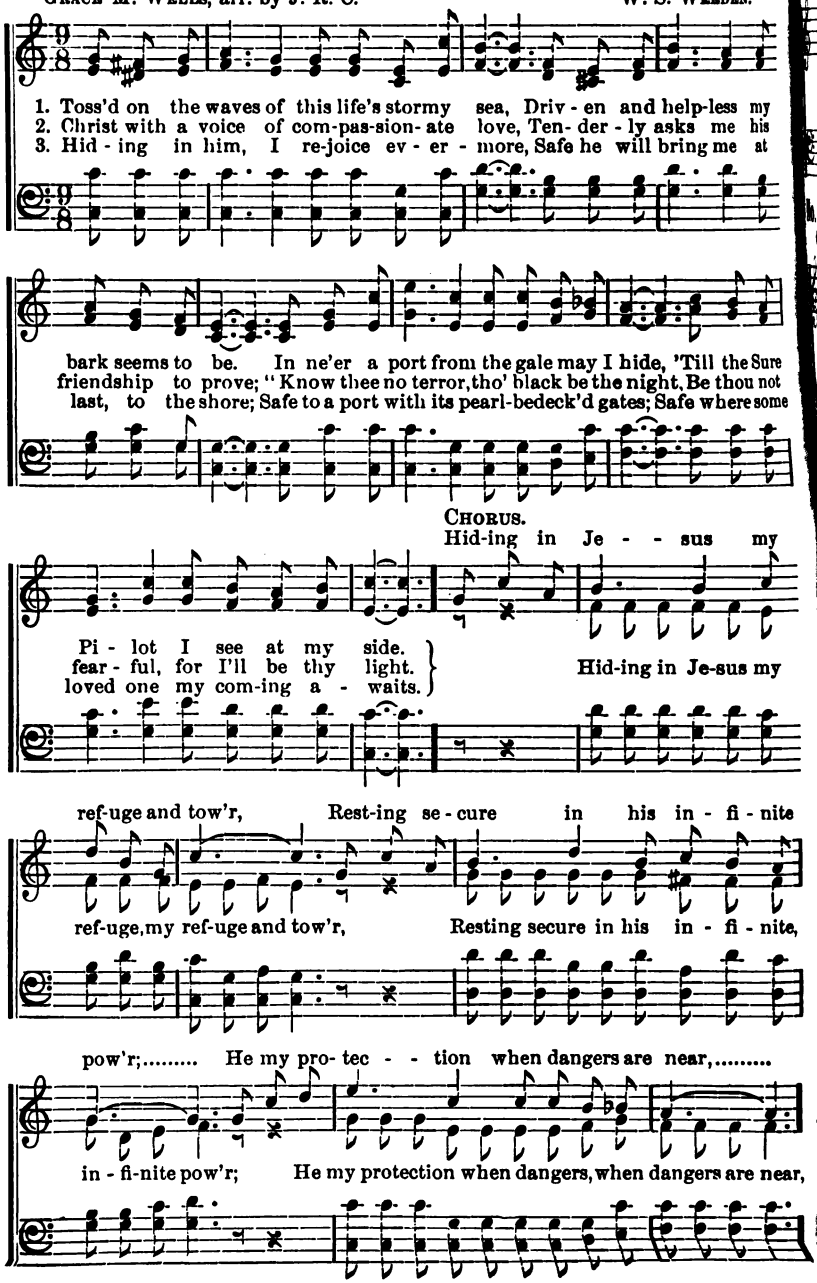
No. 40. HIDING IN JESUS.

GRACE M. WELLS, arr. by J. R. C. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Toss'd on the waves of this life's stormy sea, Driv - en and help-less my
2. Christ with a voice of com-pas-sion- ate love, Ten- der - ly asks me his
3. Hid - ing in him, I re-joice ev - er - more, Safe he will bring me at
bark seems to be. In ne'er a port from the gale may I hide, 'Till the Sure
friendship to prove; "Know thee no terror, tho' black be the night, Be thou not
last, to the shore; Safe to a port with its pearl-bedeck'd gates; Safe where some
CHORUS.
Hid-ing in Je - - sus my
Pi - lot I see at my side.
fear - ful, for I'll be thy light.
loved one my com-ing a - waits.
Hid-ing in Je-sus my
ref-uge and tow'r, Rest-ing se - cure in his in - fi - nite
ref-uge, my ref-uge and tow'r, Resting secure in his in - fi - nite,
pow'r;..... He my pro- tec - - tion when dangers are near,.....
in - fi-nite pow'r; He my protection when dangers, when dangers are near,

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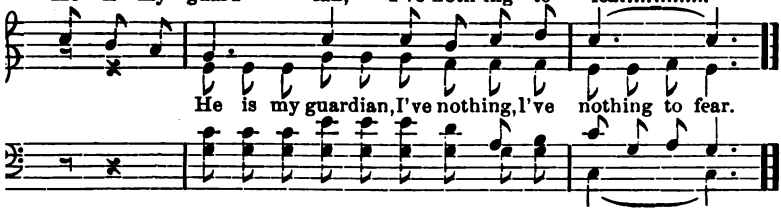
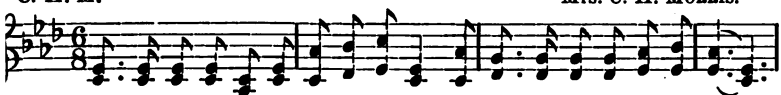
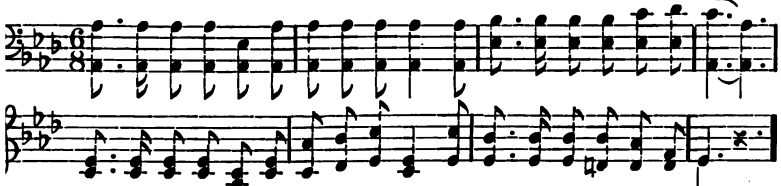
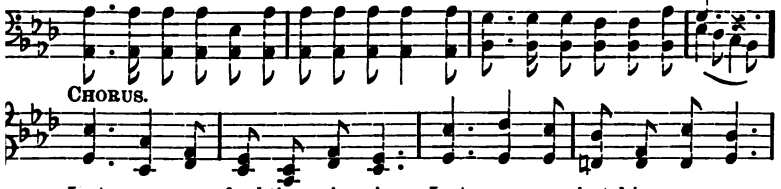
HIDING IN JESUS.—Concluded.

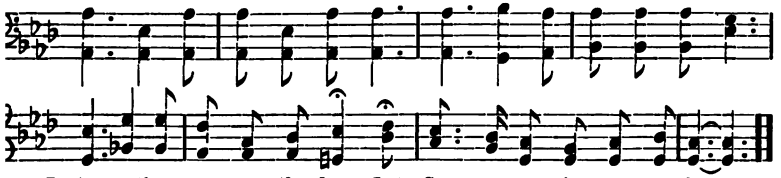
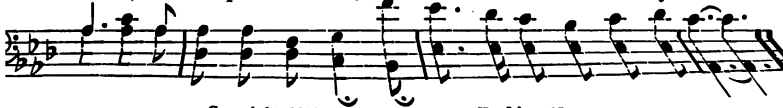
He is my guard - - ian, I've noth-ing to fear.....



He is my guardian, I've nothing, I've nothing to fear.

). 41. LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je- sus come into your heart;
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je- sus come into your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je- sus come into your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je- sus come into your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je- sus come into your heart;

If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je- sus come in-to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je- sus come in-to your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je- sus come in-to your heart.
Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Je- sus come in-to your heart.
If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je- sus come in-to your heart.

Chorus.

Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;
Just now, your doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject- ing no more;

Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Just now, I o - pen the door, And Je - sus comes in- to my heart.

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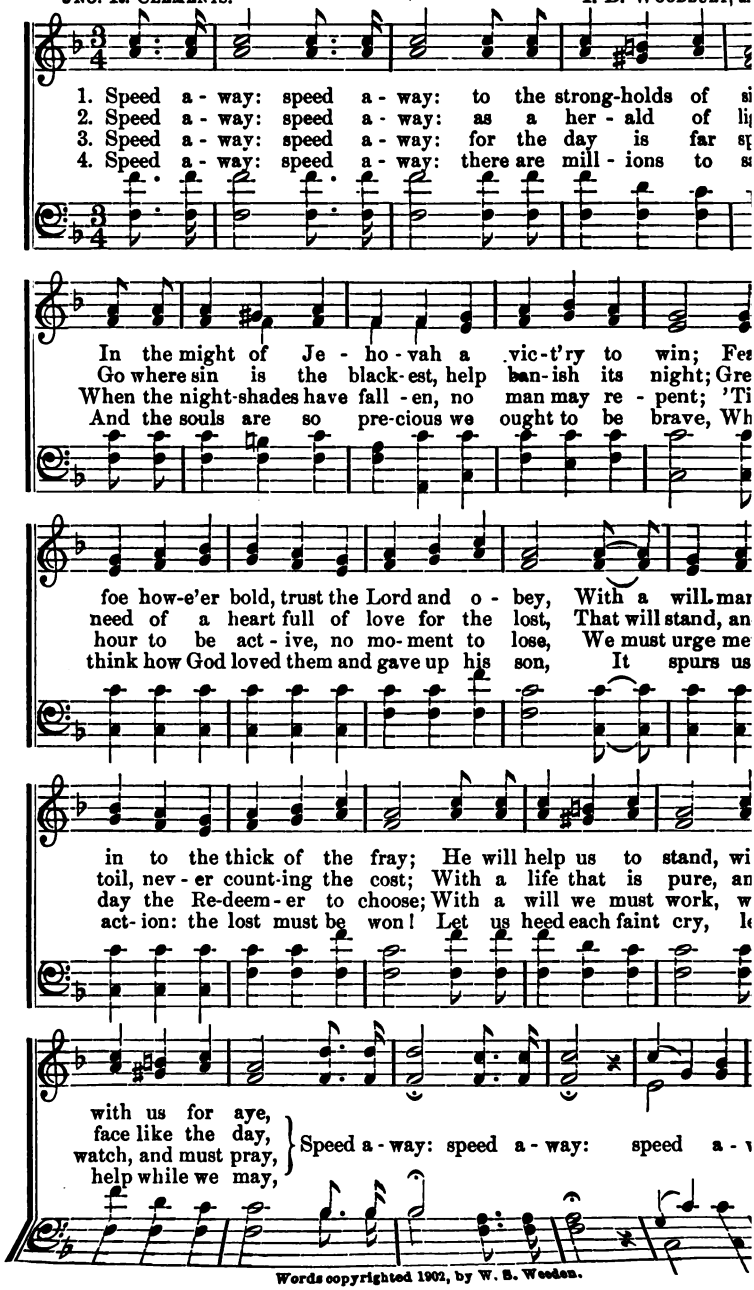
No. 42. SPEED AWAY.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."—Mark 16: 15.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. I. B. WOODBURY, ar


1. Speed a - way: speed a - way: to the strong-holds of si
2. Speed a - way: speed a - way: as a her - ald of li
3. Speed a - way: speed a - way: for the day is far sp
4. Speed a - way: speed a - way: there are mill - ions to s
In the might of Je - ho - vah a vic-t'ry to win; Fe
Go where sin is the black-est, help ban-ish its night; Gre
When the night-shades have fall - en, no man may re - pent; 'Ti
And the souls are so pre-cious we ought to be brave, Wh
foe how-e'er bold, trust the Lord and o - bey, With a will mar
need of a heart full of love for the lost, That will stand, an
hour to be act - ive, no mo-ment to lose, We must urge me
think how God loved them and gave up his son, It spurs us
in to the thick of the fray; He will help us to stand, wi
toil, nev - er count-ing the cost; With a life that is pure, an
day the Re-deem - er to choose; With a will we must work, w
act - ion: the lost must be won! Let us heed each faint cry, l
with us for aye,
face like the day,
watch, and must pray,
help while we may,
Speed a - way: speed a - way: speed a - w

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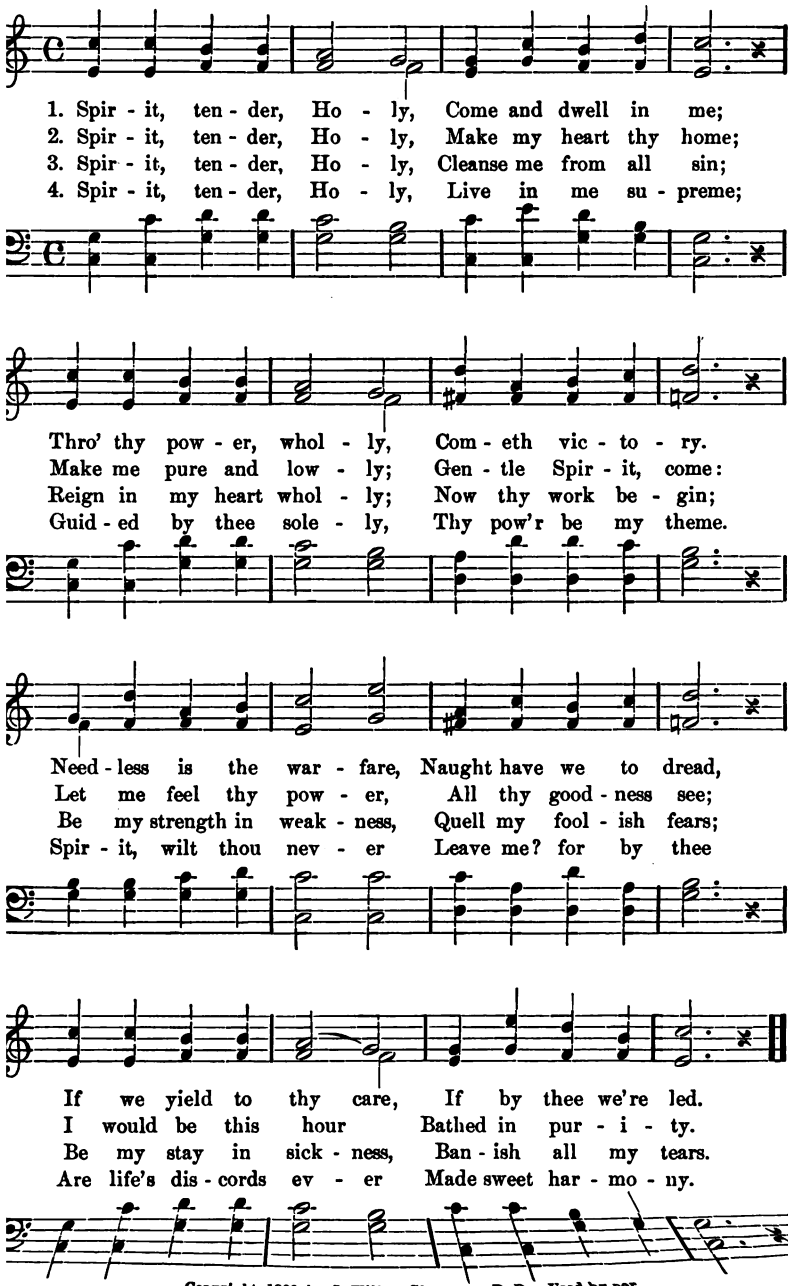
No. 43 SPIRIT, TENDER, HOLY.

E. S. B. EFFIE S. BLACK.

1. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Come and dwell in me;
2. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Make my heart thy home;
3. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Cleanse me from all sin;
4. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Live in me su - preme;
Thro' thy pow - er, whol - ly, Com - eth vic - to - ry.
Make me pure and low - ly; Gen - tle Spir - it, come:
Reign in my heart whol - ly; Now thy work be - gin;
Guid - ed by thee sole - ly, Thy pow'r be my theme.
Need - less is the war - fare, Naught have we to dread,
Let me feel thy pow - er, All thy good - ness see;
Be my strength in weak - ness, Quell my fool - ish fears;
Spir - it, wilt thou nev - er Leave me? for by thee
If we yield to thy care, If by thee we're led.
I would be this hour Bathed in pur - i - ty.
Be my stay in sick - ness, Ban - ish all my tears.
Are life's dis - cords ev - er Made sweet har - mo - ny.

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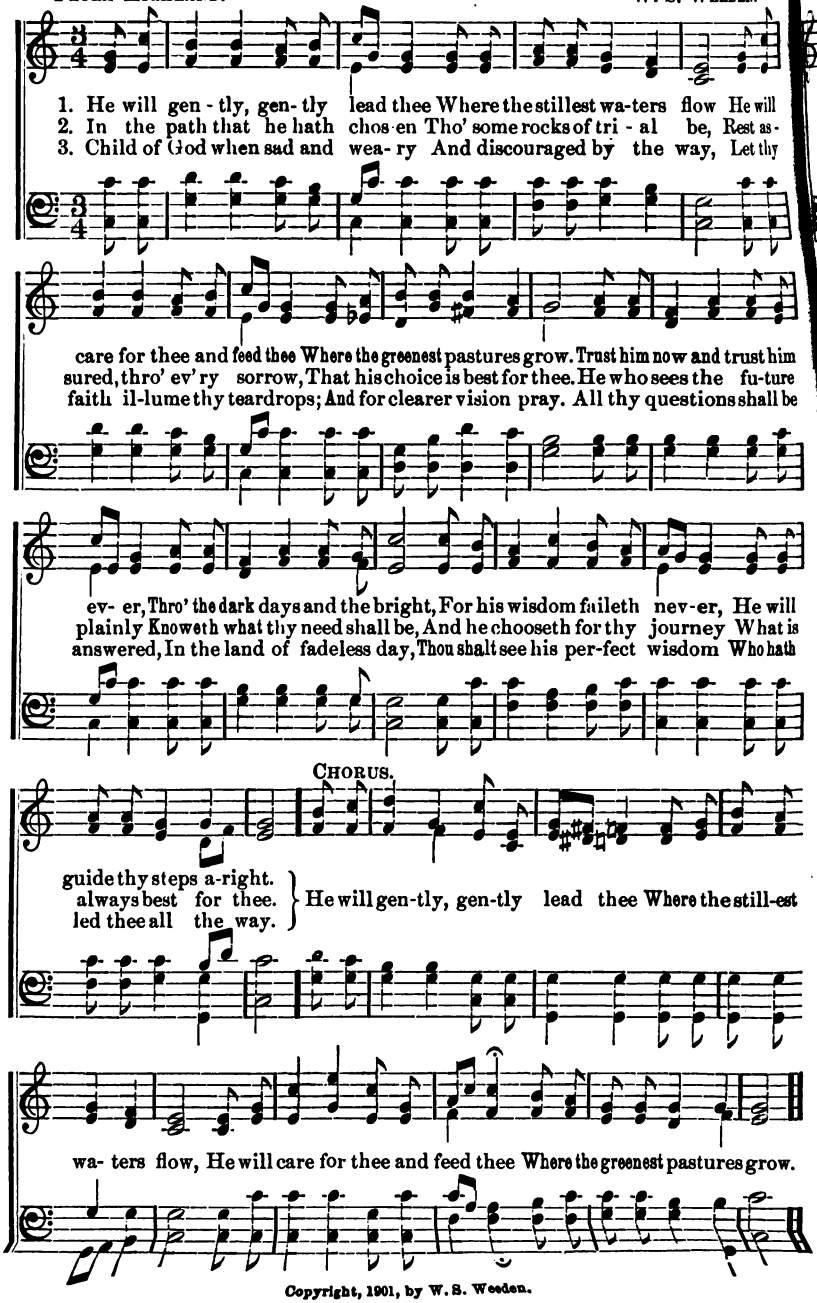
No. 44. HE WILL GENTLY LEAD.

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. He will gen - tly, gen- tly lead thee Where the stillest wa-ters flow He will
2. In the path that he hath chos-en Tho' some rocks of tri - al be, Rest as-
3. Child of God when sad and wea- ry And discouraged by the way, Let thy
care for thee and feed thee Where the greenest pastures grow. Trust him now and trust him
sured, thro' ev'ry sorrow, That his choice is best for thee. He who sees the fu-ture
faith il-lume thy teardrops; And for clearer vision pray. All thy questions shall be
ev- er, Thro' the dark days and the bright, For his wisdom faileth nev-er, He will
plainly Knoweth what thy need shall be, And he chooseth for thy journey What is
answered, In the land of fadeless day, Thou shalt see his per-fect wisdom Who hath
CHORUS.
guide thy steps a-right.
always best for thee.
led thee all the way.
He will gen-tly, gen-tly lead thee Where the still-est
wa- ters flow, He will care for thee and feed thee Where the greenest pastures grow.

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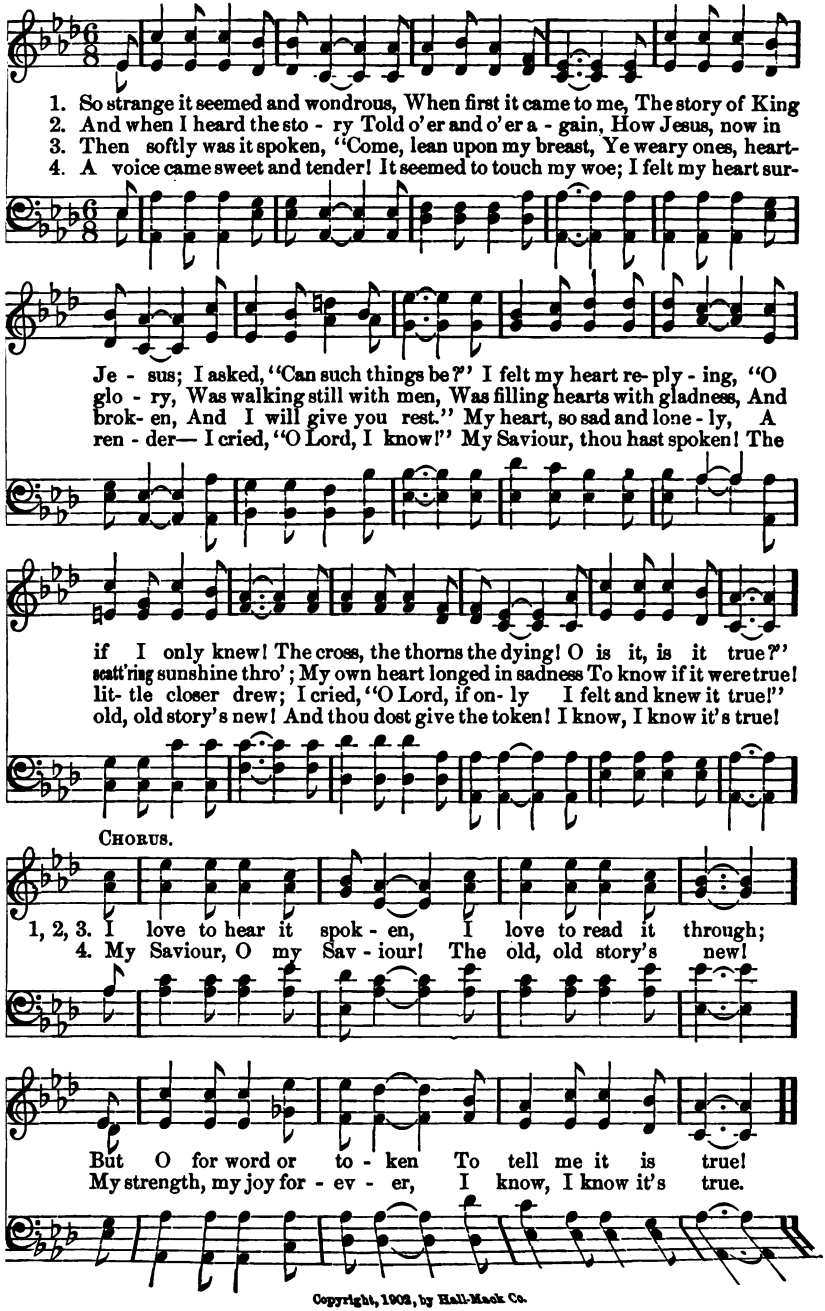
No. 45. IS IT TRUE?

S. C. KIRK. MRS. J. G. WILSON.

1. So strange it seemed and wondrous, When first it came to me, The story of King
2. And when I heard the sto - ry Told o'er and o'er a - gain, How Jesus, now in
3. Then softly was it spoken, "Come, lean upon my breast, Ye weary ones, heart-
4. A voice came sweet and tender! It seemed to touch my woe; I felt my heart sur-
Je - sus; I asked, "Can such things be?" I felt my heart re- ply - ing, "O
glo - ry, Was walking still with men, Was filling hearts with gladness, And
brok- en, And I will give you rest." My heart, so sad and lone - ly, A
ren - der— I cried, "O Lord, I know!" My Saviour, thou hast spoken! The
if I only knew! The cross, the thorns the dying! O is it, is it true?"
scatt'ring sunshine thro'; My own heart longed in sadness To know if it were true!
lit- tle closer drew; I cried, "O Lord, if on- ly I felt and knew it true!"
old, old story's new! And thou dost give the token! I know, I know it's true!
CHORUS.
1, 2, 3. I love to hear it spok - en, I love to read it through;
4. My Saviour, O my Sav - iour! The old, old story's new!
But O for word or to - ken To tell me it is true!
My strength, my joy for - ev - er, I know, I know it's true.

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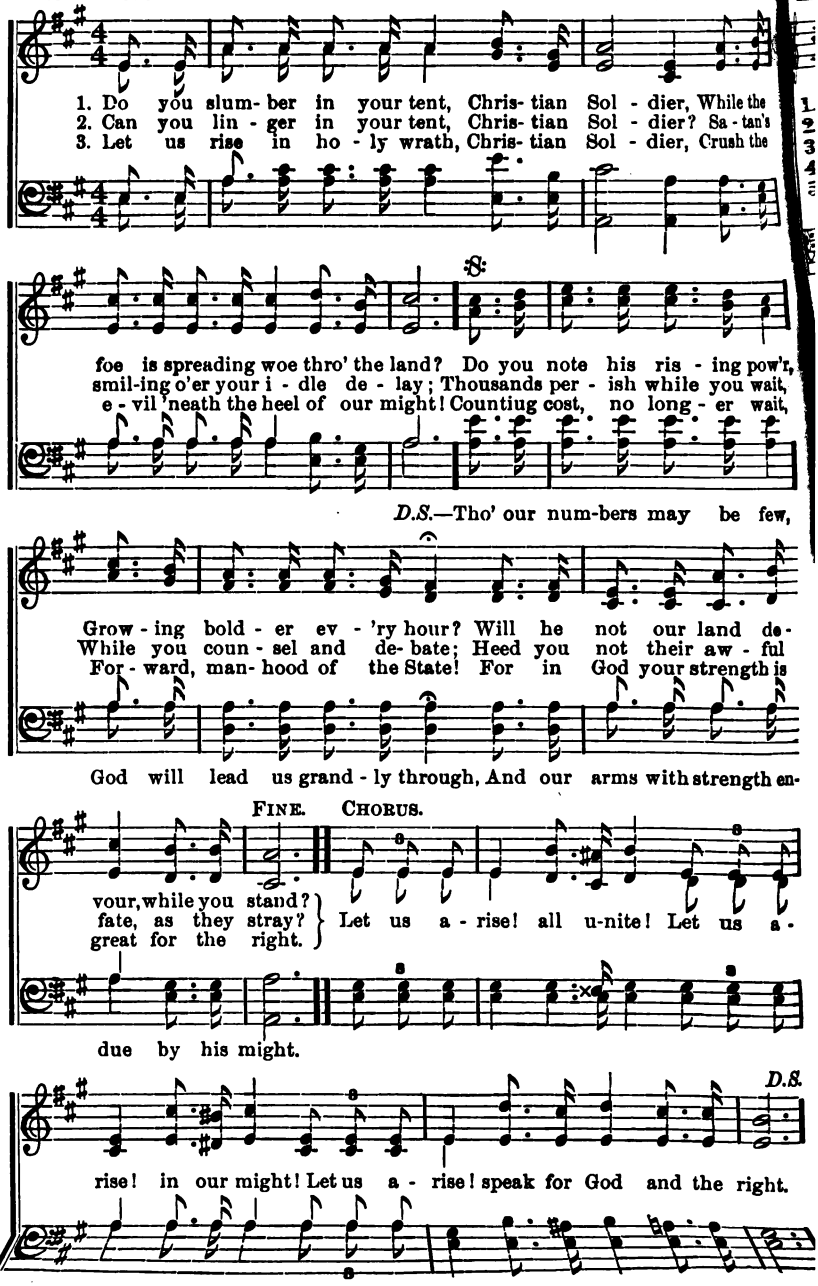
No. 46. LET US ARISE.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Do you slum- ber in your tent, Chris- tian Sol - dier, While the
2. Can you lin - ger in your tent, Chris- tian Sol - dier? Sa - tan's
3. Let us rise in ho - ly wrath, Chris- tian Sol - dier, Crush the
foe is spreading woe thro' the land? Do you note his ris - ing pow'r,
smil-ing o'er your i - dle de - lay; Thousands per - ish while you wait,
e - vil 'neath the heel of our might! Countiug cost, no long - er wait,
D.S.—Tho' our num-bers may be few,
Grow - ing bold - er ev - 'ry hour? Will he not our land de-
While you coun - sel and de- bate; Heed you not their aw - ful
For - ward, man- hood of the State! For in God your strength is
God will lead us grand - ly through, And our arms with strength en-
FINE.
CHORUS.
vour, while you stand?
fate, as they stray?
great for the right.
Let us a - rise! all u-nite! Let us a -
due by his might.
D.S.
rise! in our might! Let us a - rise! speak for God and the right.

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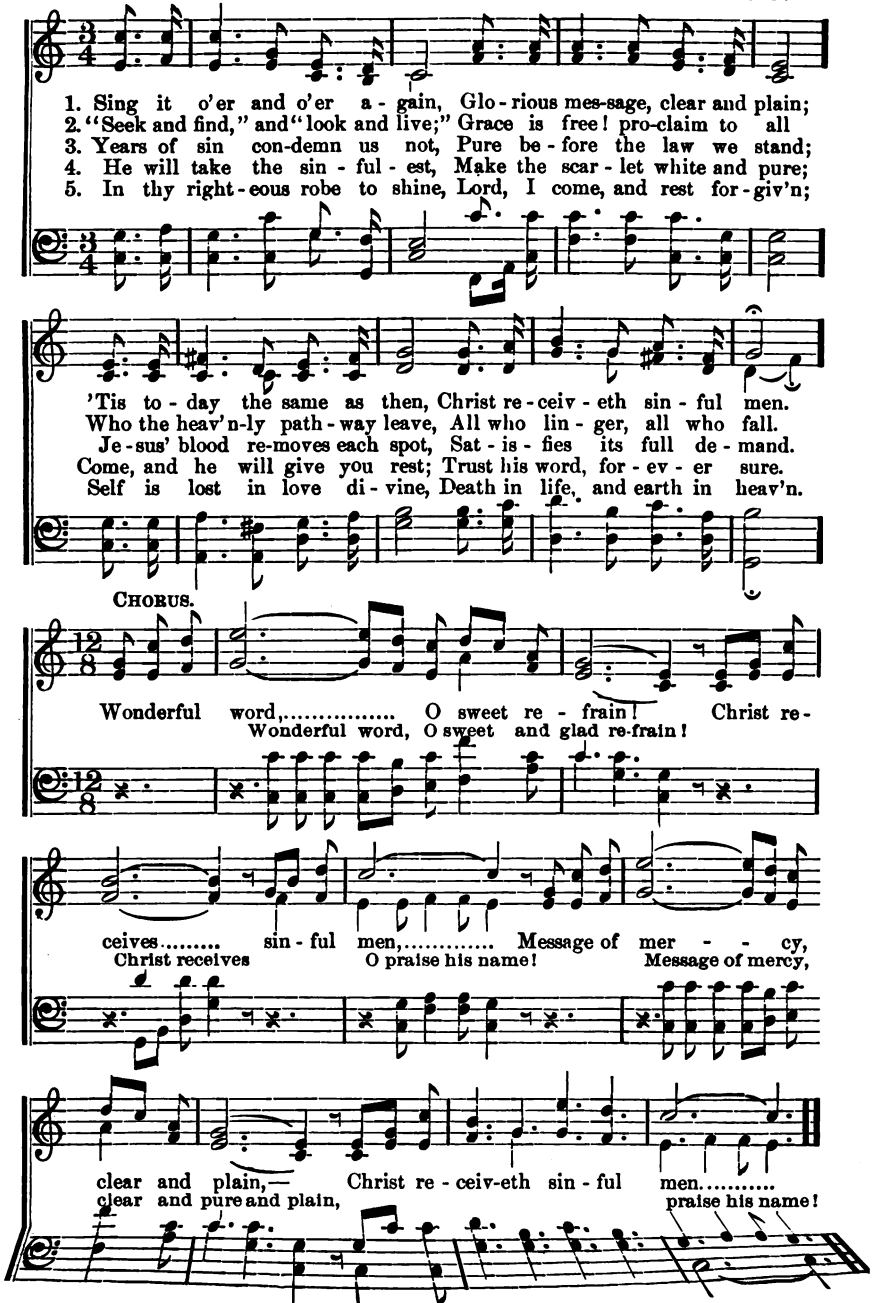
No. 47. CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN.

Arr. from NEUMASTER. Luke 15: 2. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain, Glo - rious mes-sage, clear and plain;
2. "Seek and find," and "look and live;" Grace is free! pro-claim to all
3. Years of sin con-demn us not, Pure be - fore the law we stand;
4. He will take the sin - ful - est, Make the scar - let white and pure;
5. In thy right - eous robe to shine, Lord, I come, and rest for - giv'n;
'Tis to - day the same as then, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Who the heav'n-ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
Je - sus' blood re-moves each spot, Sat - is - fies its full de - mand.
Come, and he will give you rest; Trust his word, for - ev - er sure.
Self is lost in love di - vine, Death in life, and earth in heav'n.
CHORUS.
Wonderful word,..... O sweet re - frain! Christ re -
Wonderful word, O sweet and glad re-frain!
ceives..... sin - ful men,..... Message of mer - - - cy,
Christ receives O praise his name! Message of mercy,
clear and plain,— Christ re - ceiv-eth sin - ful men.....
clear and pure and plain, praise his name!

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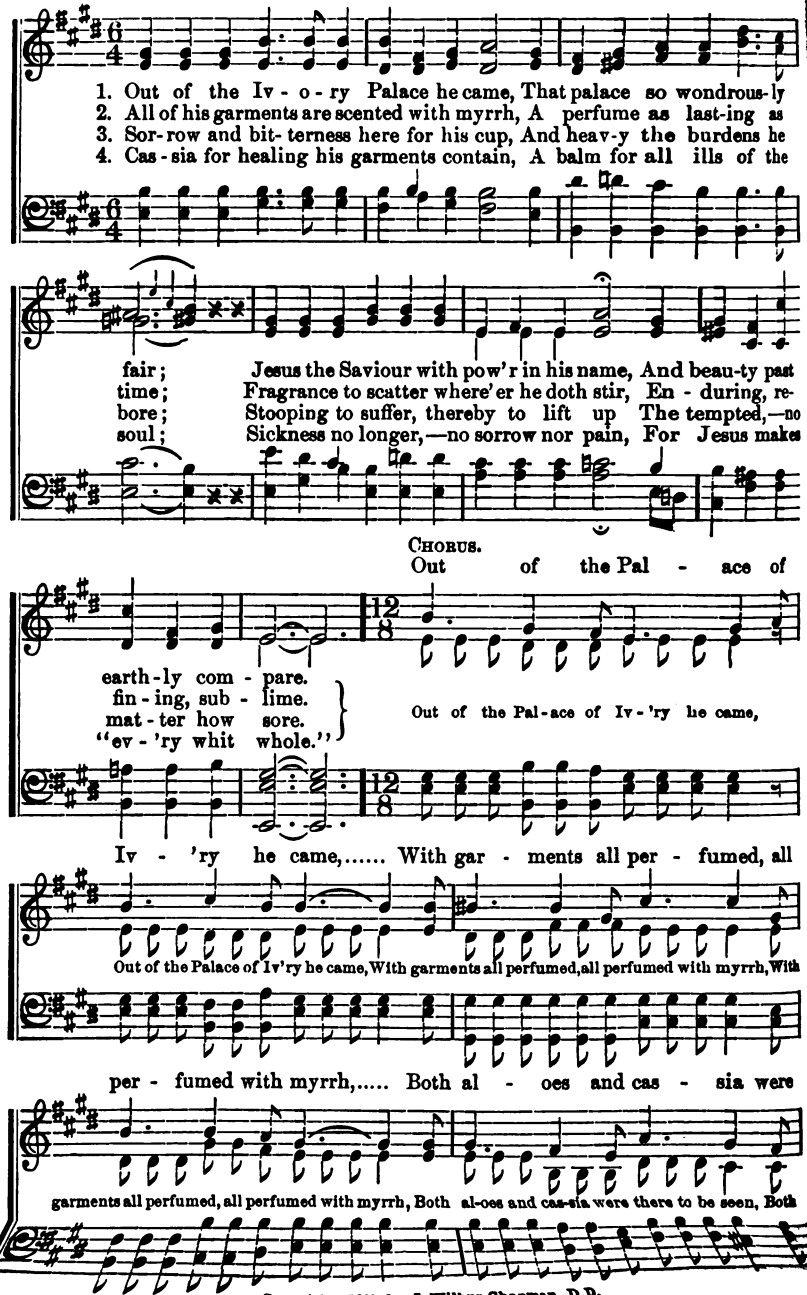
No. 48. THE IVORY PALACES.

Psalm 45: 8. Suggested by Rev. Dr. Chapman's Sermon.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. FRED. H. BYSHE.


1. Out of the Iv - o - ry Palace he came, That palace so wondrous-ly
2. All of his garments are scented with myrrh, A perfume as last-ing as
3. Sor-row and bit- terness here for his cup, And heav-y the burdens he
4. Cas - sia for healing his garments contain, A balm for all ills of the
fair; Jesus the Saviour with pow'r in his name, And beau-ty past
time; Fragrance to scatter where'er he doth stir, En - during, re-
bore; Stooping to suffer, thereby to lift up The tempted,—no
soul; Sickness no longer,—no sorrow nor pain, For Jesus makes
CHORUS.
Out of the Pal - ace of
earth-ly com - pare.
fin-ing, sub - lime.
mat - ter how sore.
"ev - 'ry whit whole."
Out of the Pal-ace of Iv-'ry he came,
Iv - 'ry he came,..... With gar - ments all per - fumed, all
Out of the Palace of Iv'ry he came, With garments all perfumed, all perfumed with myrrh, With
per - fumed with myrrh,..... Both al - oes and cas - sia were
garments all perfumed, all perfumed with myrrh, Both al-oes and cas-sia were there to be seen, Both

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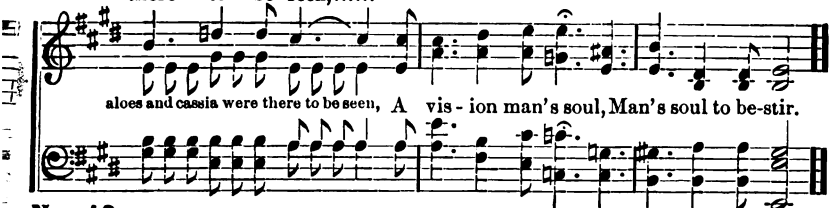
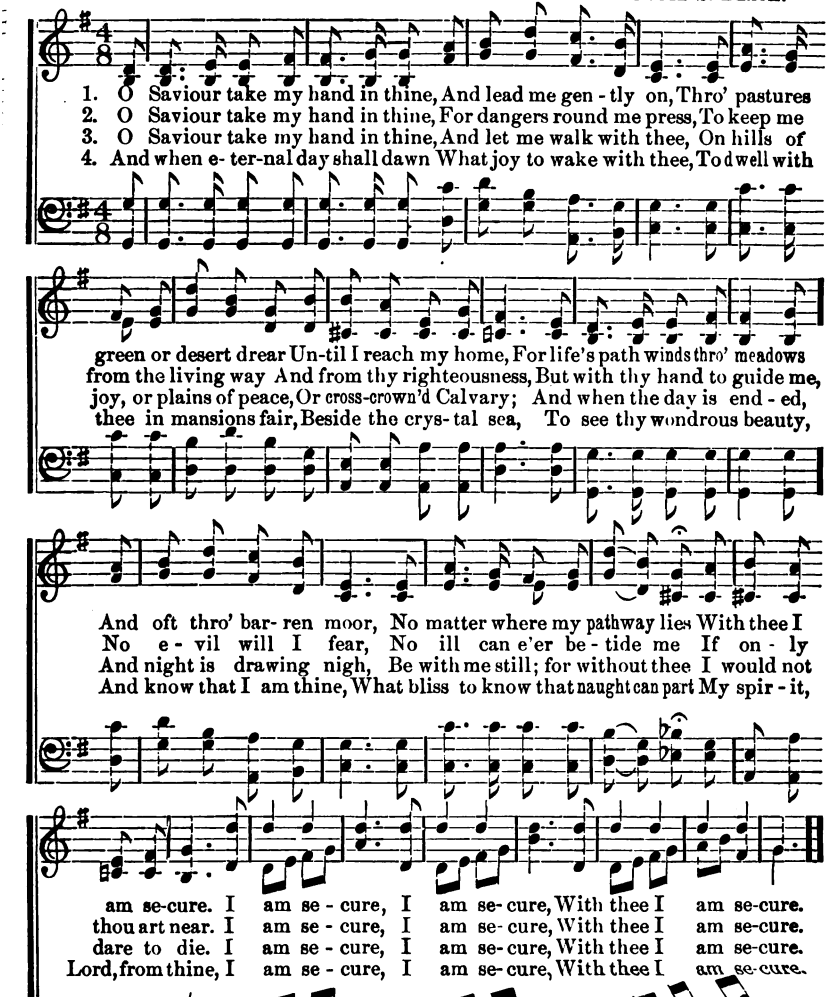
THE IVORY PALACES.—Concluded.

there to be seen,.....



No. 49. TRUST.

E. S. B. EFFIE S. BLACK.

1. O Saviour take my hand in thine, And lead me gen - tly on, Thro' pastures
2. O Saviour take my hand in thine, For dangers round me press, To keep me
3. O Saviour take my hand in thine, And let me walk with thee, On hills of
4. And when e- ter-nal day shall dawn What joy to wake with thee, To dwell with
green or desert drear Un-til I reach my home, For life's path winds thro' meadows
from the living way And from thy righteousness, But with thy hand to guide me,
joy, or plains of peace, Or cross-crown'd Calvary; And when the day is end - ed,
thee in mansions fair, Beside the crys- tal sea, To see thy wondrous beauty,
And oft thro' bar- ren moor, No matter where my pathway lies With thee I
No e - vil will I fear, No ill can e'er be - tide me If on - ly
And night is drawing nigh, Be with me still; for without thee I would not
And know that I am thine, What bliss to know that naught can part My spir - it,
am se-cure. I am se - cure, I am se- cure, With thee I am se-cure.
thou art near. I am se - cure, I am se- cure, With thee I am se-cure.
dare to die. I am se - cure, I am se- cure, With thee I am se-cure.
Lord, from thine, I am se - cure, I am se- cure, With thee I am se-cure.

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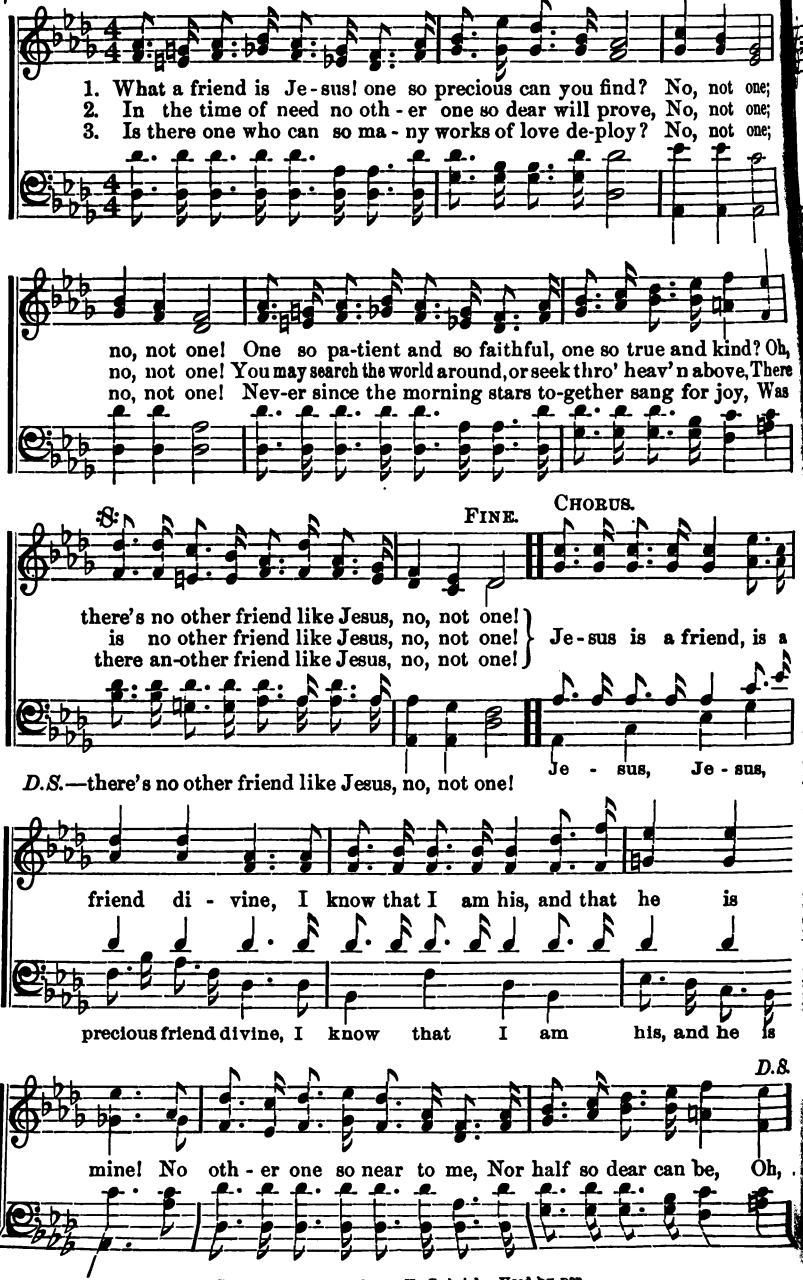
No. 50. WHAT A FRIEND IS JESUS.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. What a friend is Je-sus! one so precious can you find? No, not one;
2. In the time of need no oth-er one so dear will prove, No, not one;
3. Is there one who can so ma-ny works of love de-ploy? No, not one;
no, not one! One so pa-tient and so faithful, one so true and kind? Oh,
no, not one! You may search the world around, or seek thro' heav'n above, There
no, not one! Nev-er since the morning stars to-gether sang for joy, Was
FINE.
CHORUS.
there's no other friend like Jesus, no, not one!
is no other friend like Jesus, no, not one!
there an-other friend like Jesus, no, not one!
Je-sus is a friend, is a
Je - sus, Je - sus,
D.S.—there's no other friend like Jesus, no, not one!
friend di - vine, I know that I am his, and that he is
precious friend divine, I know that I am his, and he is
D.S.
mine! No oth-er one so near to me, Nor half so dear can be, Oh,

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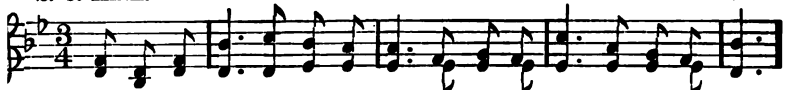
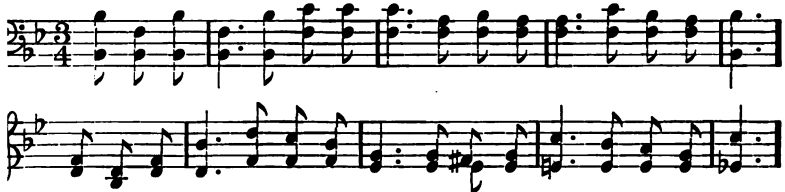
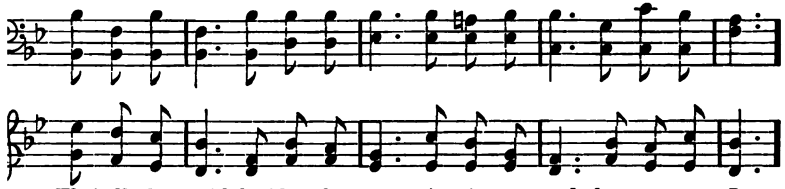
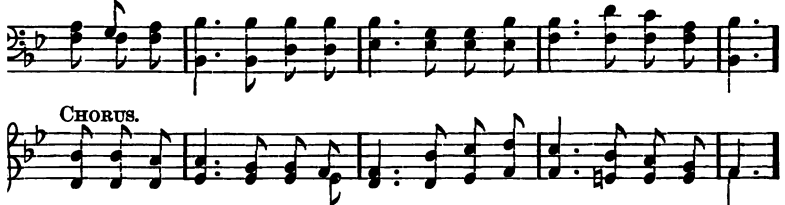
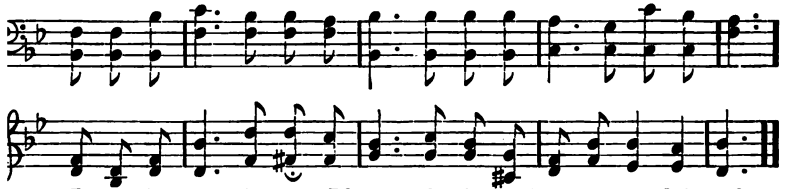
No. 51.

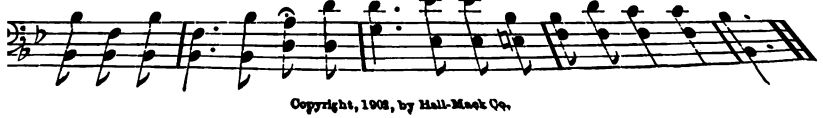
I KNOW.

S. C. KIRK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. The works and ways of God on high I cannot solve—I do not try;
2. I know that my Redeemer lives; I know, I know that he forgives!
3. How, at his word, the darkness flies, And beams of sunlight flood my eyes,
4. Beyond this mortal vale there stands A house for me not made with hands;

But, tho' I can - not these unfold, One thing I know—to this I'll hold
I know that I who once was dead Am now a - live in Christ, my head.
I do not know; enough for me That I who once was blind now see!
E'en now I see beyond the dome, And oc - cu - py my heav'nly home;

Tho' all the world besides de - ny— A sinner saved by grace am I.
Let all the world besides de - ny "I know I live!" shall be my cry.
Let all the world besides de - ny, "I know I see!" shall be my cry.
Let all the world besides de - ny, I know I have a home on high.

CHORUS.

I cannot tell you why, nor how, For O I do not understand;



I on - ly say, "I know! I know!" On this unshak- en ground I stand.



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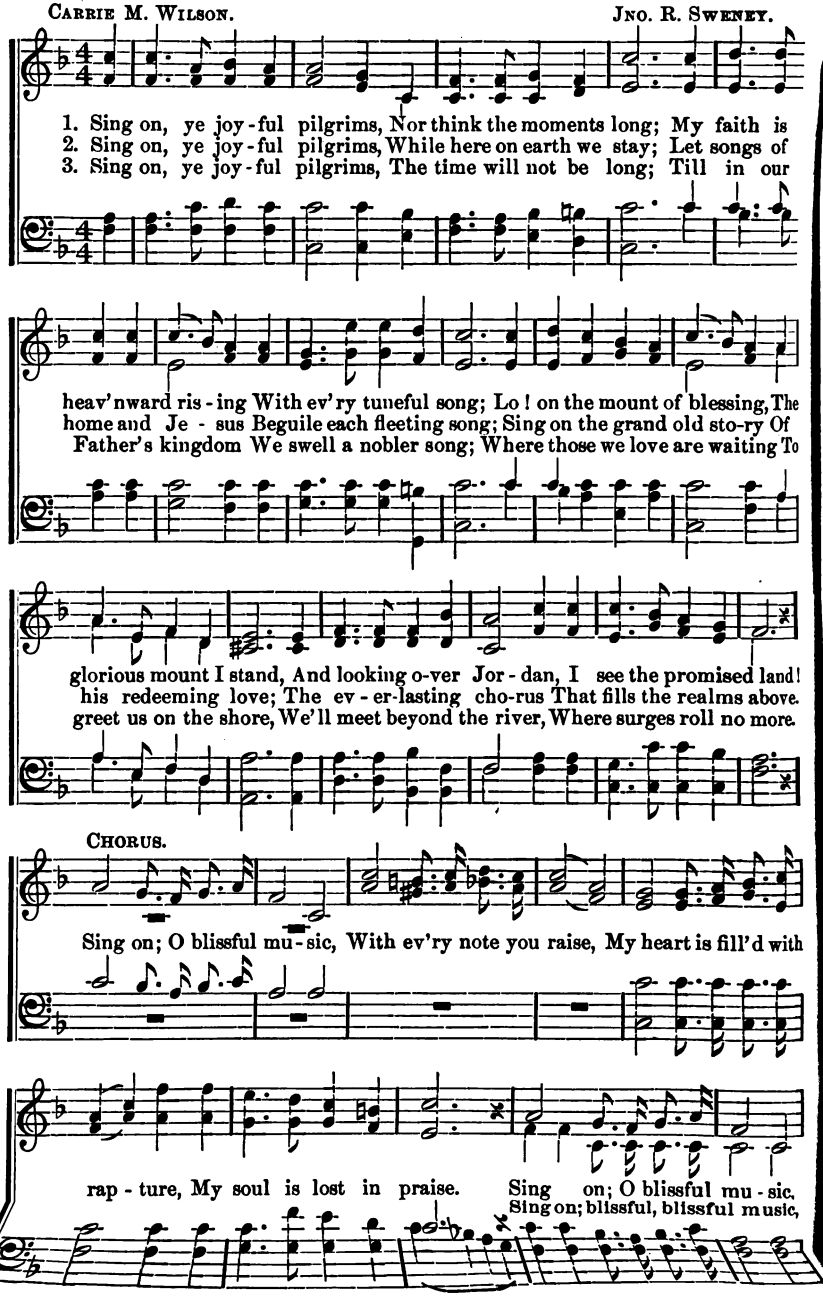
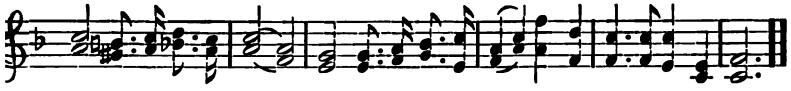
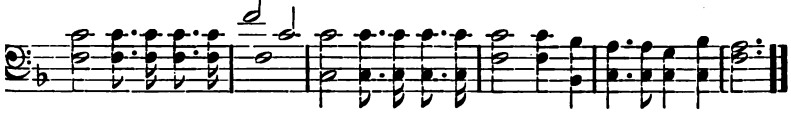
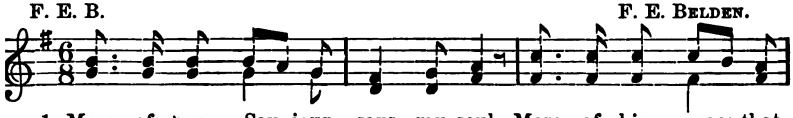
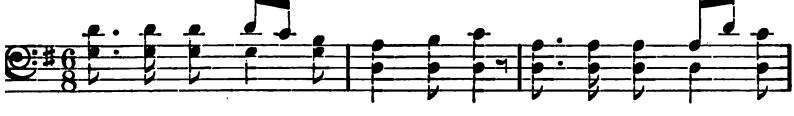
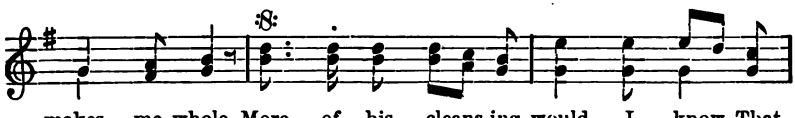
No. 52. SING ON.

CARRIE M. WILSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sing on, ye joy-ful pilgrims, Nor think the moments long; My faith is
2. Sing on, ye joy-ful pilgrims, While here on earth we stay; Let songs of
3. Sing on, ye joy-ful pilgrims, The time will not be long; Till in our
heav'nward ris-ing With ev'ry tuneful song; Lo! on the mount of blessing, The
home and Je - sus Beguile each fleeting song; Sing on the grand old sto-ry Of
Father's kingdom We swell a nobler song; Where those we love are waiting To
glorious mount I stand, And looking o-ver Jor-dan, I see the promised land!
his redeeming love; The ev-er-lasting cho-rus That fills the realms above.
greet us on the shore, We'll meet beyond the river, Where surges roll no more.
CHORUS.
Sing on; O blissful mu-sic, With ev'ry note you raise, My heart is fill'd with
rap-ture, My soul is lost in praise. Sing on; O blissful mu-sic,
Sing on; blissful, blissful music,

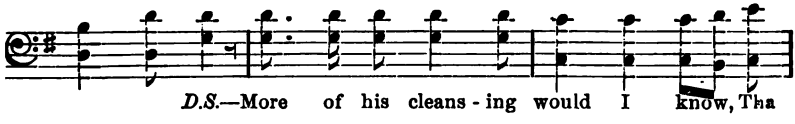
From "Living Hymns." By per.

SING ON.—Concluded.

With ev-'ry note you raise, My heart is fill'd with rapture, My soul is lost in praise.

No. 53. MORE OF JESUS.

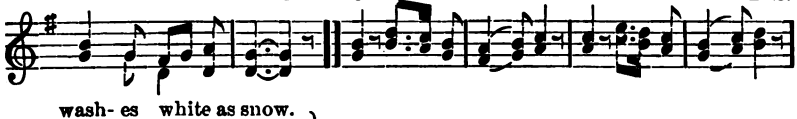
"More about Jesus" is not the necessity of to-day. "More of Jesus" is our need; for "he that hath the Son hath life."

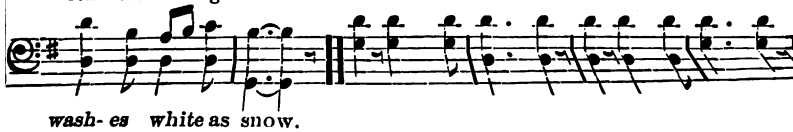
F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. More of my Sav- iour, says my soul, More of his grace that
2. More of his watching, pray - ing pow'r, More of his trust- ing
3. More of his word of truth di- vine, More of his light on
4. More of his pa - tient work of love, More of his point- ing



makes me whole, More of his cleans-ing would I know, That
hour by hour, More of his ho - ly life with - in To
me to shine, More of his lov - ing to o - bey, Tho'
souls a - bove, More of his self - for - get - ful - ness, That



D.S.—More of his cleans - ing would I know, Tha

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

wash- es white as snow.
keep me free from sin.
nar- row be the way.
oth - ers he might bless.

} More, more of Je - sus, More, more of Je - sus,

wash- es white as snow.

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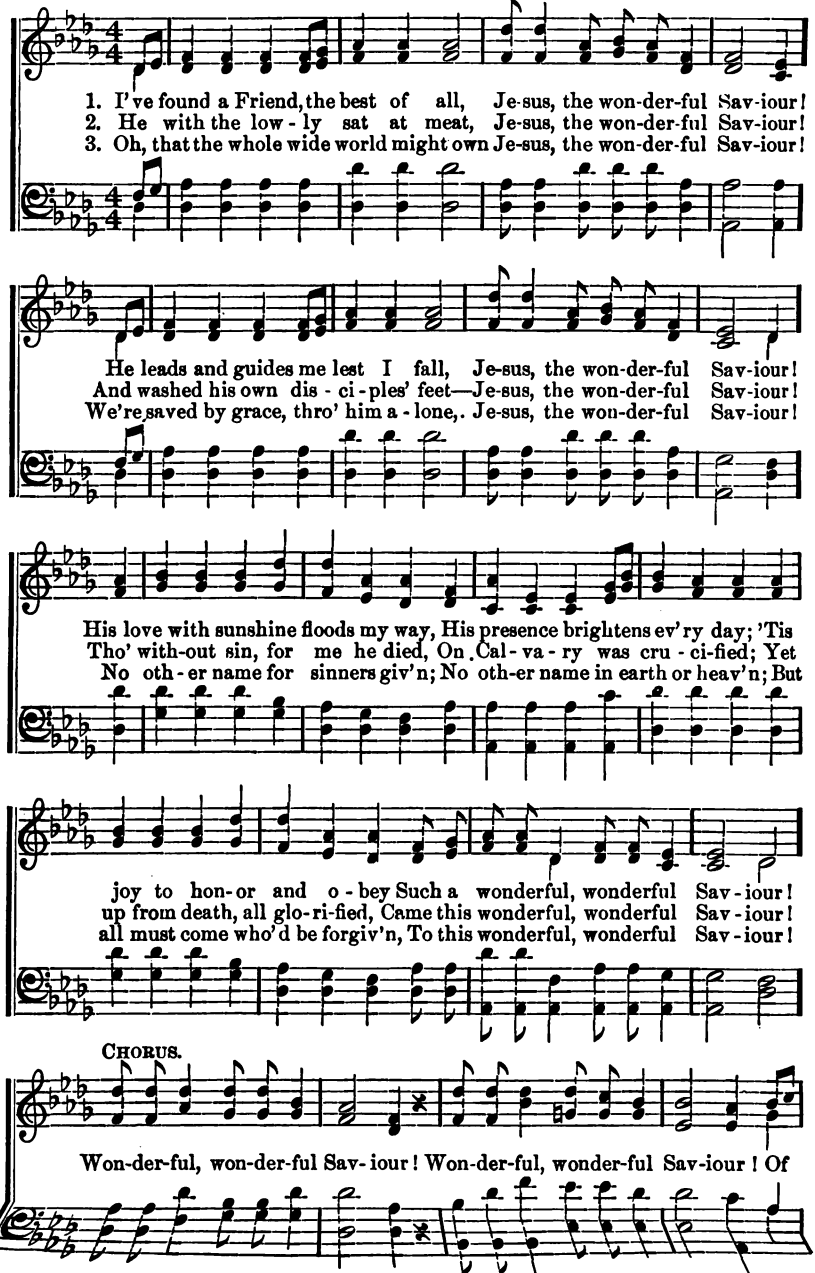
No. 54. THE WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.

D. C. Carson. Alt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I've found a Friend, the best of all, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-iour!
2. He with the low-ly sat at meat, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-iour!
3. Oh, that the whole wide world might own Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-iour!
He leads and guides me lest I fall, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-iour!
And washed his own dis-ci-ples' feet—Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-iour!
We're saved by grace, thro' him a-lone,. Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-iour!
His love with sunshine floods my way, His presence brightens ev'ry day; 'Tis
Tho' with-out sin, for me he died, On Cal-va-ry was cru-ci-fied; Yet
No oth-er name for sinners giv'n; No oth-er name in earth or heav'n; But
joy to hon-or and o-bey Such a wonderful, wonderful Sav-iour!
up from death, all glo-ri-fied, Came this wonderful, wonderful Sav-iour!
all must come who'd be forgiv'n, To this wonderful, wonderful Sav-iour!
Chorus.
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-iour! Won-der-ful, wonder-ful Sav-iour! Of

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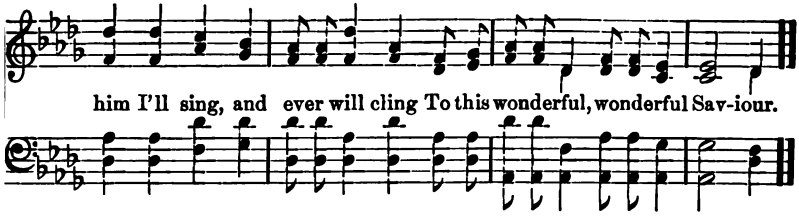
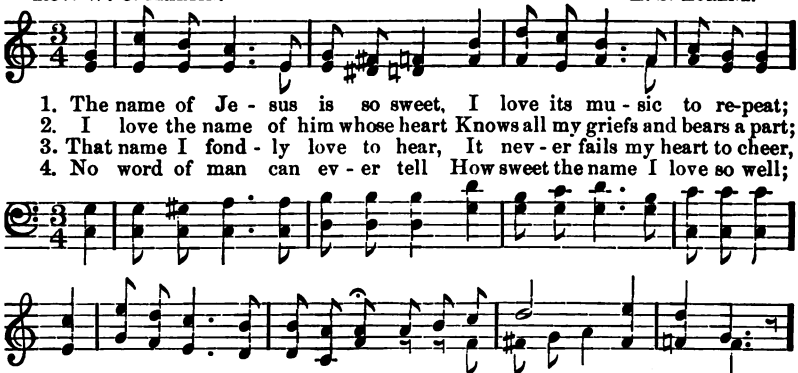
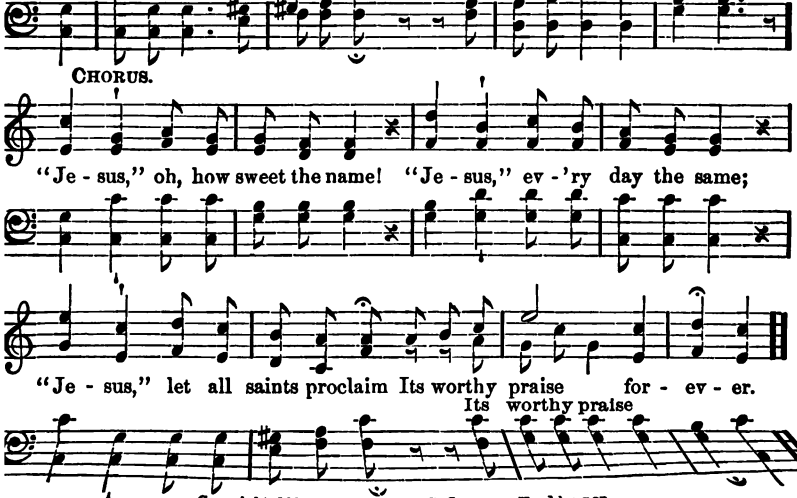


No. 55. THE NAME OF JESUS.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re-peat;
2. I love the name of him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer,
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;
It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
The precious name
Who bids all anx-ious fears depart—I love the name of Je - sus.
I love the name
Its mu-sic dries the falling tear; Exalt the name of Je - sus.
Ex - alt the name
Oh, let its prais - es ev-er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.
Oh, praise the name


CHORUS.
"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;
"Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for - ev - er.
Its worthy praise

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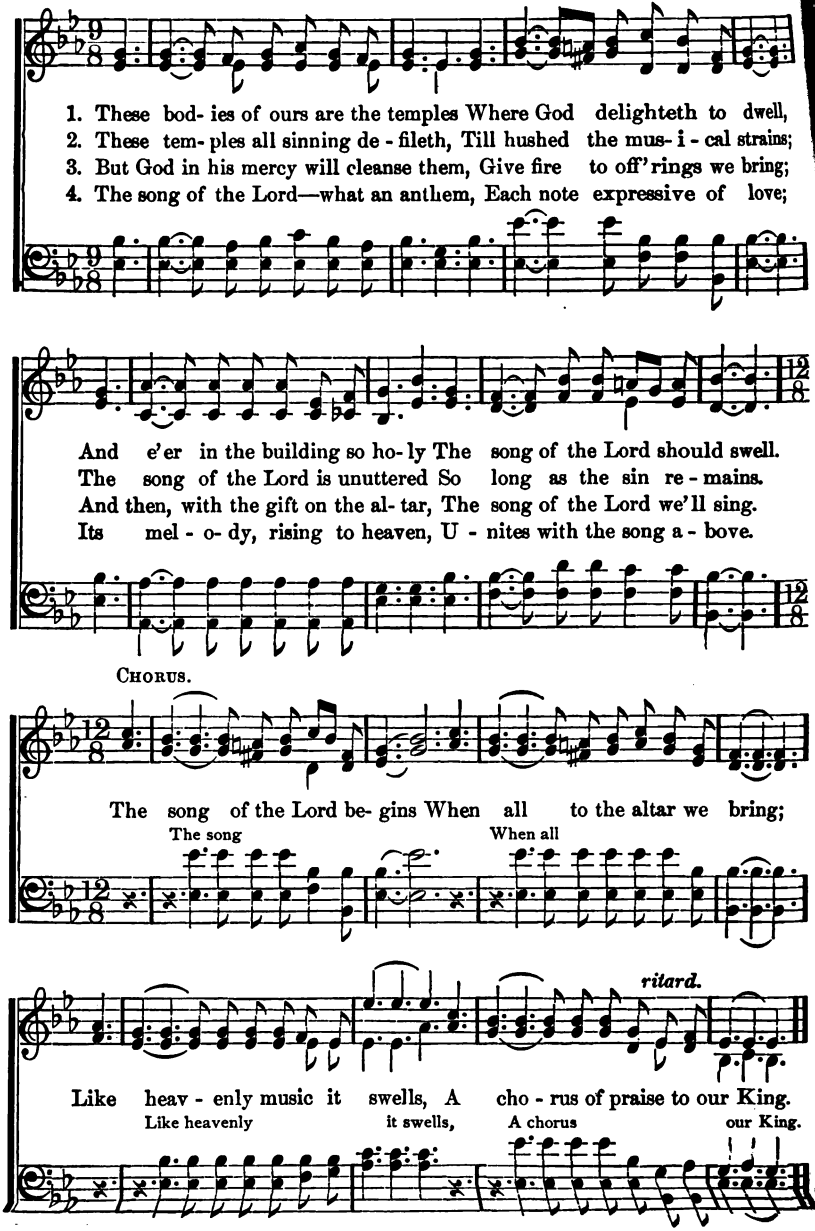
No. 56. THE SONG OF THE LORD.

2 Chronicles 29 : 27.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. These bod- ies of ours are the temples Where God delighteth to dwell,
2. These tem- ples all sinning de - fileth, Till hushed the mus- i - cal strains;
3. But God in his mercy will cleanse them, Give fire to off'rings we bring;
4. The song of the Lord—what an anthem, Each note expressive of love;
And e'er in the building so ho- ly The song of the Lord should swell.
The song of the Lord is unuttered So long as the sin re - mains.
And then, with the gift on the al- tar, The song of the Lord we'll sing.
Its mel - o- dy, rising to heaven, U - nites with the song a - bove.
CHORUS.
The song of the Lord be- gins When all to the altar we bring;
The song
When all
ritard.
Like heav - enly music it swells, A cho - rus of praise to our King.
Like heavenly
it swells,
A chorus
our King.

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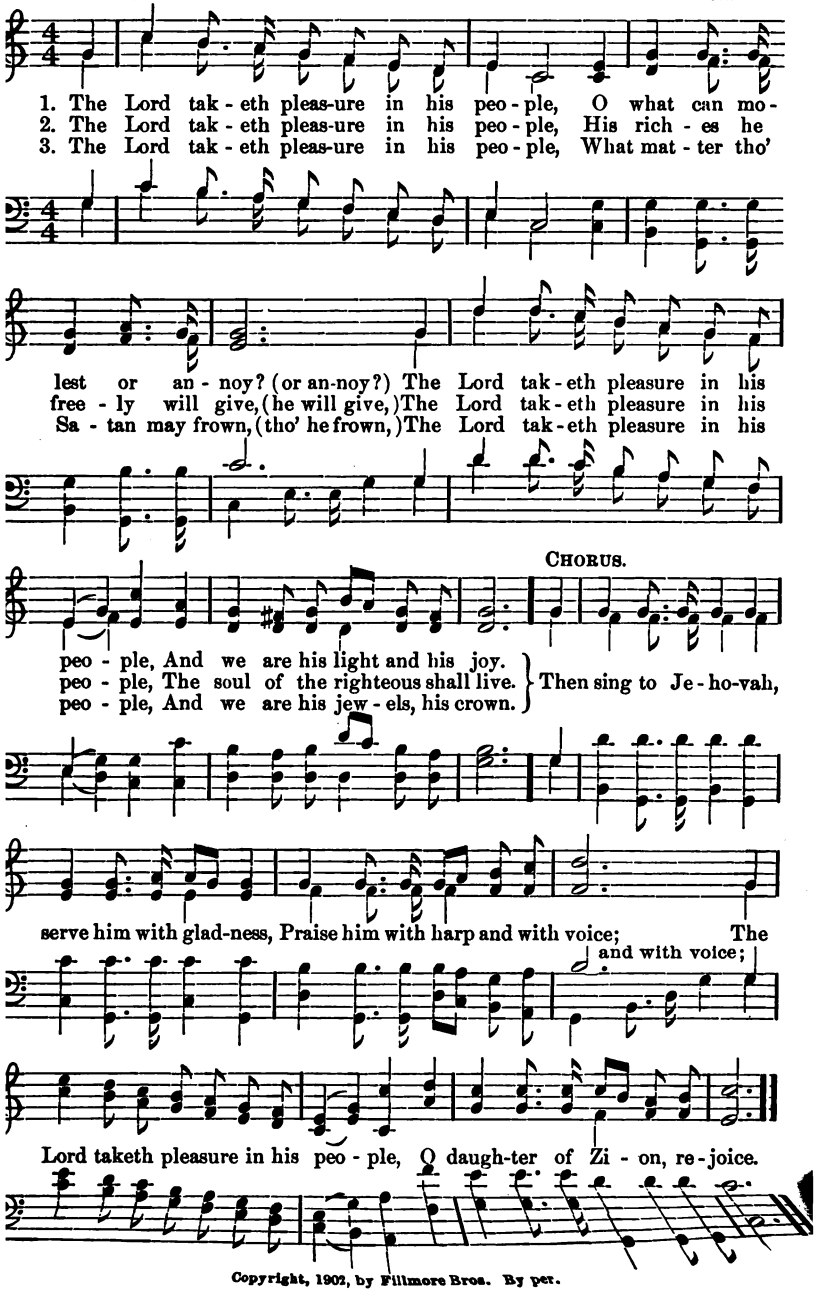
o. 57. THE LORD TAKETH PLEASURE.

Psalm 149 : 4.

MARY B. WINGATE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. The Lord tak - eth pleas-ure in his peo - ple, O what can mo -
2. The Lord tak - eth pleas-ure in his peo - ple, His rich - es he
3. The Lord tak - eth pleas-ure in his peo - ple, What mat - ter tho'
lest or an - noy? (or an-noy?) The Lord tak - eth pleasure in his
free - ly will give, (he will give,) The Lord tak - eth pleasure in his
Sa - tan may frown, (tho' he frown,) The Lord tak - eth pleasure in his
CHORUS.
peo - ple, And we are his light and his joy.
peo - ple, The soul of the righteous shall live.
peo - ple, And we are his jew - els, his crown.
} Then sing to Je - ho-vah,
serve him with glad-ness, Praise him with harp and with voice; The
and with voice;
Lord taketh pleasure in his peo - ple, O daugh-ter of Zi - on, re - joice.

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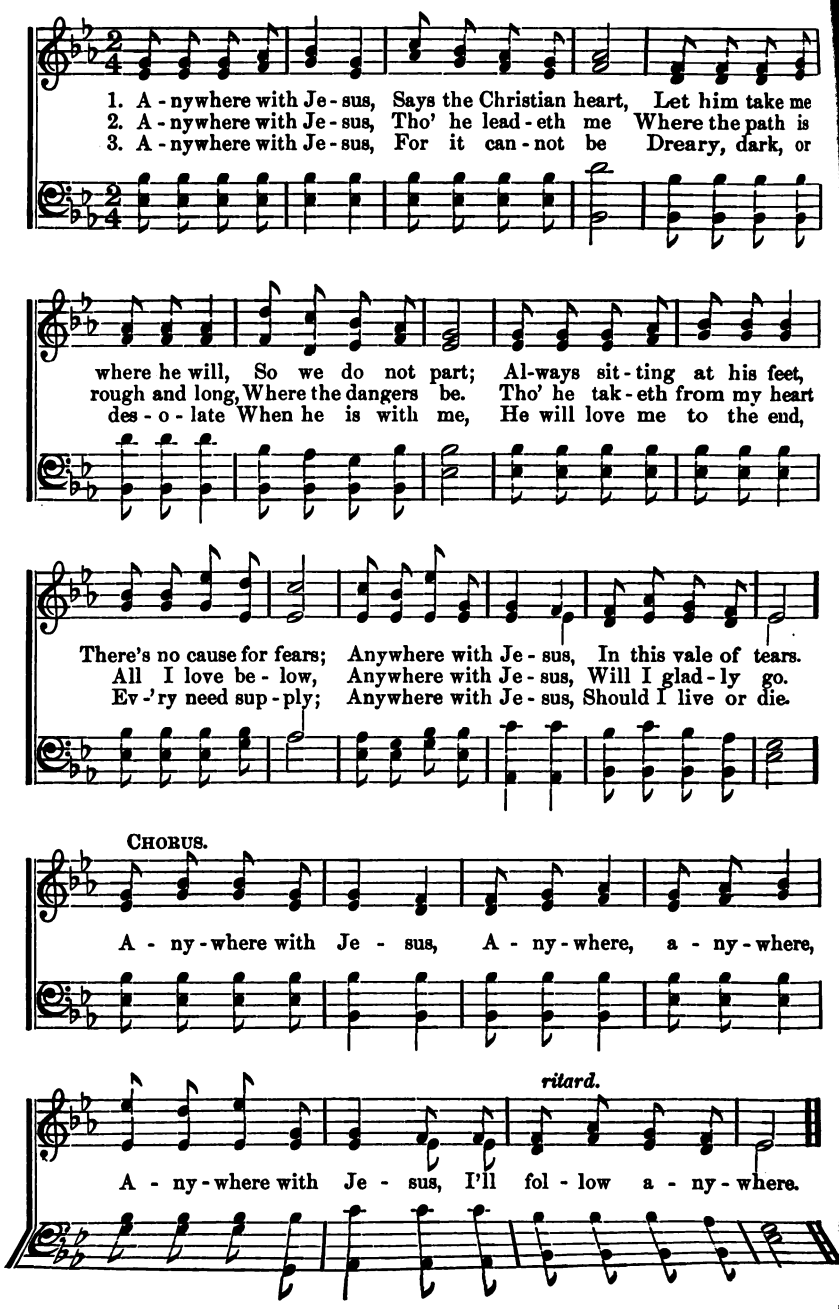
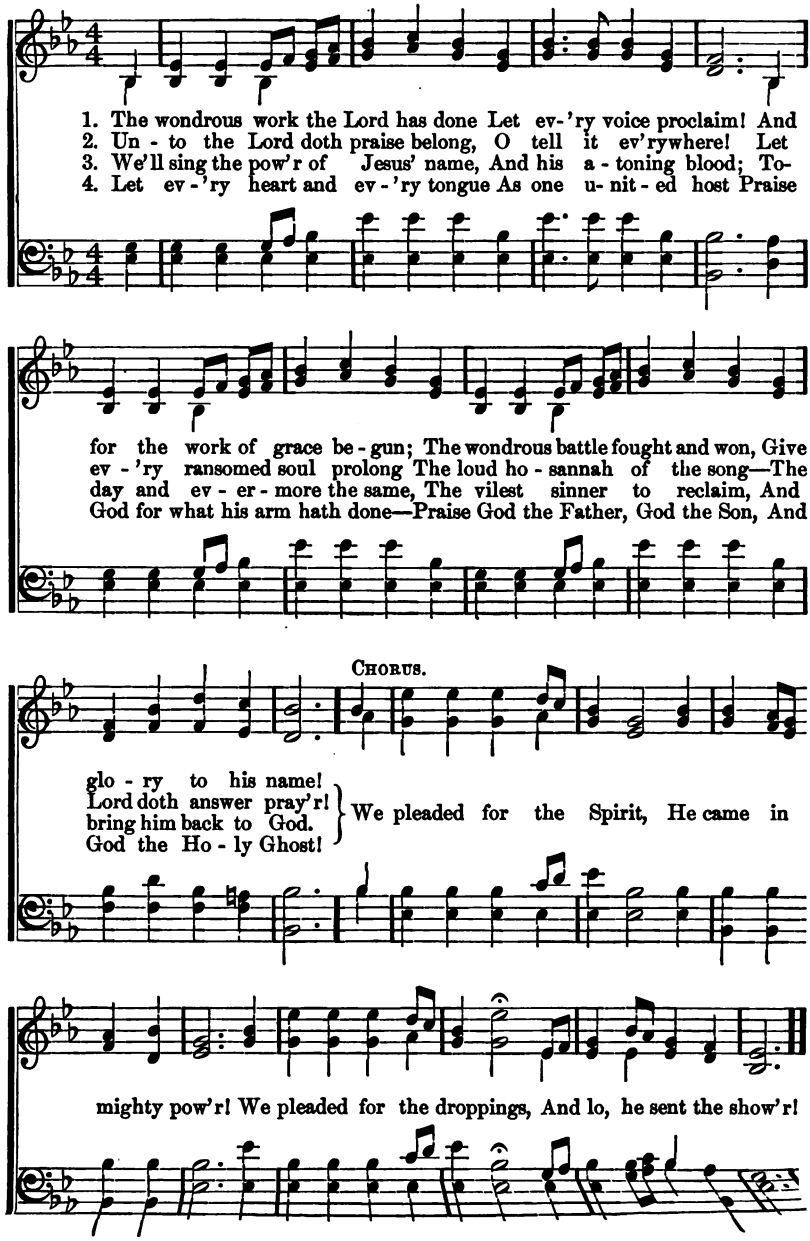
No. 58. ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

1. A - nywhere with Je - sus, Says the Christian heart, Let him take me
2. A - nywhere with Je - sus, Tho' he lead - eth me Where the path is
3. A - nywhere with Je - sus, For it can - not be Dreary, dark, or
where he will, So we do not part; Al-ways sit - ting at his feet,
rough and long, Where the dangers be. Tho' he tak - eth from my heart
des - o - late When he is with me, He will love me to the end,
There's no cause for fears; Anywhere with Je - sus, In this vale of tears.
All I love be - low, Anywhere with Je - sus, Will I glad - ly go.
Ev - 'ry need sup - ply; Anywhere with Je - sus, Should I live or die.
CHORUS.
A - ny - where with Je - sus, A - ny - where, a - ny - where,
ritard.
A - ny - where with Je - sus, I'll fol - low a - ny - where.

No. 59. SONG OF PRAISE.

S. C. Kirk. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.


1. The wondrous work the Lord has done Let ev-'ry voice proclaim! And
2. Un - to the Lord doth praise belong, O tell it ev'rywhere! Let
3. We'll sing the pow'r of Jesus' name, And his a - toning blood; To-
4. Let ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue As one u - nit - ed host Praise
for the work of grace be - gun; The wondrous battle fought and won, Give
ev - 'ry ransomed soul prolong The loud ho - sannah of the song—The
day and ev - er - more the same, The vilest sinner to reclaim, And
God for what his arm hath done—Praise God the Father, God the Son, And
Chorus.
glo - ry to his name!
Lord doth answer pray'r!
bring him back to God.
God the Ho - ly Ghost!
We pleaded for the Spirit, He came in
mighty pow'r! We pleaded for the droppings, And lo, he sent the show'r!

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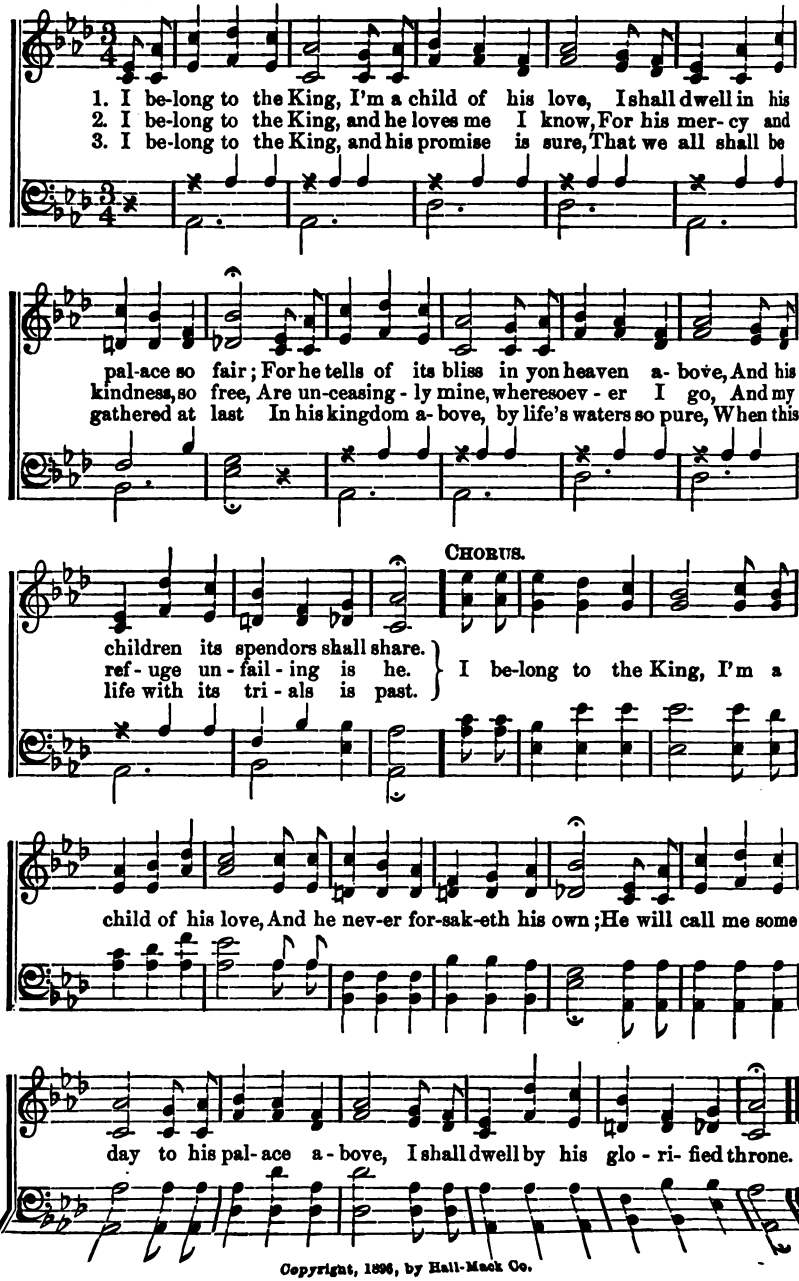
No. 60. I BELONG TO THE KING.

IDA L. REED. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

SOLO OR DUET.


1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his
2. I be-long to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer-cy and
3. I be-long to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be
pal-ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heaven a-bove, And his
kindness, so free, Are un-ceasing-ly mine, wheresoev-er I go, And my
gathered at last In his kingdom a-bove, by life's waters so pure, When this
CHORUS.
children its spendors shall share.
ref-uge un-fail-ing is he.
life with its tri-als is past.
I be-long to the King, I'm a
child of his love, And he nev-er for-sak-eth his own; He will call me some
day to his pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by his glo-ri-fied throne.

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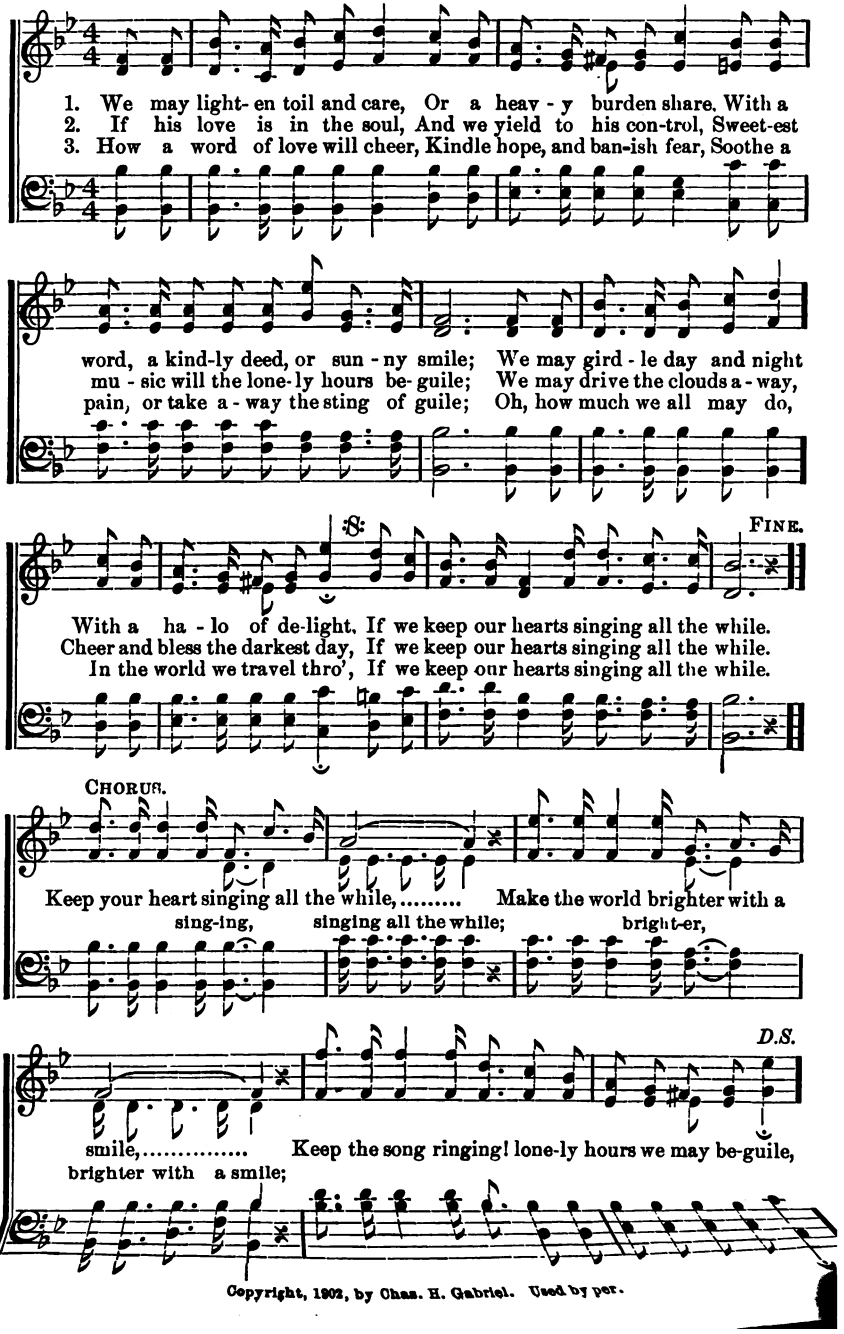
No. 61. KEEP YOUR HEART SINGING.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We may light- en toil and care, Or a heav - y burden share. With a
2. If his love is in the soul, And we yield to his con-trol, Sweet-est
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kindle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gird - le day and night
mu - sic will the lone-ly hours be- guile; We may drive the clouds a - way,
pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,
FINE.
With a ha - lo of de-light, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
In the world we travel thro', If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
CHORUS.
Keep your heart singing all the while,..... Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er,
D.S.
smile,..... Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
brighter with a smile;

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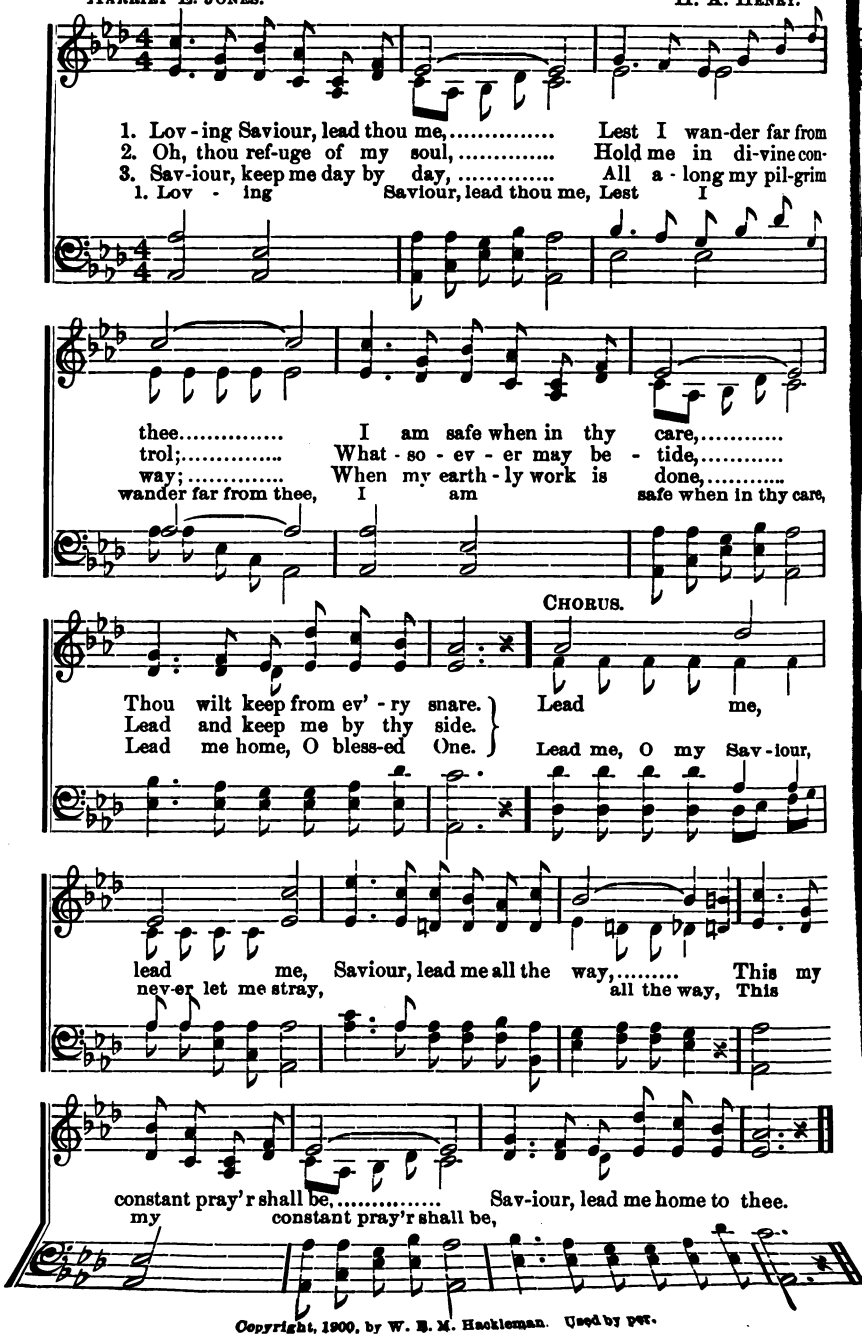
No. 62. LEAD AND KEEP ME.

HARRIET E. JONES. H. A. HENRY.

1. Lov - ing Saviour, lead thou me,..... Lest I wan-der far from thee.....
2. Oh, thou ref-uge of my soul,..... Hold me in di-vine con-trol;.....
3. Sav-iour, keep me day by day,..... All a - long my pil-grim way;.....
1. Lov - ing Saviour, lead thou me, Lest I wander far from thee,
I am safe when in thy care,..... What - so - ev - er may be - tide,..... When my earth - ly work is done,.....
I am safe when in thy care,
CHORUS.
Thou wilt keep from ev' - ry snare. Lead me,
Lead and keep me by thy side.
Lead me home, O bless-ed One.
Lead me, O my Sav - iour,
lead me, Saviour, lead me all the way,..... This my constant pray'r shall be,.....
nev-er let me stray, all the way, This my constant pray'r shall be,
Sav-iour, lead me home to thee.

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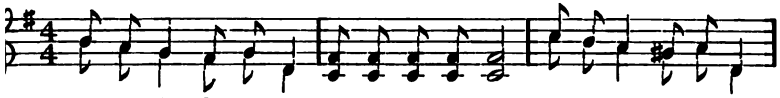
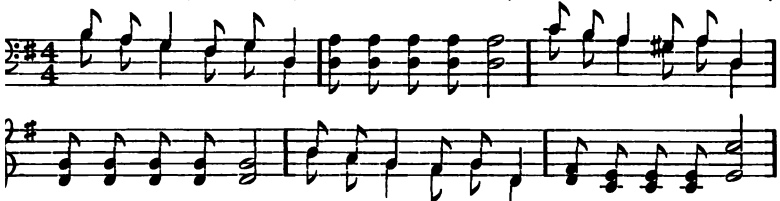
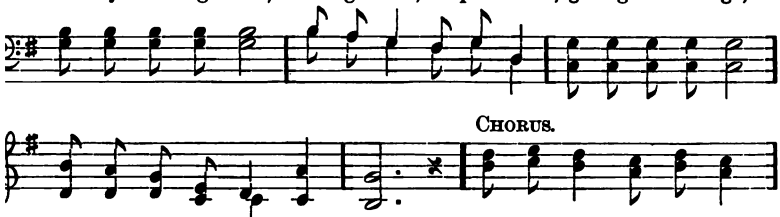
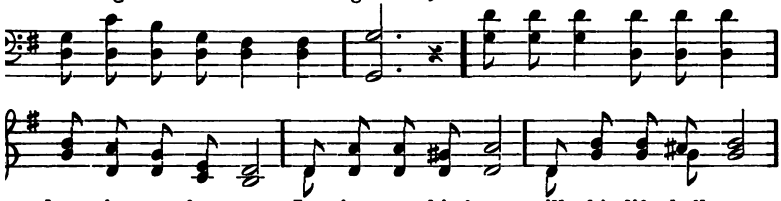
No. 63.

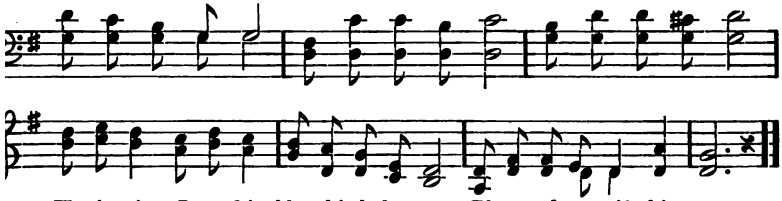
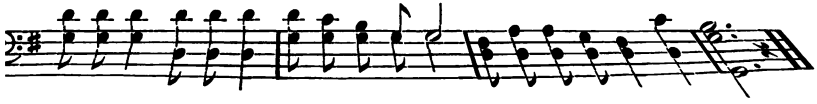
MAGNIFY HIS NAME.

E. E. Hewitt. Howard E. Smith.

1. He is mine, I am his; let his praise resound; By his grace, wondrous grace,
2. He is mine, I am his; bound by cords of love; Rays of hope brightly shine
3. He is mine, I am his; let me do his will, In the nook he shall choose,

I was sought and found; From his home, far away, my Redeemer came,
from the land a - bove; In his steps leading me, safe- ly day by day;
humbly serving still; Loving words, helpful deeds, giving as I go,

Chorus.

Bless and mag - ni - fy his name.
Cheering all the heav'nward way.
Giv - ing from a heart a - glow.

He is mine, I am his



kept in per- fect peace, Leaning on his breast, till this life shall cease;

He is mine, I am his; bless his holy name, Bless and magnify his name.

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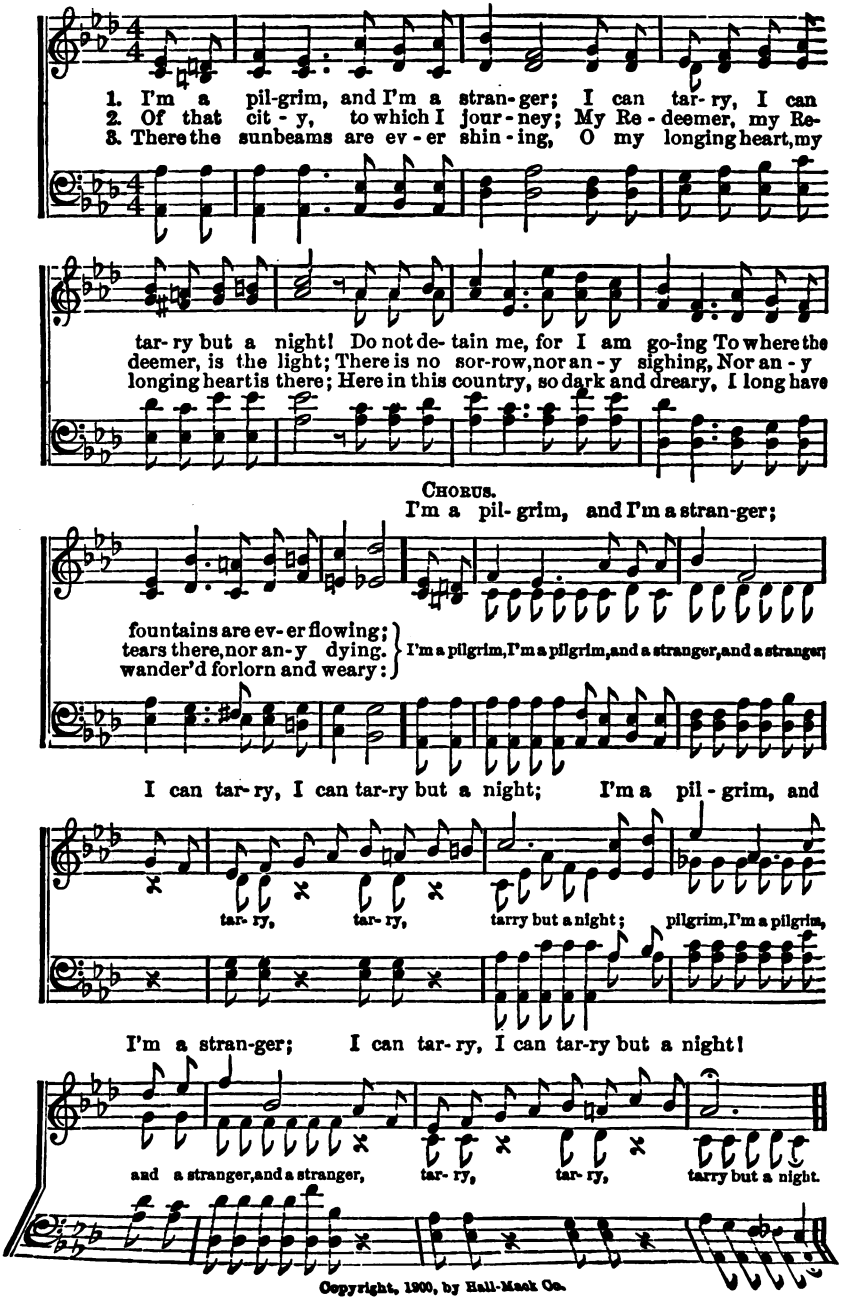
No. 64. I'M A PILGRIM.

MARY S. B. DANA. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can
2. Of that cit-y, to which I jour-ney; My Re-deemer, my Re-
3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing, O my longing heart, my
tar-ry but a night! Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the
deemer, is the light; There is no sor-row, nor an-y sighing, Nor an-y
longing heart is there; Here in this country, so dark and dreary, I long have
CHORUS.
I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger;
fountains are ev-er flowing;
tears there, nor an-y dying.
wander'd forlorn and weary:
I'm a pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, and a stranger, and a stranger;
I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night; I'm a pil-grim, and
tar-ry, tar-ry, tarry but a night; pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim,
I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night!
and a stranger, and a stranger, tar-ry, tar-ry, tarry but a night.

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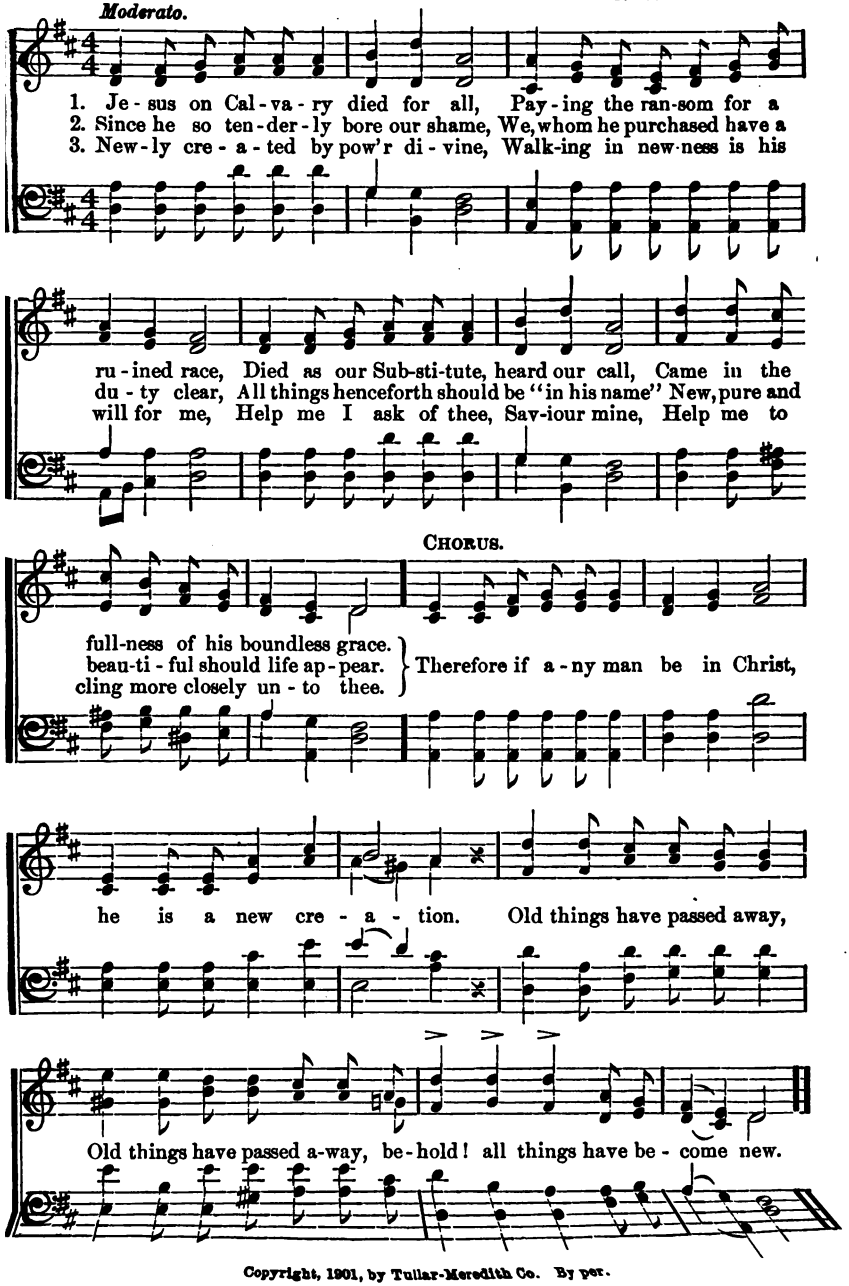
No. 65. A NEW CREATION.

2 Cor. 5 : 17.

FLORA KIRKLAND. I. H. MEREDITH.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus on Cal - va - ry died for all, Pay - ing the ran-som for a
2. Since he so ten - der - ly bore our shame, We, whom he purchased have a
3. New - ly cre - a - ted by pow'r di - vine, Walk-ing in new-ness is his
ru - ined race, Died as our Sub-sti-tute, heard our call, Came in the
du - ty clear, All things henceforth should be "in his name" New, pure and
will for me, Help me I ask of thee, Sav-iour mine, Help me to
CHORUS.
full-ness of his boundless grace.
beau-ti - ful should life ap - pear.
cling more closely un - to thee.
Therefore if a - ny man be in Christ,
he is a new cre - a - tion. Old things have passed away,
Old things have passed a-way, be-hold! all things have be - come new.

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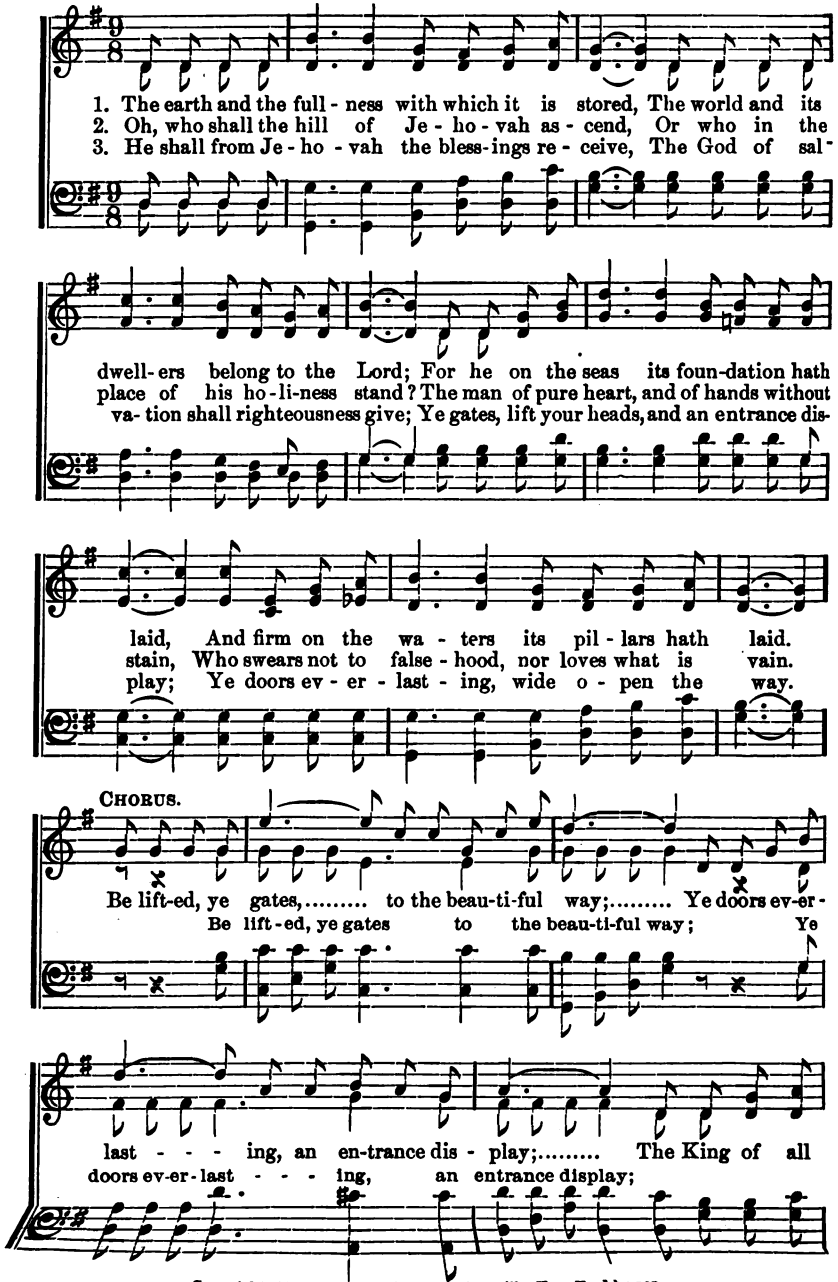
No. 66. THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.

Psalm 24. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The earth and the full - ness with which it is stored, The world and its
2. Oh, who shall the hill of Je - ho - vah as - cend, Or who in the
3. He shall from Je - ho - vah the bless-ings re - ceive, The God of sal-
dwell-ers belong to the Lord; For he on the seas its foun-dation hath
place of his ho-li-ness stand? The man of pure heart, and of hands without
va- tion shall righteousness give; Ye gates, lift your heads, and an entrance dis-
laid, And firm on the wa - ters its pil - lars hath laid.
stain, Who swears not to false - hood, nor loves what is vain.
play; Ye doors ev - er - last - ing, wide o - pen the way.
CHORUS.
Be lift-ed, ye gates,..... to the beau-ti-ful way;..... Ye doors ev-er-
Be lift-ed, ye gates to the beau-ti-ful way; Ye
last - - - ing, an en-trance dis - play;..... The King of all
doors ev-er-last - - - ing, an entrance display;

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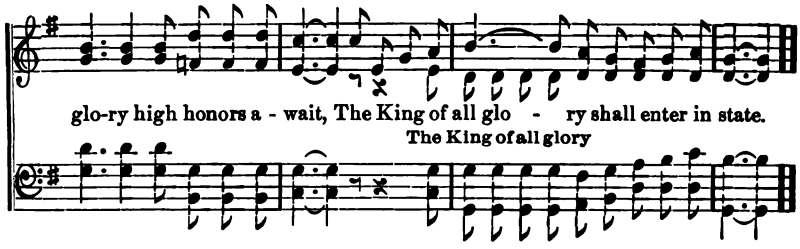
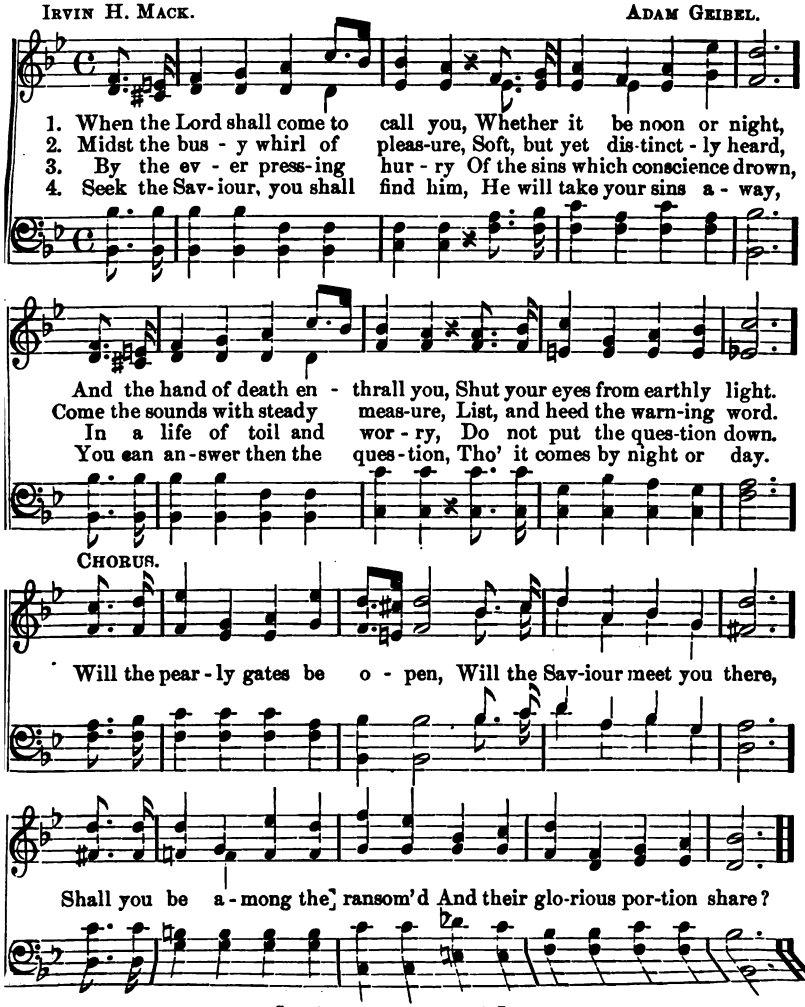
THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.—Concluded.

No. 67. WILL THE PEARLY GATES BE OPEN?

IRVIN H. MACK. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. When the Lord shall come to call you, Whether it be noon or night,
2. Midst the bus - y whirl of pleas-ure, Soft, but yet dis-tinct - ly heard,
3. By the ev - er press-ing hur - ry Of the sins which conscience drown,
4. Seek the Sav-iour, you shall find him, He will take your sins a - way,
And the hand of death en - thrall you, Shut your eyes from earthly light.
Come the sounds with steady meas-ure, List, and heed the warn-ing word.
In a life of toil and wor - ry, Do not put the ques-tion down.
You can an-swer then the ques-tion, Tho' it comes by night or day.
CHORUS.
Will the pear - ly gates be o - pen, Will the Sav-iour meet you there,
Shall you be a - mong the ransom'd And their glo-rious por-tion share?

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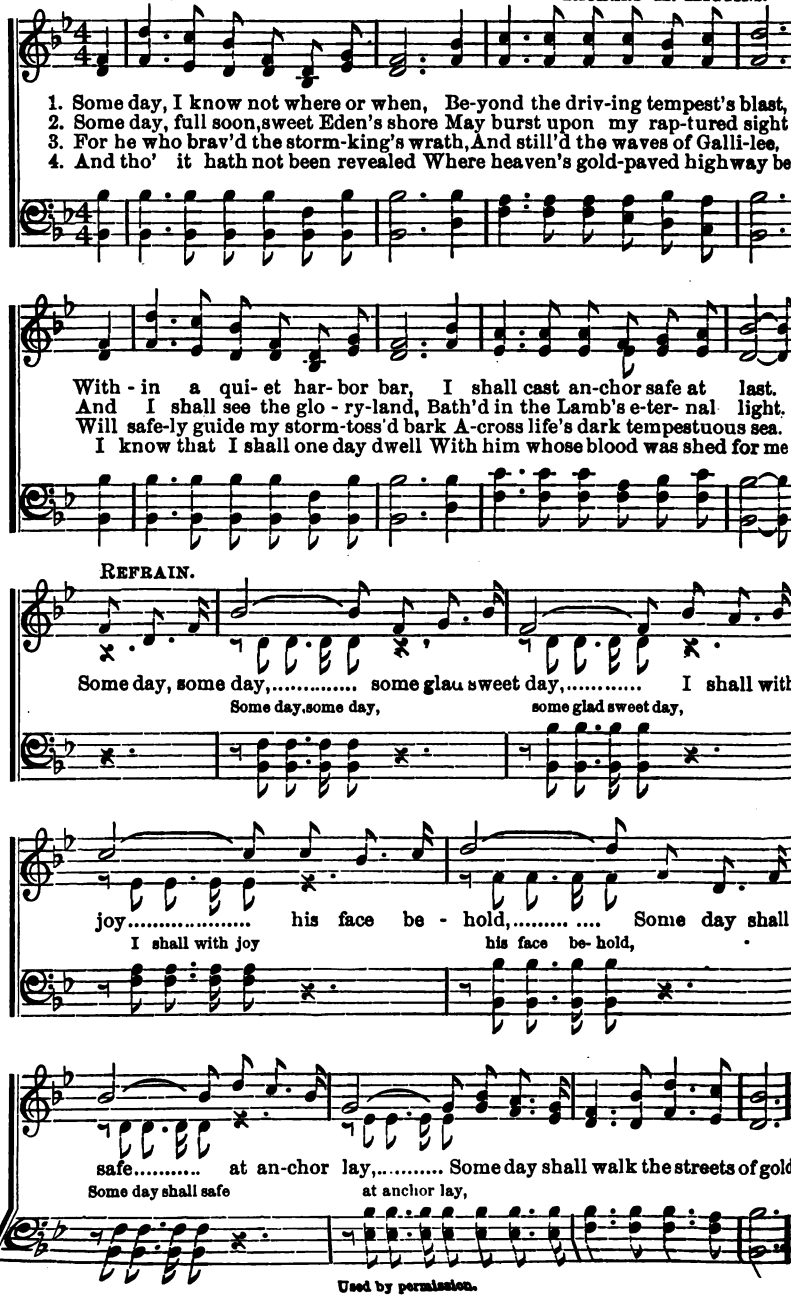
No. 68. SOME GLAD SWEET DAY.

GEO. W. CLAUSEN. RICHARD K. HIGGINS.


1. Some day, I know not where or when, Be-yond the driv-ing tempest's blast,
2. Some day, full soon, sweet Eden's shore May burst upon my rap-tured sight;
3. For he who brav'd the storm-king's wrath, And still'd the waves of Galli-lee,
4. And tho' it hath not been revealed Where heaven's gold-paved high way be,
With - in a qui- et har- bor bar, I shall cast an-chor safe at last.
And I shall see the glo - ry-land, Bath'd in the Lamb's e-ter- nal light.
Will safe-ly guide my storm-toss'd bark A-cross life's dark tempestuous sea.
I know that I shall one day dwell With him whose blood was shed for me
REFRAIN.
Some day, some day,..... some glad sweet day,..... I shall with
Some day, some day, some glad sweet day,
joy..... his face be - hold,..... Some day shall
I shall with joy his face be- hold,
safe..... at an-chor lay,..... Some day shall walk the streets of gold.
Some day shall safe at anchor lay,

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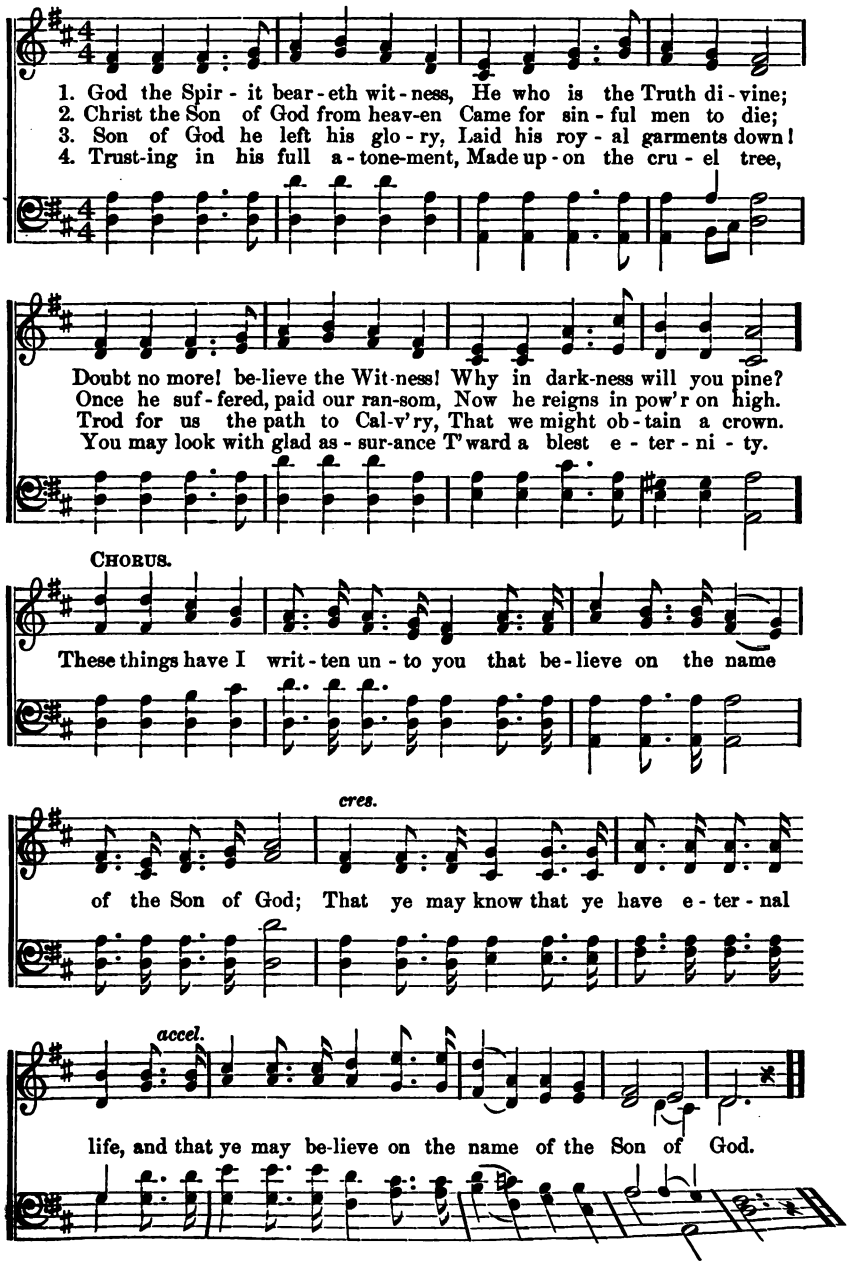
No. 69. THESE THINGS HAVE I WRITTEN.

1 John 4 : 13.

FLORA KIRKLAND. I. H. MEREDITH.

1. God the Spir - it bear - eth wit - ness, He who is the Truth di - vine;
2. Christ the Son of God from heav-en Came for sin - ful men to die;
3. Son of God he left his glo - ry, Laid his roy - al garments down!
4. Trust-ing in his full a - tone-ment, Made up - on the cru - el tree,
Doubt no more! be-lieve the Wit-ness! Why in dark-ness will you pine?
Once he suf - fered, paid our ran-som, Now he reigns in pow'r on high.
Trod for us the path to Cal-v'ry, That we might ob - tain a crown.
You may look with glad as - sur-ance T'ward a blest e - ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS.
These things have I writ - ten un - to you that be - lieve on the name
cres.
of the Son of God; That ye may know that ye have e - ter - nal
accel.
life, and that ye may be-lieve on the name of the Son of God.

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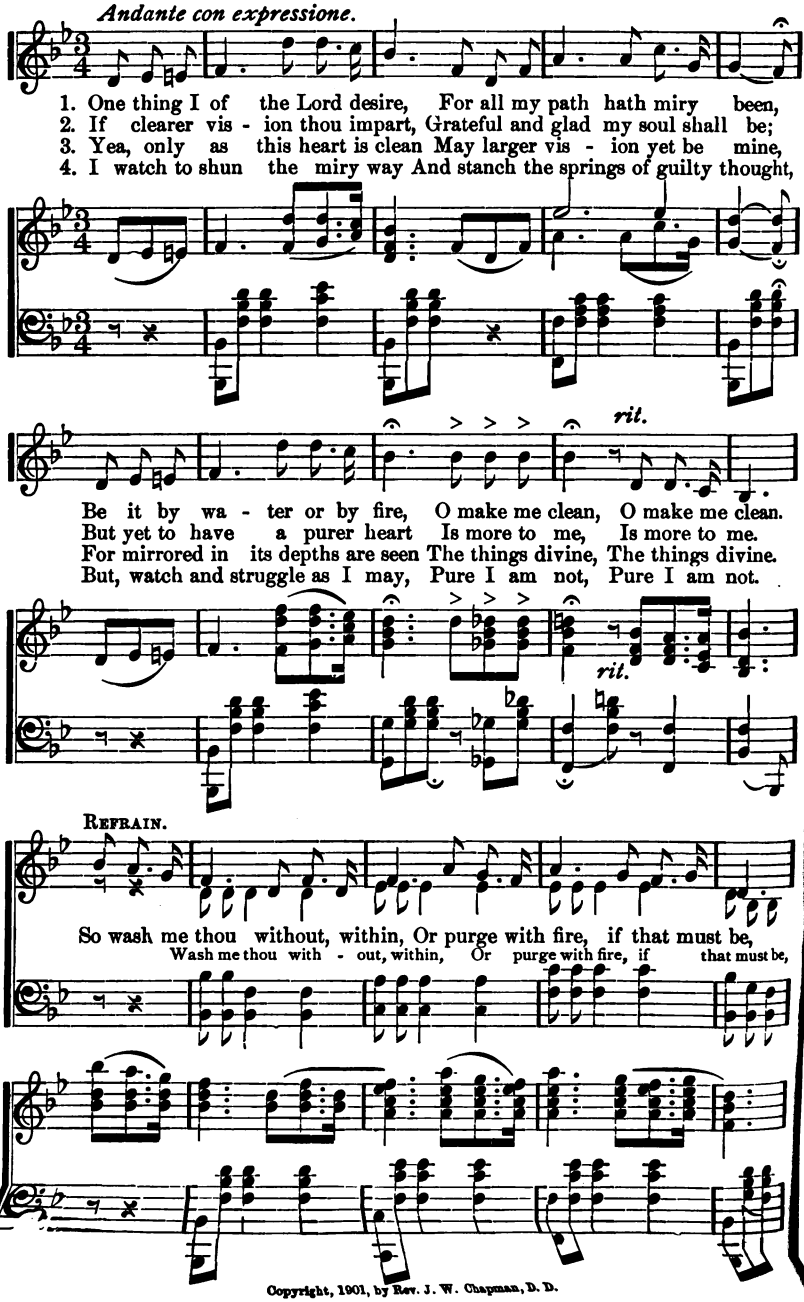
No. 70. A CLEAN HEART.

REV. WALTER C. SMITH. FRED. H. BYSHE.

Andante con expressione.

1. One thing I of the Lord desire, For all my path hath miry been,
2. If clearer vis - ion thou impart, Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
3. Yea, only as this heart is clean May larger vis - ion yet be mine,
4. I watch to shun the miry way And stanch the springs of guilty thought,
rit.
Be it by wa - ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
But yet to have a purer heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
For mirrored in its depths are seen The things divine, The things divine.
But, watch and struggle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.
rit.
REFRAIN.
So wash me thou without, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
Wash me thou with - out, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,

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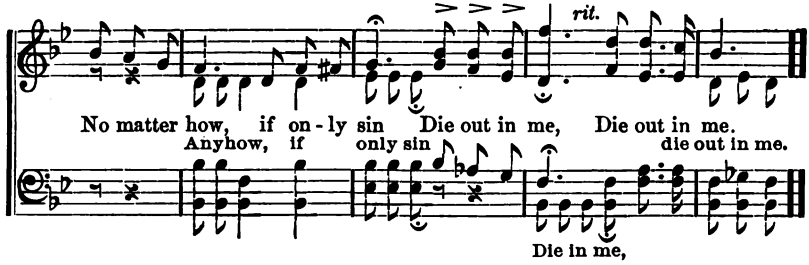
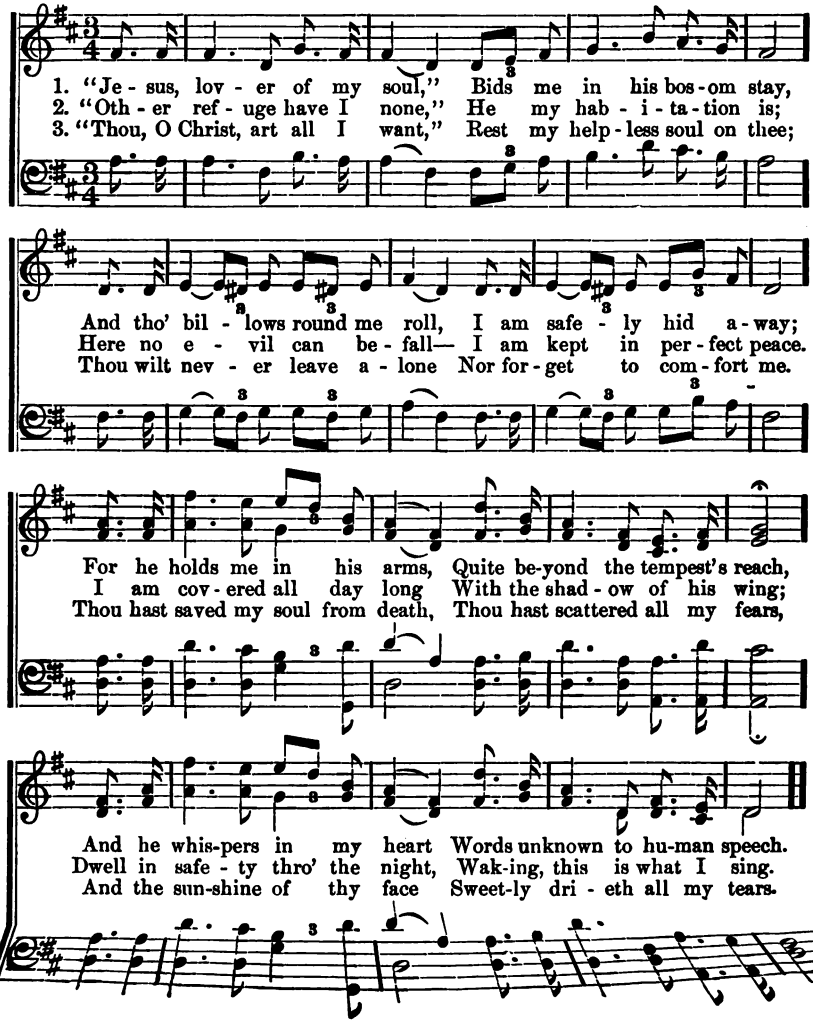
A CLEAN HEART.—Concluded.

No. 71. SAFE WITH JESUS.

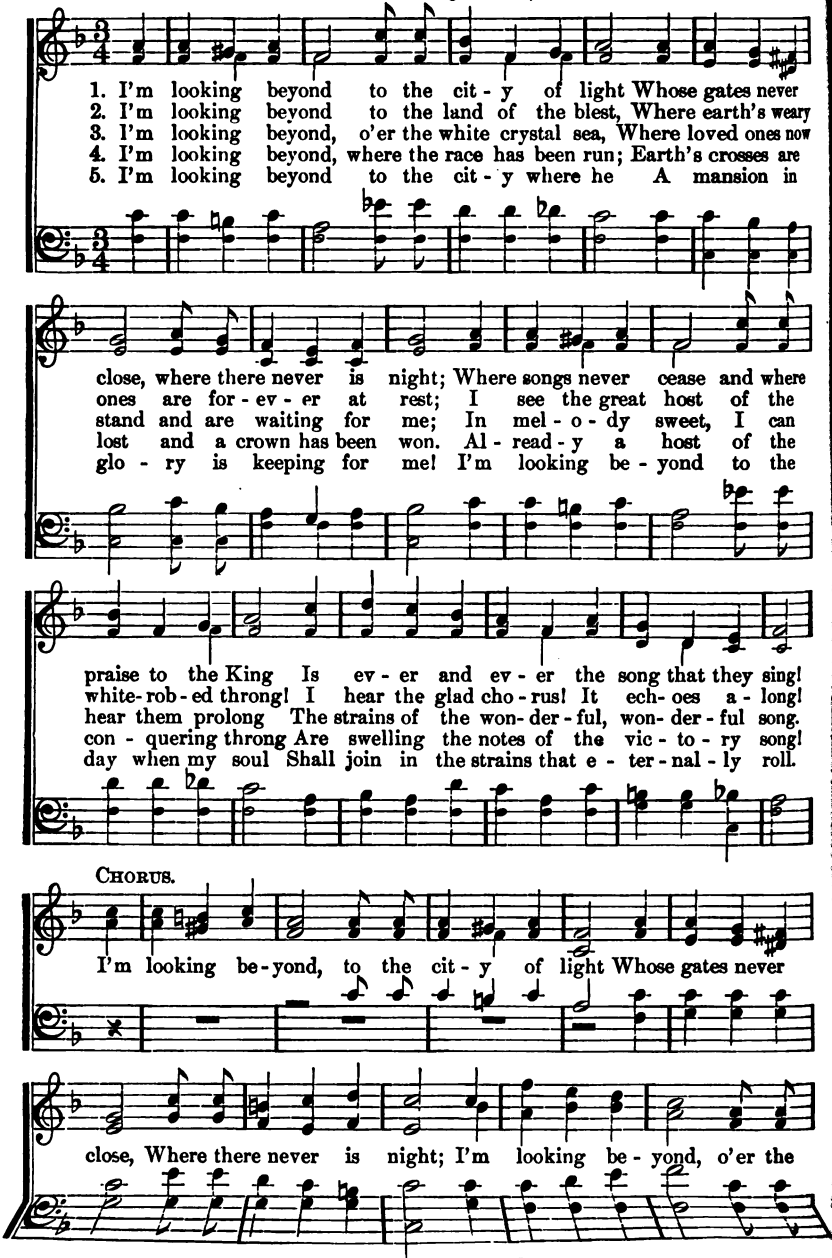
J. R. BISPHAM. JOS. P. HOLBROOK.


1. "Je-sus, lov-er of my soul," Bids me in his bos-om stay,
2. "Oth-er ref-uge have I none," He my hab-i-ta-tion is;
3. "Thou, O Christ, art all I want," Rest my help-less soul on thee;
And tho' bil-lows round me roll, I am safe-ly hid a-way;
Here no e-vil can be-fall— I am kept in per-fect peace.
Thou wilt nev-er leave a-lone Nor for-get to com-fort me.
For he holds me in his arms, Quite be-yond the tempest's reach,
I am cov-ered all day long With the shad-ow of his wing;
Thou hast saved my soul from death, Thou hast scattered all my fears,
And he whis-pers in my heart Words unknown to hu-man speech.
Dwell in safe-ty thro' the night, Wak-ing, this is what I sing.
And the sun-shine of thy face Sweet-ly dri-eth all my tears.

No. 72. LOOKING BEYOND.

S. C. KIRK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET. FOR QUARTET, USE SMALL NOTES.


1. I'm looking beyond to the cit - y of light Whose gates never
2. I'm looking beyond to the land of the blest, Where earth's weary
3. I'm looking beyond, o'er the white crystal sea, Where loved ones now
4. I'm looking beyond, where the race has been run; Earth's crosses are
5. I'm looking beyond to the cit - y where he A mansion in
close, where there never is night; Where songs never cease and where
ones are for - ev - er at rest; I see the great host of the
stand and are waiting for me; In mel - o - dy sweet, I can
lost and a crown has been won. Al - read - y a host of the
glo - ry is keeping for me! I'm looking be - yond to the
praise to the King Is ev - er and ev - er the song that they sing!
white-rob - ed throng! I hear the glad cho - rus! It ech- oes a - long!
hear them prolong The strains of the won - der - ful, won - der - ful song.
con - quering throng Are swelling the notes of the vic - to - ry song!
day when my soul Shall join in the strains that e - ter - nal - ly roll.
CHORUS.
I'm looking be - yond, to the cit - y of light Whose gates never
close, Where there never is night; I'm looking be - yond, o'er the

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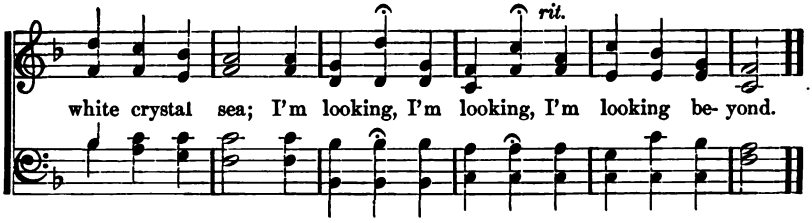
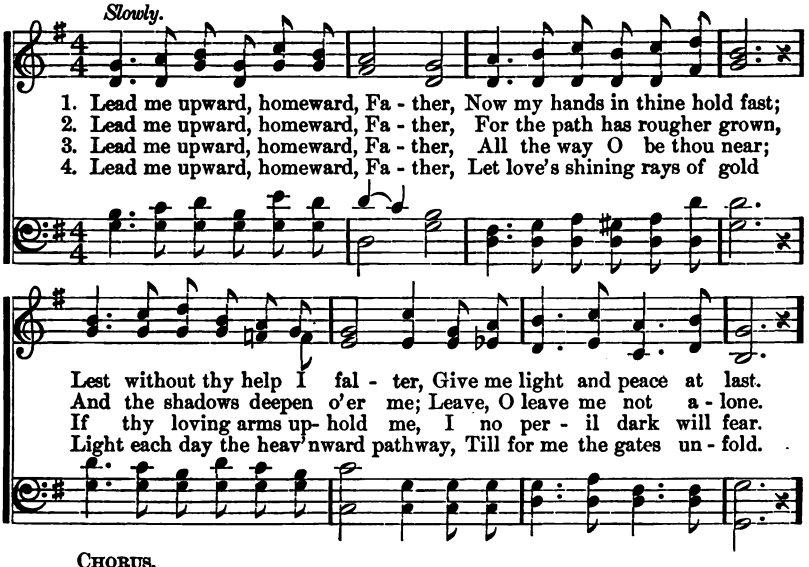
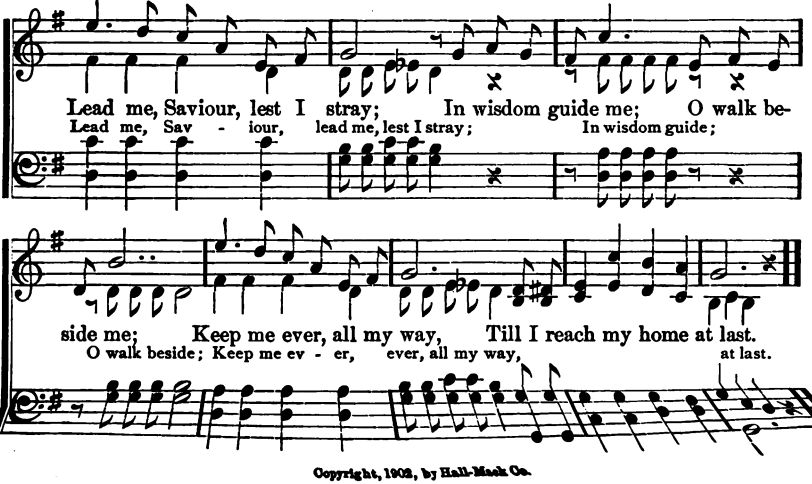
LOOKING BEYOND.—Concluded.

No. 73. LEAD ME HOMEWARD.

IDA L. REED. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.


1. Lead me upward, homeward, Fa - ther, Now my hands in thine hold fast;
2. Lead me upward, homeward, Fa - ther, For the path has rougher grown,
3. Lead me upward, homeward, Fa - ther, All the way O be thou near;
4. Lead me upward, homeward, Fa - ther, Let love's shining rays of gold
Lest without thy help I fal - ter, Give me light and peace at last.
And the shadows deepen o'er me; Leave, O leave me not a - lone.
If thy loving arms up- hold me, I no per - il dark will fear.
Light each day the heav'nward pathway, Till for me the gates un - fold.

CHORUS.

Lead me, Saviour, lest I stray; In wisdom guide me; O walk be-
Lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray; In wisdom guide;
side me; Keep me ever, all my way, Till I reach my home at last.
O walk beside; Keep me ev - er, ever, all my way, at last.

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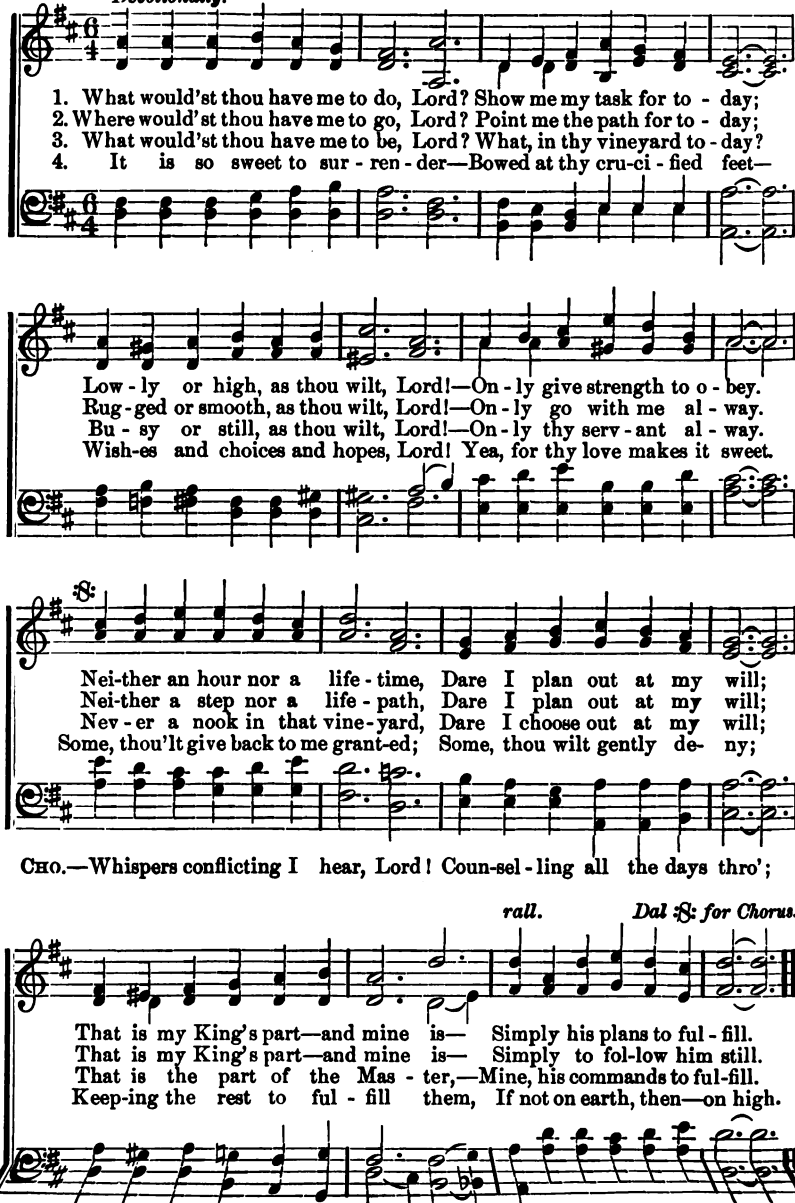
No. 74. WHAT WOULD'ST THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

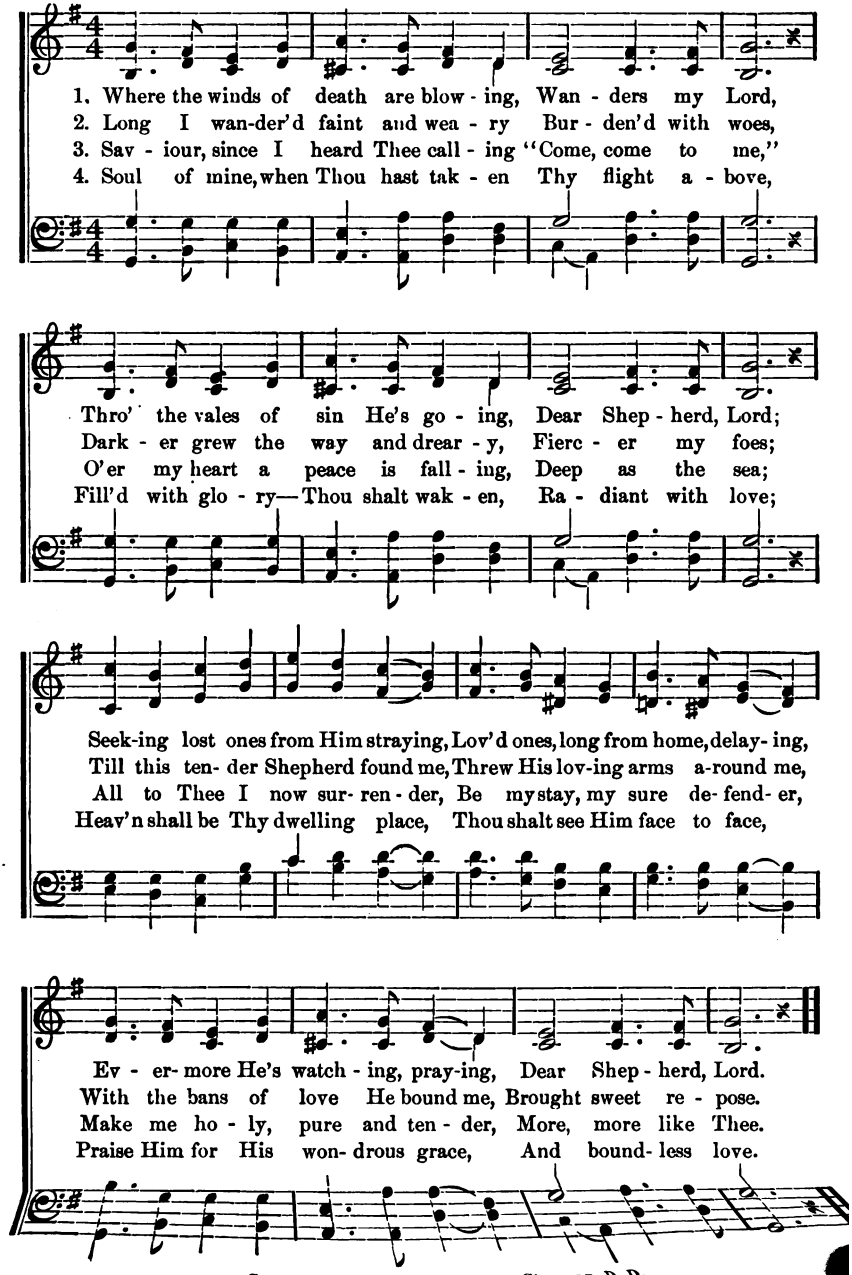
"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—Acts 9: 6.

EDITH GILLING CHERRY. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Devotionally.


1. What would'st thou have me to do, Lord? Show me my task for to - day;
2. Where would'st thou have me to go, Lord? Point me the path for to - day;
3. What would'st thou have me to be, Lord? What, in thy vineyard to - day?
4. It is so sweet to sur - ren - der—Bowed at thy cru-ci - fied feet—
Low - ly or high, as thou wilt, Lord!—On - ly give strength to o - bey.
Rug - ged or smooth, as thou wilt, Lord!—On - ly go with me al - way.
Bu - sy or still, as thou wilt, Lord!—On - ly thy serv - ant al - way.
Wish-es and choices and hopes, Lord! Yea, for thy love makes it sweet.
Nei-ther an hour nor a life - time, Dare I plan out at my will;
Nei-ther a step nor a life - path, Dare I plan out at my will;
Nev - er a nook in that vine-yard, Dare I choose out at my will;
Some, thou'lt give back to me grant-ed; Some, thou wilt gently de- ny;
CHO.—Whispers conflicting I hear, Lord! Coun-sel - ling all the days thro';
rall.
Dal 𝄋 for Chorus.
That is my King's part—and mine is— Simply his plans to ful - fill.
That is my King's part—and mine is— Simply to fol-low him still.
That is the part of the Mas - ter,—Mine, his commands to ful-fill.
Keep-ing the rest to ful - fill them, If not on earth, then—on high.
'Tis for thy coun - sel I wait, Lord!—What would'st thou have me to do?

No. 75. FILLED WITH GLORY.

Mrs. E. S. Black. Welsh Melody. Arr. by Jas. D. Little.

1. Where the winds of death are blow - ing, Wan - ders my Lord,
2. Long I wan-der'd faint and wea - ry Bur - den'd with woes,
3. Sav - iour, since I heard Thee call - ing "Come, come to me,"
4. Soul of mine, when Thou hast tak - en Thy flight a - bove,
Thro' the vales of sin He's go - ing, Dear Shep - herd, Lord;
Dark - er grew the way and drear - y, Fierc - er my foes;
O'er my heart a peace is fall - ing, Deep as the sea;
Fill'd with glo - ry—Thou shalt wak - en, Ra - diant with love;
Seek-ing lost ones from Him straying, Lov'd ones, long from home, delay - ing,
Till this ten- der Shepherd found me, Threw His lov-ing arms a-round me,
All to Thee I now sur- ren - der, Be my stay, my sure de- fend- er,
Heav'n shall be Thy dwelling place, Thou shalt see Him face to face,
Ev - er- more He's watch - ing, pray-ing, Dear Shep - herd, Lord.
With the bans of love He bound me, Brought sweet re - pose.
Make me ho - ly, pure and ten - der, More, more like Thee.
Praise Him for His won- drous grace, And bound- less love.

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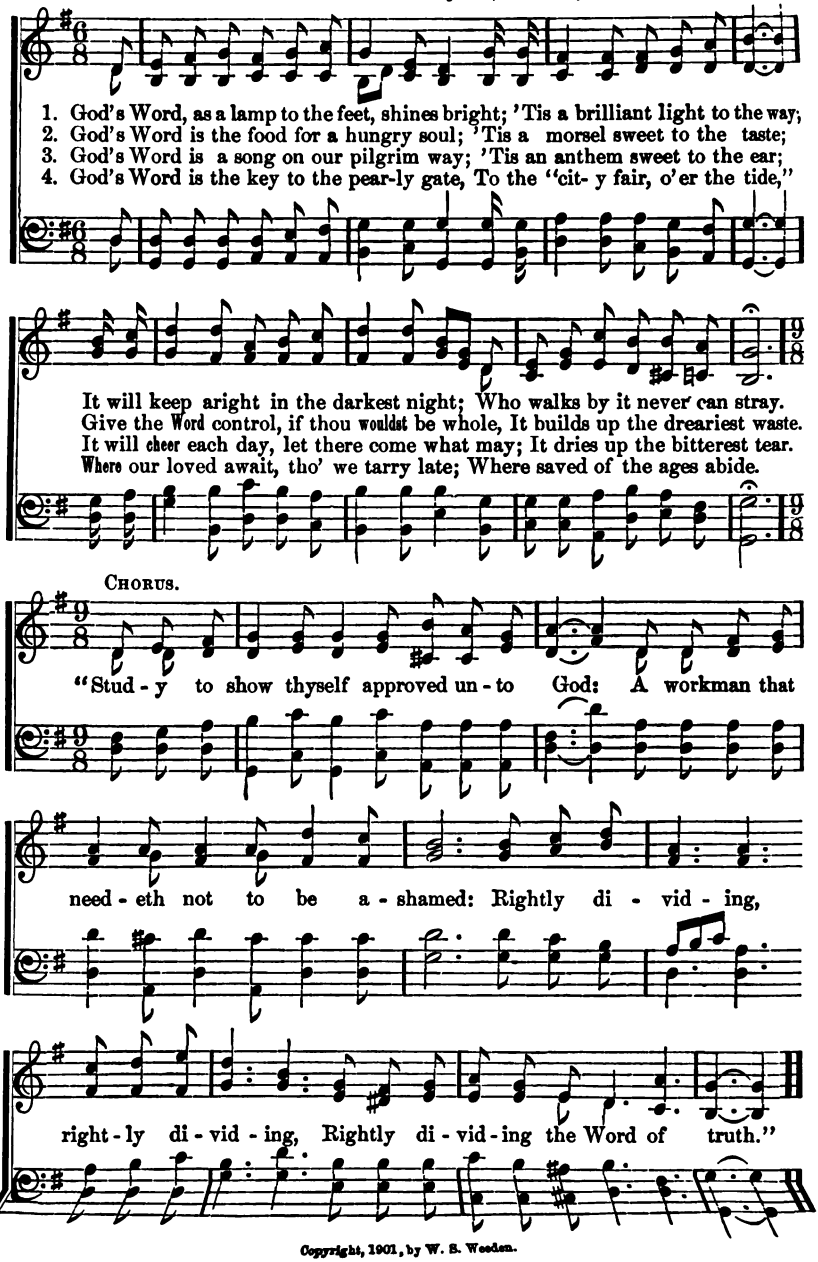
No. 76. STUDY TO SHOW THYSELF APPROVED.

2 Timothy 2: 15.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. W. S. WEEDEN.

Dedicated to The Practical Bible Training School, of Lesterahire, N. Y.

1. God's Word, as a lamp to the feet, shines bright; 'Tis a brilliant light to the way;
2. God's Word is the food for a hungry soul; 'Tis a morsel sweet to the taste;
3. God's Word is a song on our pilgrim way; 'Tis an anthem sweet to the ear;
4. God's Word is the key to the pear-ly gate, To the "cit- y fair, o'er the tide,"
It will keep aright in the darkest night; Who walks by it never can stray.
Give the Word control, if thou wouldst be whole, It builds up the dreariest waste.
It will cheer each day, let there come what may; It dries up the bitterest tear.
Where our loved await, tho' we tarry late; Where saved of the ages abide.
CHORUS.
"Stud - y to show thyself approved un - to God: A workman that
need - eth not to be a - shamed: Rightly di - vid - ing,
right - ly di - vid - ing, Rightly di - vid - ing the Word of truth."

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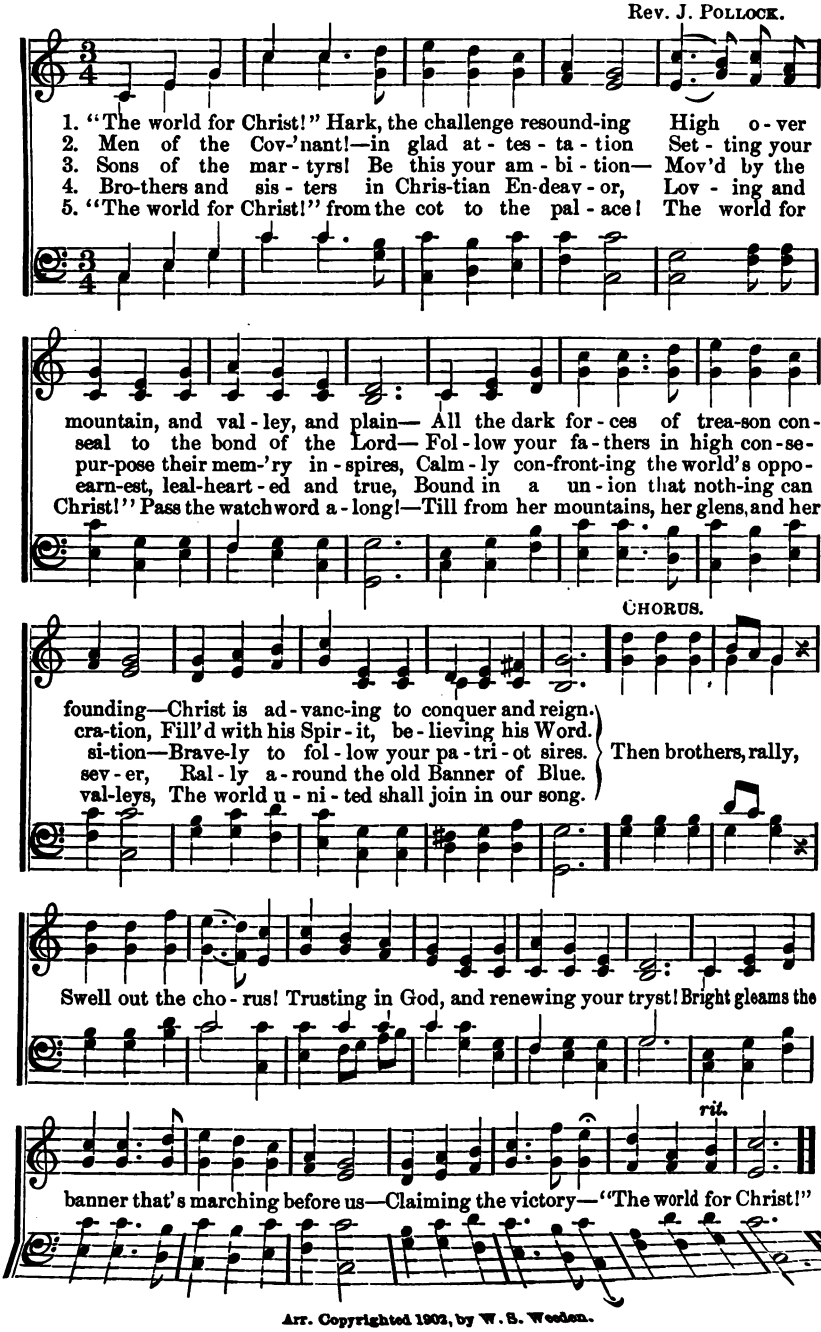
No. 77. THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

Rev. J. POLLOCK.


1. "The world for Christ!" Hark, the challenge resound-ing High o-ver
2. Men of the Cov-'nant!—in glad at-tes-ta-tion Set-ting your
3. Sons of the mar-tyrs! Be this your am-bi-tion— Mov'd by the
4. Bro-thers and sis-ters in Chris-tian En-deav-or, Lov-ing and
5. "The world for Christ!" from the cot to the pal-ace! The world for
mountain, and val-ley, and plain— All the dark for-ces of trea-son con-
seal to the bond of the Lord— Fol-low your fa-thers in high con-se-
pur-pose their mem-'ry in-spires, Calm-ly con-front-ing the world's oppo-
earn-est, leal-heart-ed and true, Bound in a un-ion that noth-ing can
Christ!" Pass the watchword a-long!—Till from her mountains, her glens, and her
CHORUS.
founding—Christ is ad-vanc-ing to conquer and reign.
cra-tion, Fill'd with his Spir-it, be-lieving his Word.
si-tion—Brave-ly to fol-low your pa-tri-ot sires.
sev-er, Ral-ly a-round the old Banner of Blue.
val-leys, The world u-ni-ted shall join in our song.
Then brothers, rally,
Swell out the cho-rus! Trusting in God, and renewing your tryst! Bright gleams the
rit.
banner that's marching before us—Claiming the victory—"The world for Christ!"

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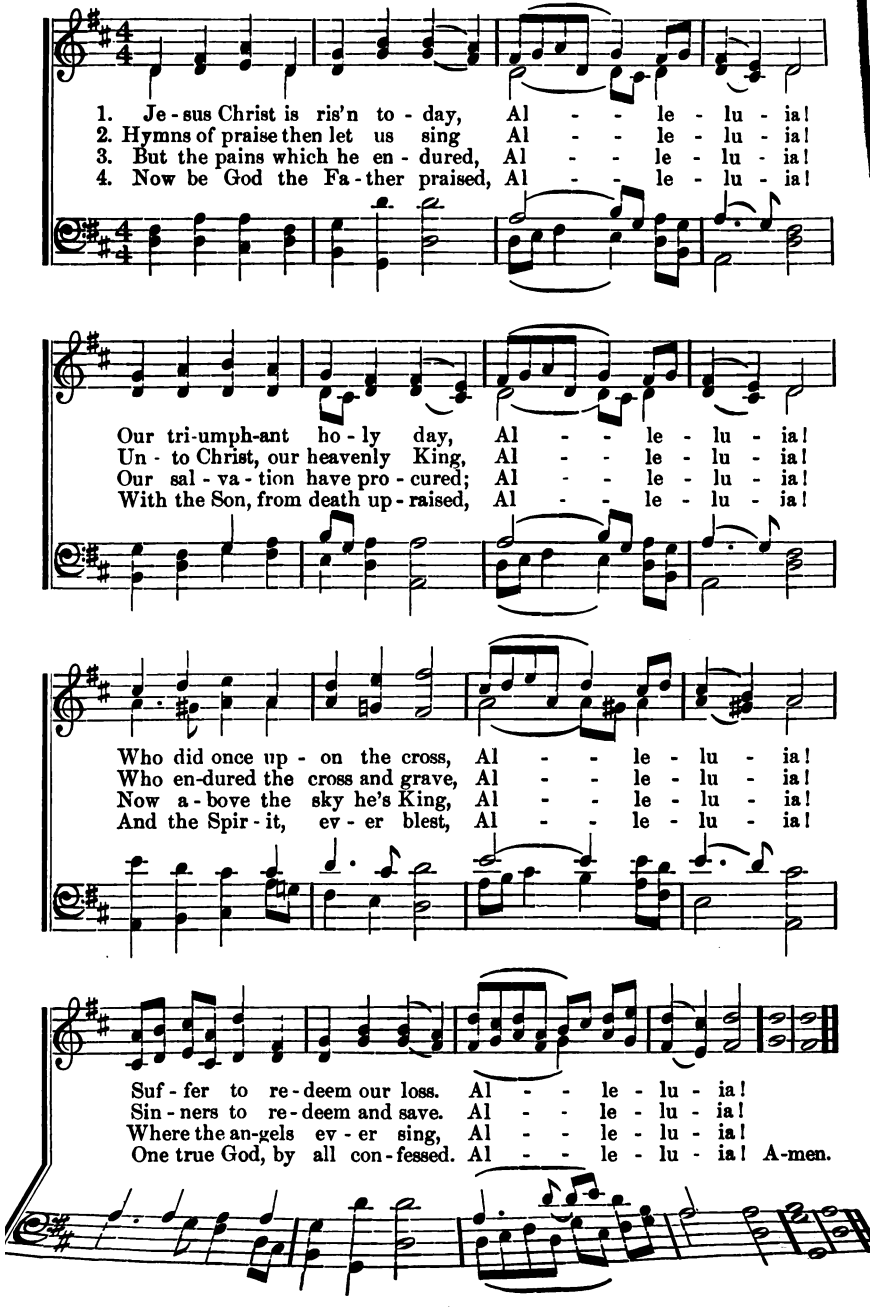
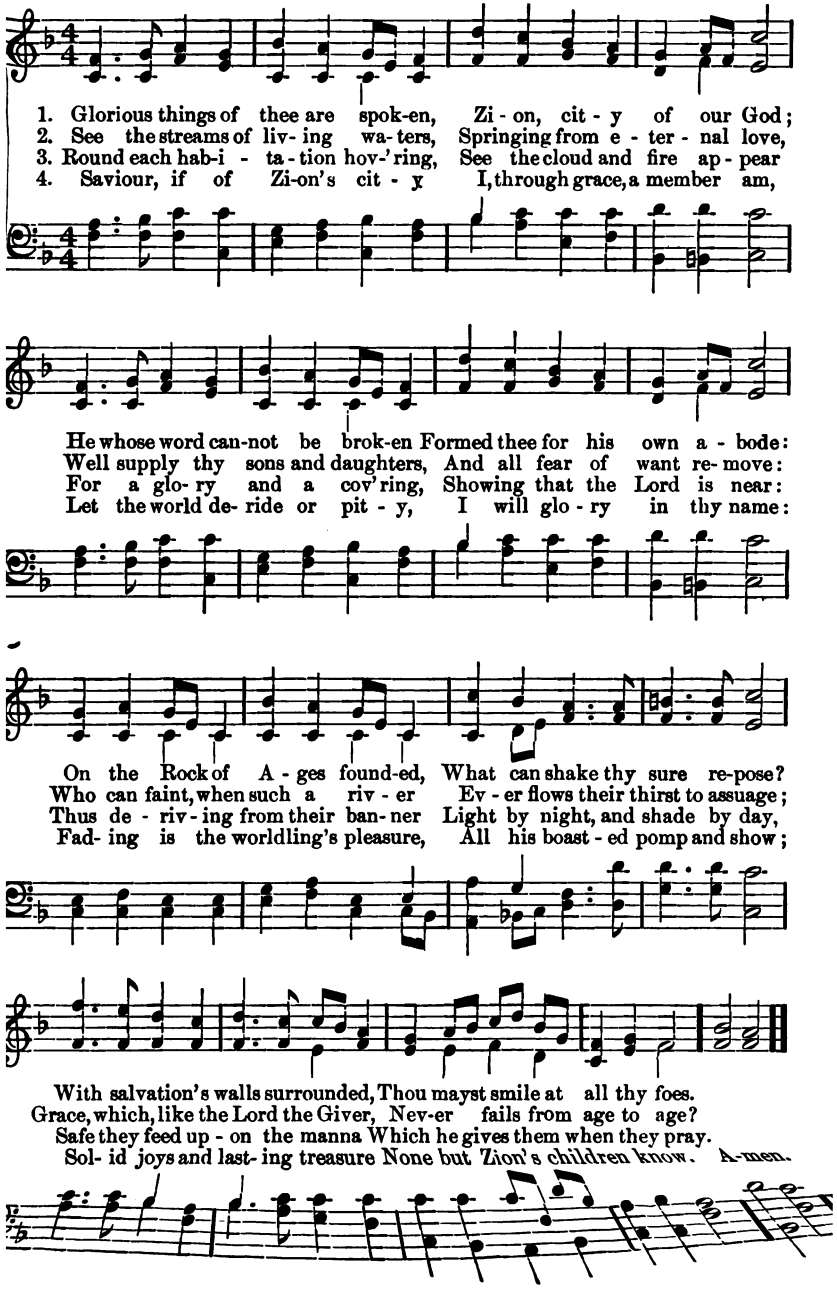
No. 78. JESUS CHRIST THE SON.

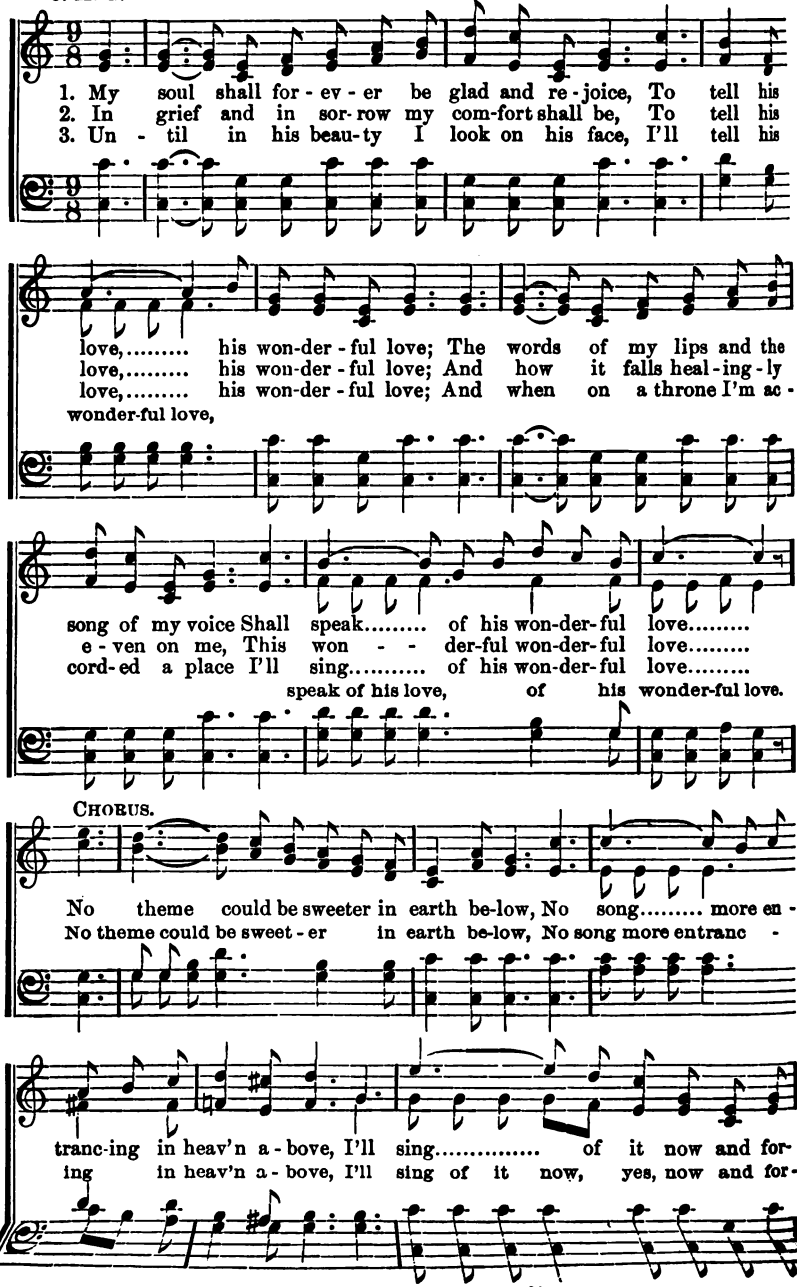
LYRA DAVIDICA.

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
2. Hymns of praise then let us sing Al - - le - lu - ia!
3. But the pains which he en - dured, Al - - le - lu - ia!
4. Now be God the Fa - ther praised, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Our tri-umph-ant ho - ly day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Un - to Christ, our heavenly King, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Our sal - va - tion have pro - cured; Al - - le - lu - ia!
With the Son, from death up - raised, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Who en-dured the cross and grave, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Now a - bove the sky he's King, Al - - le - lu - ia!
And the Spir - it, ev - er blest, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia!
Sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - - le - lu - ia!
Where the an-gels ev - er sing, Al - - le - lu - ia!
One true God, by all con - fessed. Al - - le - lu - ia! A-men.

No. 79. AUSTRIAN HYMN.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. JOSEPH HAYDN.


1. Glorious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See the streams of liv- ing wa- ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab-i - ta- tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear
4. Saviour, if of Zi-on's cit - y I, through grace, a member am,
He whose word can-not be brok-en Formed thee for his own a - bode:
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re- move:
For a glo- ry and a cov'ring, Showing that the Lord is near:
Let the world de- ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in thy name:
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
Who can faint, when such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to assuage;
Thus de - riv - ing from their ban- ner Light by night, and shade by day,
Fad- ing is the worldling's pleasure, All his boast - ed pomp and show;
With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver, Nev-er fails from age to age?
Safe they feed up - on the manna Which he gives them when they pray.
Sol- id joys and last- ing treasure None but Zion's children know. A-men.

No. 80. HIS WONDERFUL LOVE.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My soul shall for - ev - er be glad and re - joice, To tell his
2. In grief and in sor- row my com-fort shall be, To tell his
3. Un - til in his beau-ty I look on his face, I'll tell his
love,..... his won-der - ful love; The words of my lips and the
love,..... his won-der - ful love; And how it falls heal - ing - ly
love,..... his won-der - ful love; And when on a throne I'm ac -
wonder-ful love,
song of my voice Shall speak..... of his won-der-ful love.....
e - ven on me, This won - - der-ful won-der-ful love.....
cord-ed a place I'll sing..... of his won-der-ful love.....
speak of his love, of his wonder-ful love.
CHORUS.
No theme could be sweeter in earth be-low, No song..... more en -
No theme could be sweet - er in earth be-low, No song more entranc -
tranc-ing in heav'n a - bove, I'll sing..... of it now and for-
ing in heav'n a - bove, I'll sing of it now, yes, now and for-

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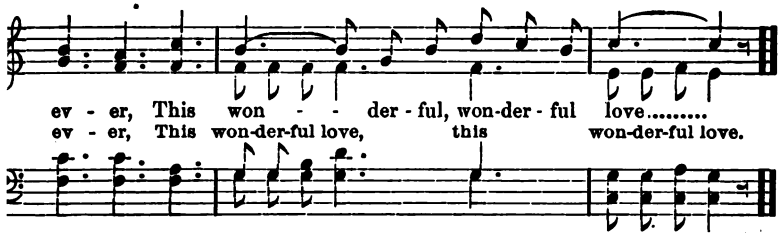
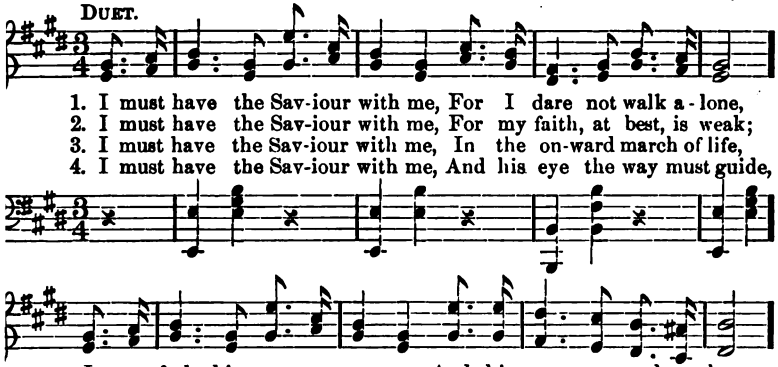
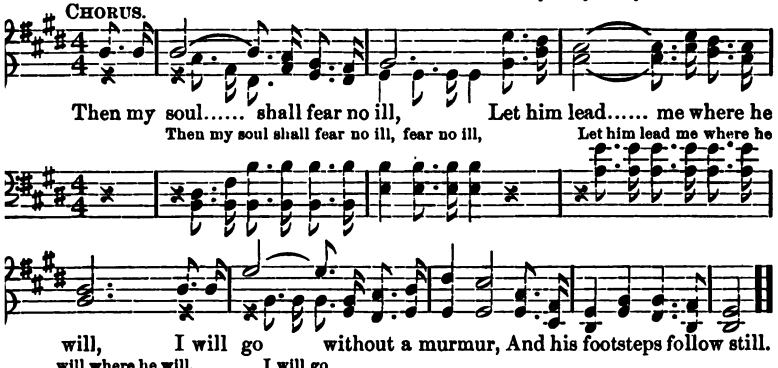
HIS WONDERFUL LOVE.—Concluded.

). 81. THE SAVIOUR WITH ME.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. I must have the Sav-iour with me, For I dare not walk a - lone,
2. I must have the Sav-iour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak;
3. I must have the Sav-iour with me, In the on-ward march of life,
4. I must have the Sav-iour with me, And his eye the way must guide,
I must feel his pres-ence near me, And his arm a-round me thrown.
He can whis - per words of com-fort That no oth - er voice can speak.
Thro' the tem - pest and the sunshine, Thro' the bat - tle and the strife.
Till I reach the vale of Jor - dan, Till I cross the roll - ing tide.

CHORUS.

Then my soul..... shall fear no ill, Let him lead..... me where he will, I will go without a murmur, And his footsteps follow still.
Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let him lead me where he will, where he will, I will go

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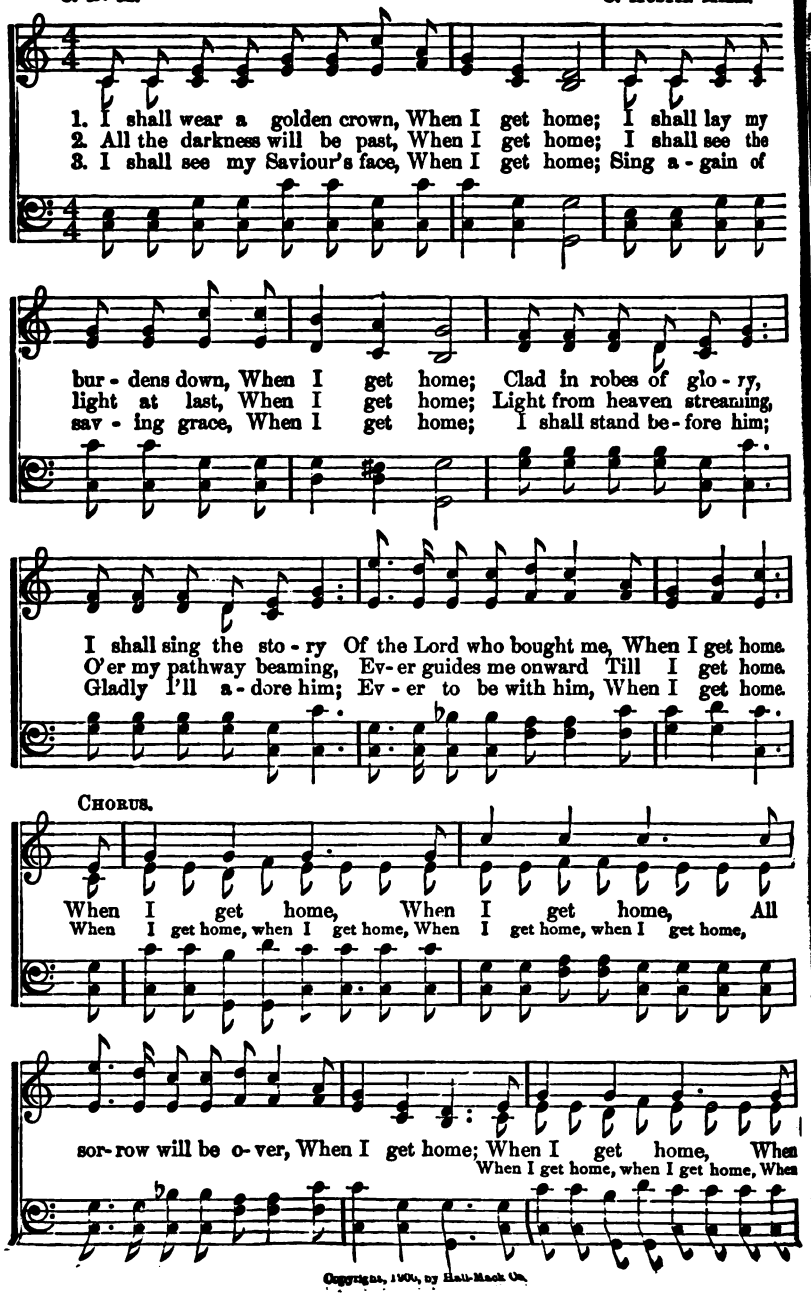
No. 82. WHEN I GET HOME.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. I shall wear a golden crown, When I get home; I shall lay my
2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the
3. I shall see my Saviour's face, When I get home; Sing a-gain of
bur-dens down, When I get home; Clad in robes of glo-ry,
light at last, When I get home; Light from heaven streaming,
sav-ing grace, When I get home; I shall stand be-fore him;
I shall sing the sto-ry Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
O'er my pathway beaming, Ev-er guides me onward Till I get home.
Gladly I'll a-dore him; Ev-er to be with him, When I get home.
Chorus.
When I get home, When I get home, All
When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home,
sor-row will be o-ver, When I get home; When I get home, When
When I get home, when I get home, When

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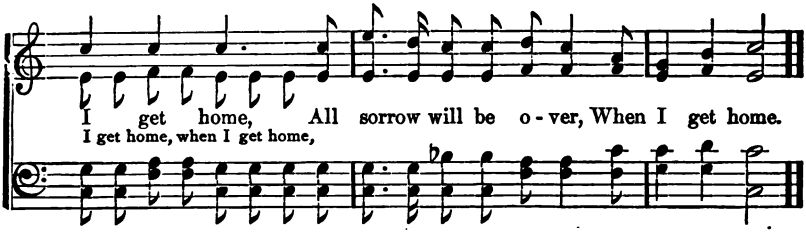
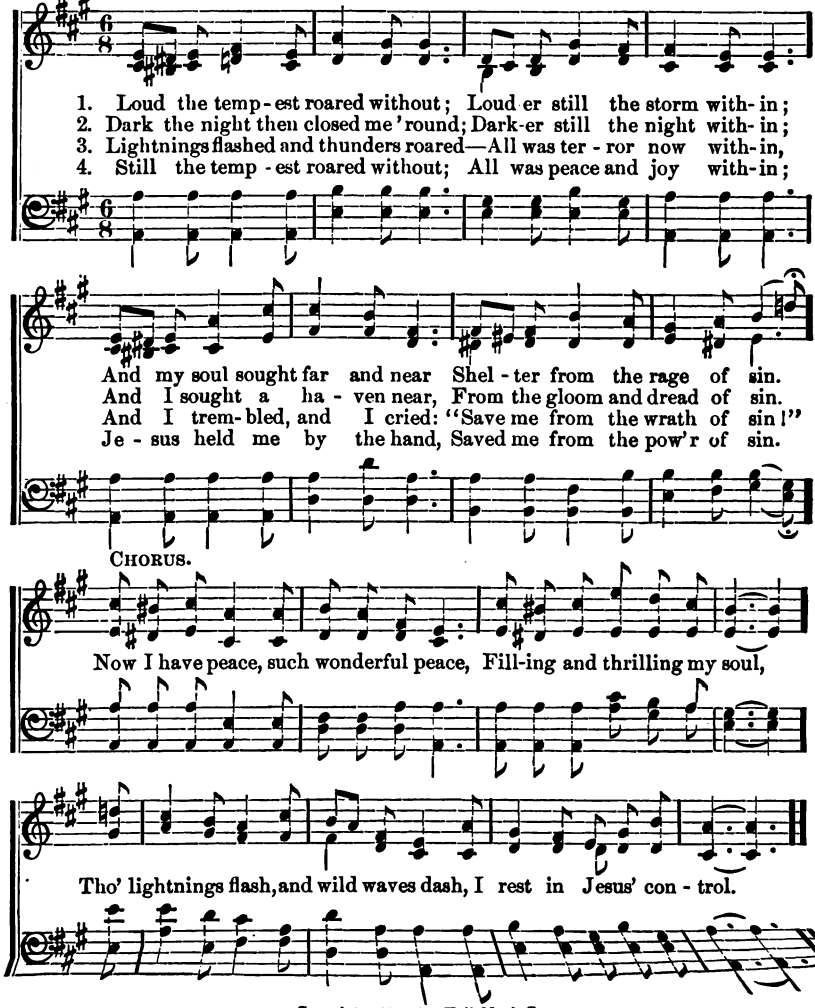
WHEN I GET HOME.—Concluded.

No. 83. NOW I HAVE PEACE.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. Loud the temp - est roared without; Loud - er still the storm with - in;
2. Dark the night then closed me 'round; Dark - er still the night with - in;
3. Lightnings flashed and thunders roared—All was ter - ror now with - in,
4. Still the temp - est roared without; All was peace and joy with - in;
And my soul sought far and near Shel - ter from the rage of sin.
And I sought a ha - ven near, From the gloom and dread of sin.
And I trem - bled, and I cried: "Save me from the wrath of sin!"
Je - sus held me by the hand, Saved me from the pow'r of sin.
CHORUS.
Now I have peace, such wonderful peace, Fill - ing and thrilling my soul,
Tho' lightnings flash, and wild waves dash, I rest in Jesus' con - trol.

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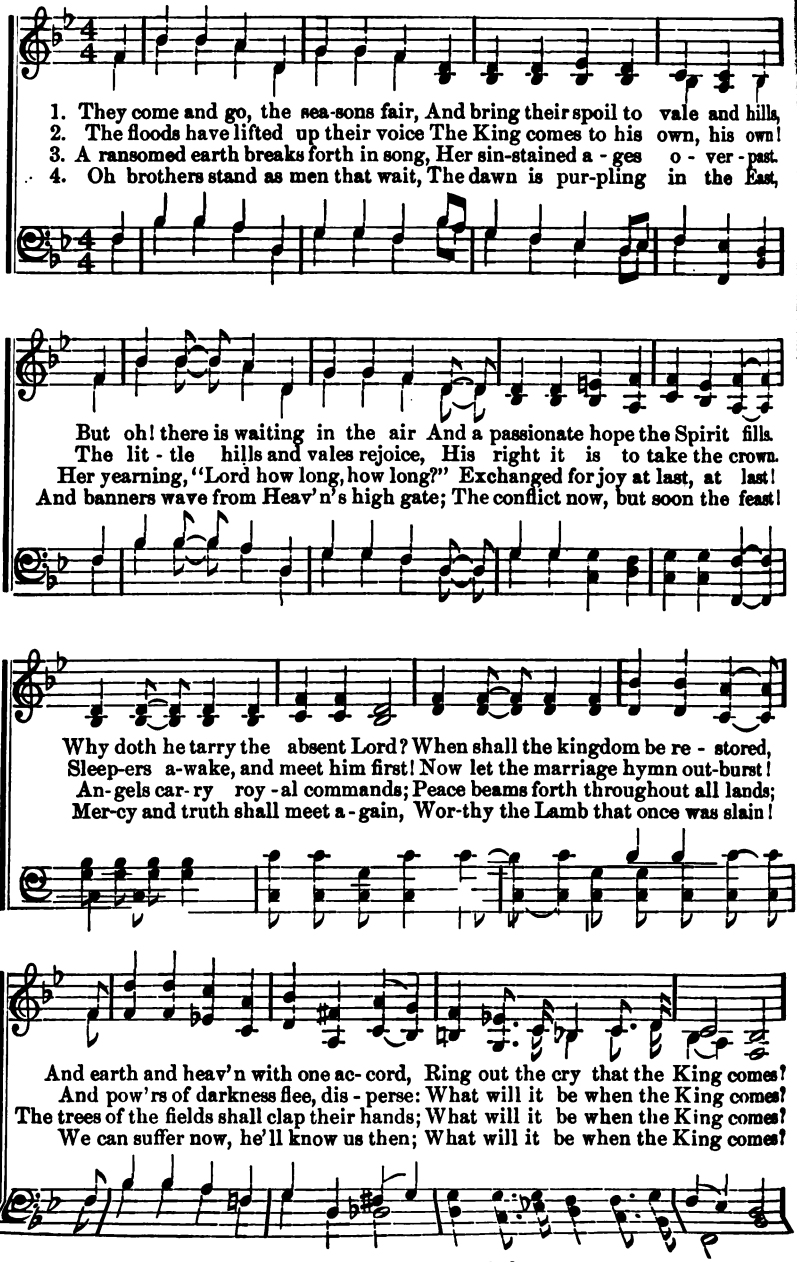
No. 84. WHEN THE KING COMES.

E. S. E. E. S. Elliott. Arr. by W. S. W.

1. They come and go, the sea-sons fair, And bring their spoil to vale and hills,
2. The floods have lifted up their voice The King comes to his own, his own!
3. A ransomed earth breaks forth in song, Her sin-stained a - ges o - ver - past.
4. Oh brothers stand as men that wait, The dawn is pur-pling in the East,
But oh! there is waiting in the air And a passionate hope the Spirit fills.
The lit - tle hills and vales rejoice, His right it is to take the crown.
Her yearning, "Lord how long, how long?" Exchanged for joy at last, at last!
And banners wave from Heav'n's high gate; The conflict now, but soon the feast!
Why doth he tarry the absent Lord? When shall the kingdom be re - stored,
Sleep-ers a-wake, and meet him first! Now let the marriage hymn out-burst!
An-gels car- ry roy - al commands; Peace beams forth throughout all lands;
Mer-cy and truth shall meet a - gain, Wor-thy the Lamb that once was slain!
And earth and heav'n with one ac- cord, Ring out the cry that the King comes!
And pow'rs of darkness flee, dis - perse: What will it be when the King comes!
The trees of the fields shall clap their hands; What will it be when the King comes!
We can suffer now, he'll know us then; What will it be when the King comes!

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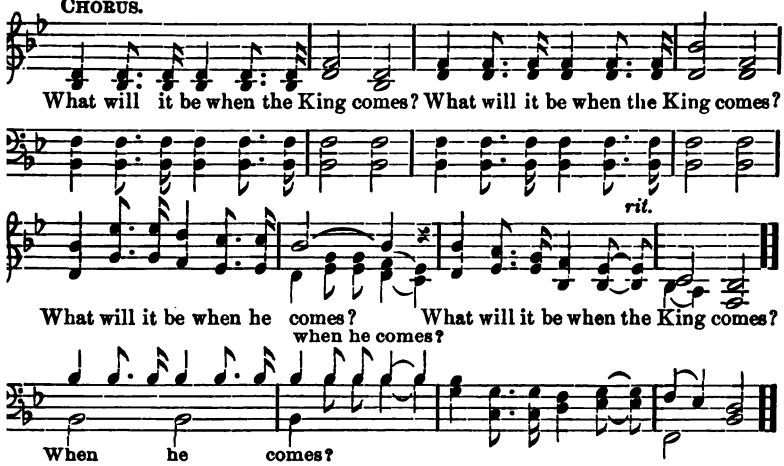
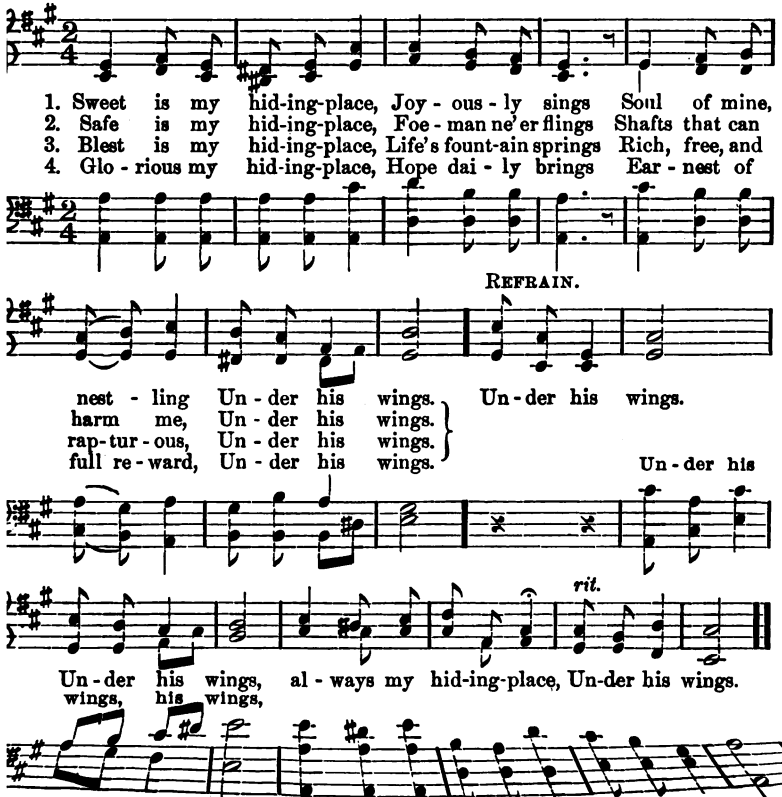
WHEN THE KING COMES.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

What will it be when the King comes? What will it be when the King comes?
rit.
What will it be when he comes? What will it be when the King comes?
when he comes?
When he comes?

). 85. UNDER HIS WINGS.

REV. JAMES YEAMES. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Sweet is my hid-ing-place, Joy - ous - ly sings Soul of mine,
2. Safe is my hid-ing-place, Foe - man ne'er flings Shafts that can
3. Blest is my hid-ing-place, Life's fount-ain springs Rich, free, and
4. Glo - rious my hid-ing-place, Hope dai - ly brings Ear - nest of
REFRAIN.
nest - ling Un - der his wings. Un - der his wings.
harm me, Un - der his wings.
rap-tur - ous, Un - der his wings.
full re - ward, Un - der his wings.
Un - der his
rit.
Un - der his wings, al - ways my hid-ing-place, Un-der his wings.
wings, his wings,

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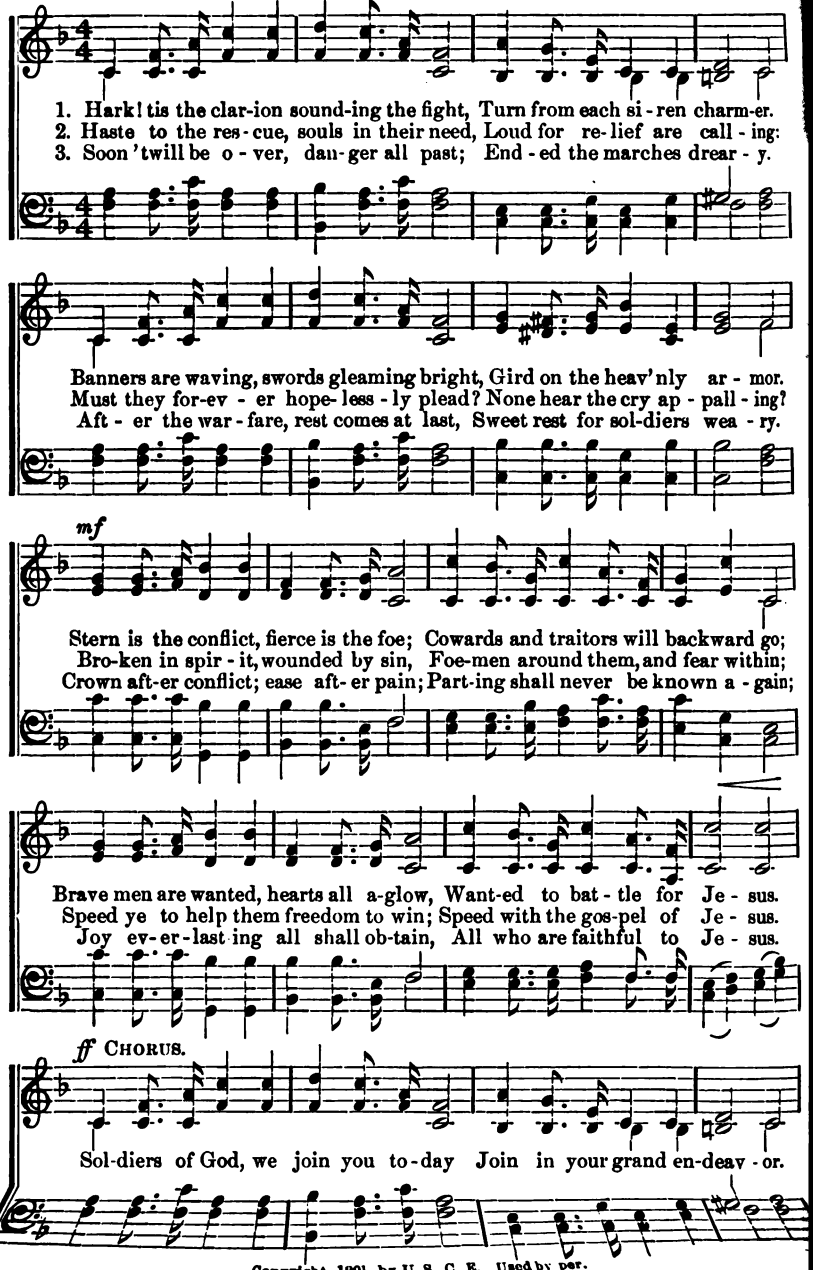
No. 86. HARK! 'TIS THE CLARION.

JOSEPH BROWN MORGAN. G. DONIZETTI.

f Vigorously. In march style.

1. Hark! tis the clar-ion sound-ing the fight, Turn from each si-ren charm-er.
2. Haste to the res-cue, souls in their need, Loud for re-lief are call-ing:
3. Soon 'twill be o-ver, dan-ger all past; End-ed the marches drear-y.
Banners are waving, swords gleaming bright, Gird on the heav'nly ar-mor.
Must they for-ev-er hope-less-ly plead? None hear the cry ap-pall-ing?
Aft-er the war-fare, rest comes at last, Sweet rest for sol-diers wea-ry.
mf
Stern is the conflict, fierce is the foe; Cowards and traitors will backward go;
Bro-ken in spir-it, wounded by sin, Foe-men around them, and fear within;
Crown aft-er conflict; ease aft-er pain; Part-ing shall never be known a-gain;
Brave men are wanted, hearts all a-glow, Want-ed to bat-tle for Je-sus.
Speed ye to help them freedom to win; Speed with the gos-pel of Je-sus.
Joy ev-er-last-ing all shall ob-tain, All who are faithful to Je-sus.
ff CHORUS.
Sol-diers of God, we join you to-day Join in your grand en-deav-or.

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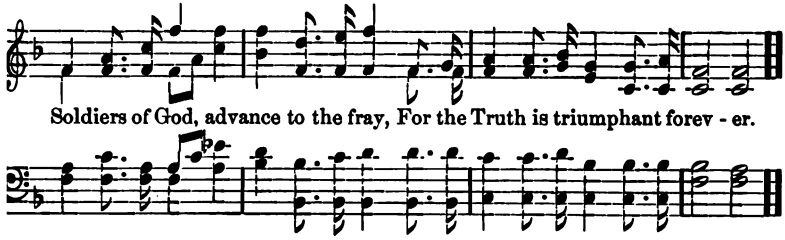
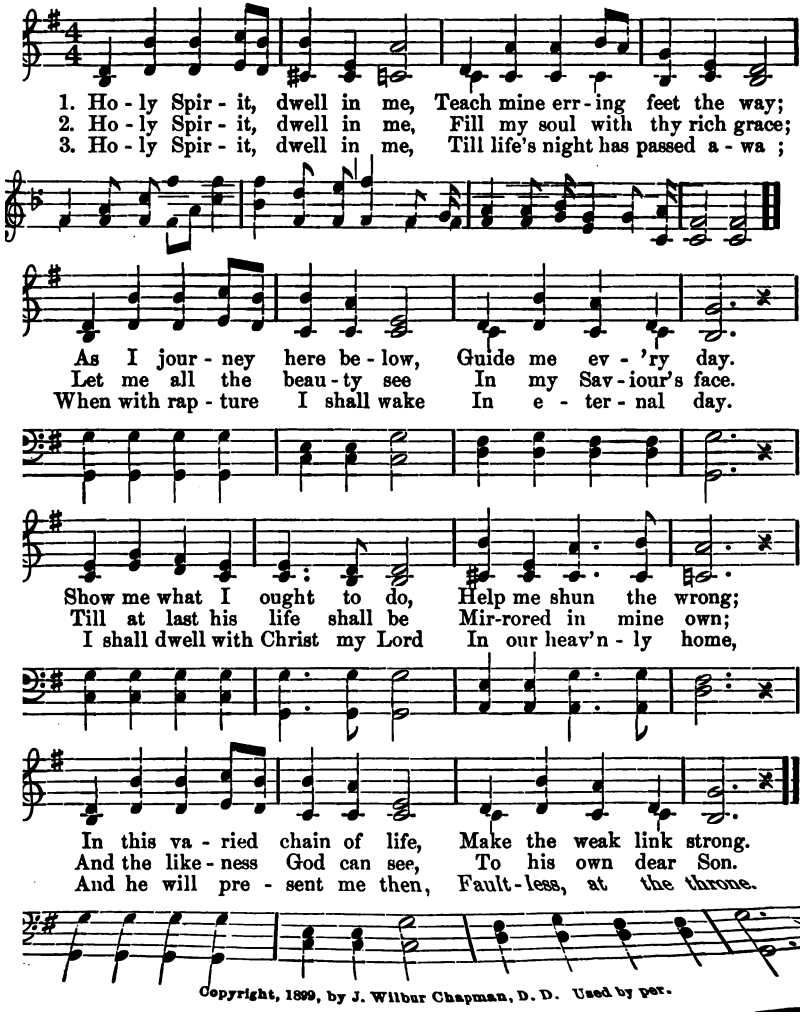
HARK! 'TIS THE CLARION.—Concluded.

D. 87. HOLY SPIRIT, DWELL IN ME.

Respectfully Dedicated to Winona Bible Conference.

E. S. B. EFFIE S. BLACK.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Teach mine err - ing feet the way;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Fill my soul with thy rich grace;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Till life's night has passed a - wa ;
As I jour - ney here be - low, Guide me ev - 'ry day.
Let me all the beau - ty see In my Sav - iour's face.
When with rap - ture I shall wake In e - ter - nal day.
Show me what I ought to do, Help me shun the wrong;
Till at last his life shall be Mir-rored in mine own;
I shall dwell with Christ my Lord In our heav'n - ly home,
In this va - ried chain of life, Make the weak link strong.
And the like - ness God can see, To his own dear Son.
And he will pre - sent me then, Fault - less, at the throne.

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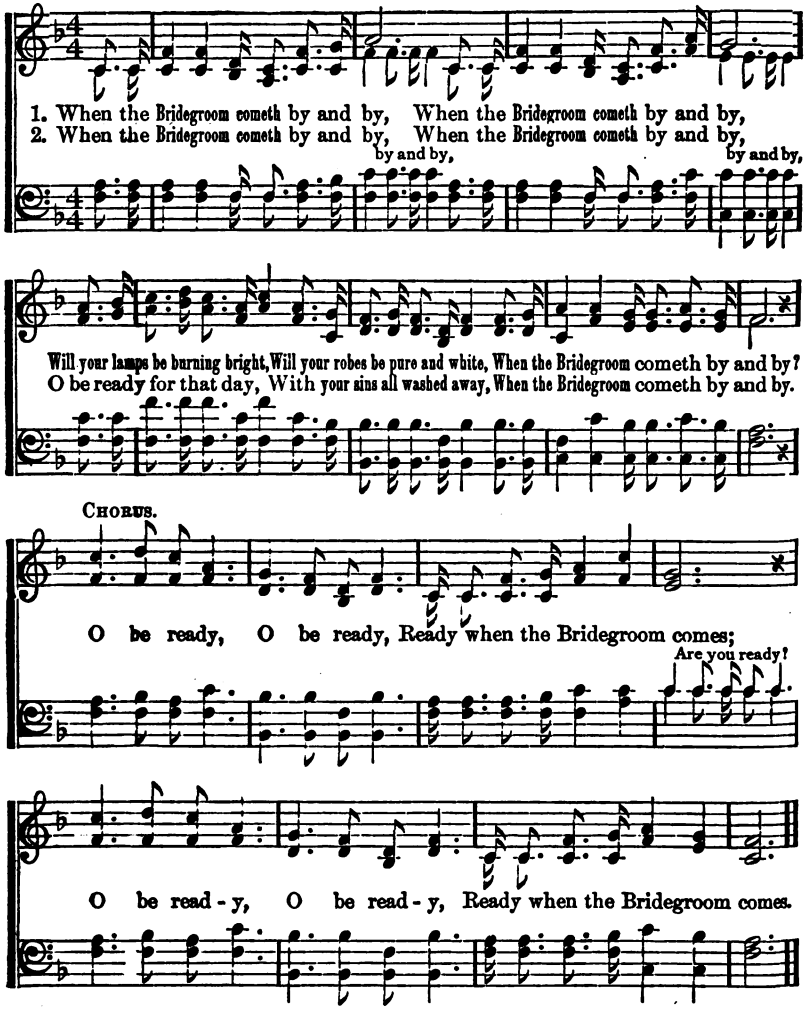
No. 88. O BE READY.

J. G. B. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by,
2. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by,
by and by,
by and by,
Will your lamps be burning bright, Will your robes be pure and white, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?
O be ready for that day, With your sins all washed away, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by.
CHORUS.
O be ready, O be ready, Ready when the Bridegroom comes;
Are you ready?
O be read - y, O be read - y, Ready when the Bridegroom comes.

8 ‖: When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, :‖
Will your wearied heart rejoice
At the sound of Jesus' voice,
When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

4 ‖: When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, :‖
Will the sorrows of the past
All be changed to joy at last,
When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

5 ‖: When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, ;‖
When the Lord shall call his own,
Can you stand before the throne,
When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

6 ‖: When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, :‖
Will you join the ransomed host,
Or be found among the lost,
When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

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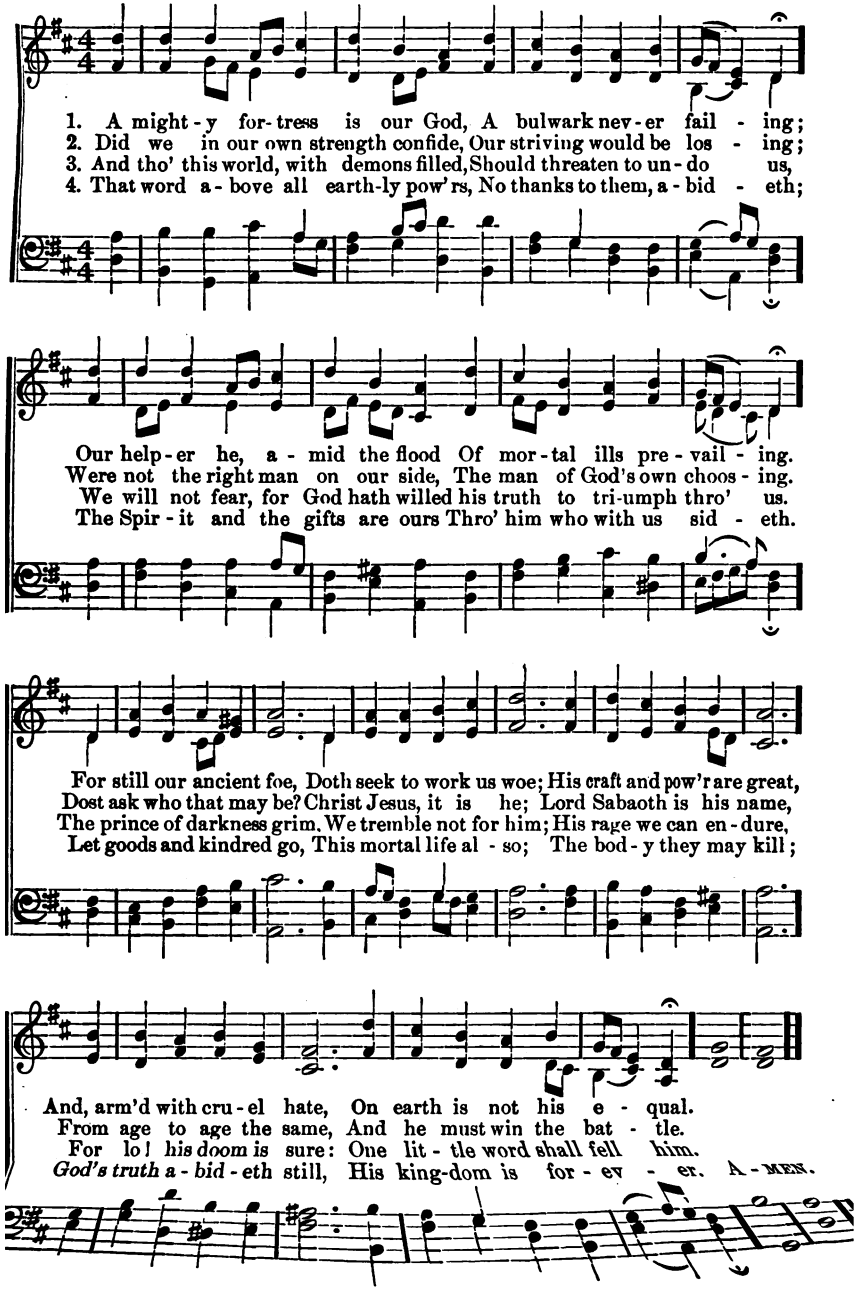
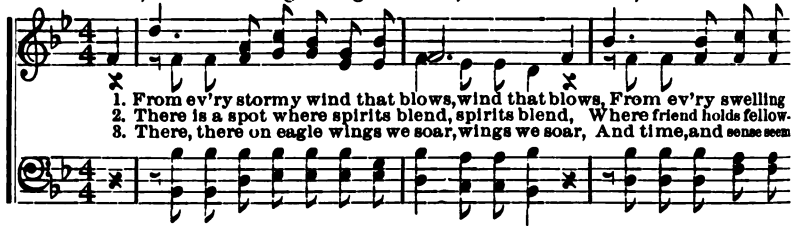
No. 89. A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.

Tr. F. H. Hedge. Martin Luther.

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bulwark nev-er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be los - ing;
3. And tho' this world, with demons filled, Should threaten to un-do us,
4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a-bid - eth;
Our help-er he, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing.
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed his truth to tri-umph thro' us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' him who with us sid - eth.
For still our ancient foe, Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is he; Lord Sabaoth is his name,
The prince of darkness grim, We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-dure,
Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life al - so; The bod-y they may kill;
And, arm'd with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
From age to age the same, And he must win the bat - tle.
For lo! *his doom* is sure: One lit-tle word shall fell him.
God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for-ev - er. A-MEN.

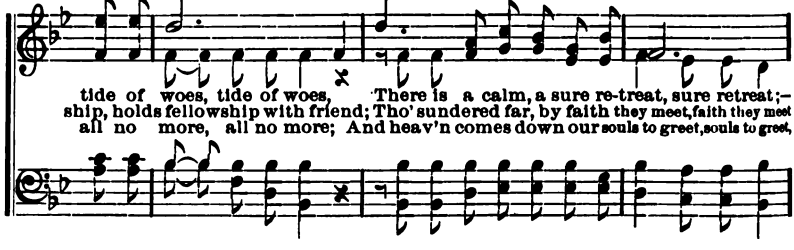
No. 90. THE MERCY-SEAT.

HUGH STOWELL. R. C. WARD.

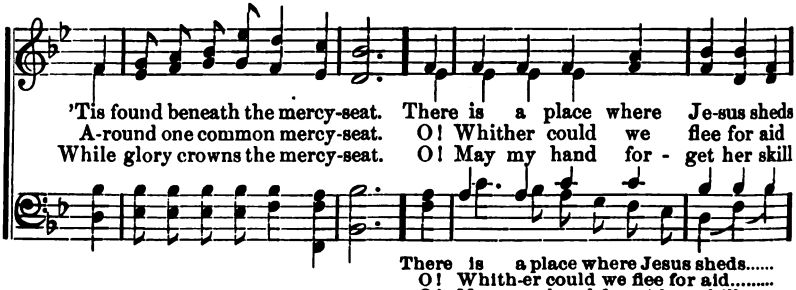
1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swelling
2. There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellow-
3. There, there on eagle wings we soar, And time, and sense seem

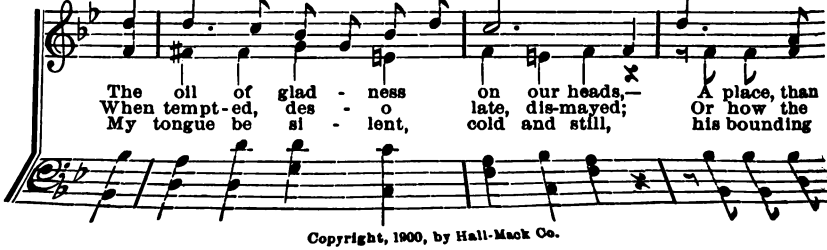

1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling
2. There is a spot where spirits blend, spirits blend, Where friend holds fellow-
3. There, there on eagle wings we soar, wings we soar, And time, and sense seem

tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat;—
ship with friend; Tho' sun - der'd far, by faith they meet
all no more; And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,


tide of woes, tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat, sure retreat;—
ship, holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet, faith they meet
all no more, all no more; And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, souls to greet,

'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat. There is a place where Je-sus sheds
A-round one common mercy-seat. O! Whither could we flee for aid
While glory crowns the mercy-seat. O! May my hand for - get her skill



The oil of glad-ness on our heads,— A place, than
When tempt-ed, des - o - late, dis - mayed; Or how the
My tongue be si - lent, cold and still, This bound ing

The oil of glad - ness on our heads,— A place, than
When tempt-ed, des - o late, dis-mayed; Or how the
My tongue be si - lent, cold and still, his bounding

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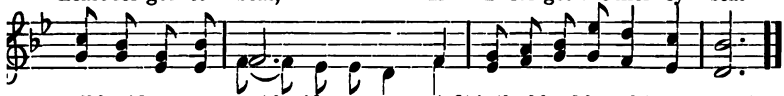
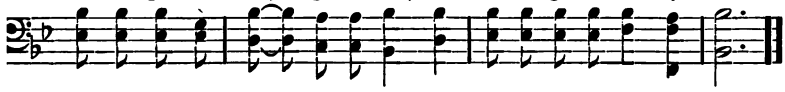
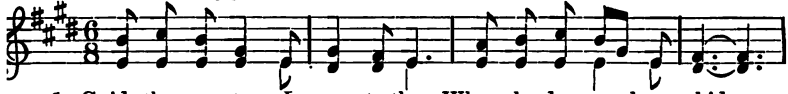
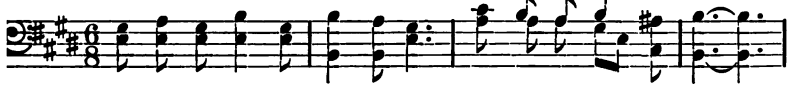
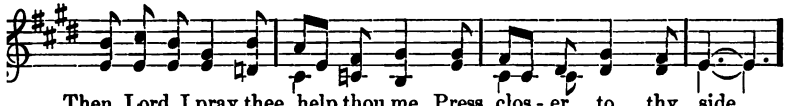
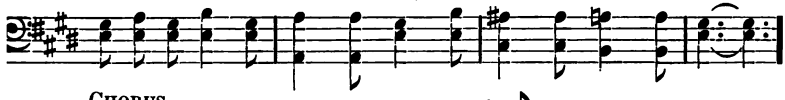
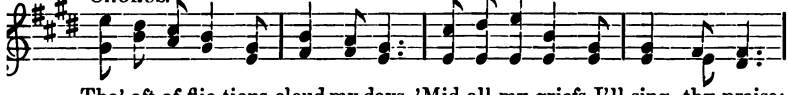
THE MERCY-SEAT.—Concluded.

all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
hosts of sin de - feat, Had suff'ring saints no mercy - seat?
heart for-get to beat, If I for-get the mer-cy - seat.

all besides more sweet, besides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
hosts of sin de - feat, sin de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?
heart for-get to beat, for-get to beat, If I for-get the mer-cy - seat.

o. 91. THE FATHER'S LOVE.

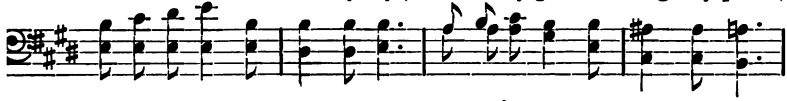
IDA L. REED. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

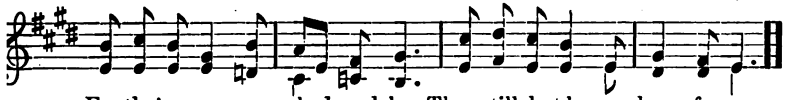
SOLO. *Feelingly.*

1. Guide thou my steps, I cry to thee, When clouds my path-way hide;
2. Thro' dark-est days I catch the glow Of thine un-fail - ing love,
3. I shall not fall, when thou art near, For thou my strength will be;



Then, Lord, I pray thee, help thou me Press clos - er to thy side.
And still it shines for me, I know, The night and storm a - bove.
Nor cloud, nor shadow will I fear, Thou still wilt care for me.

CHORUS.

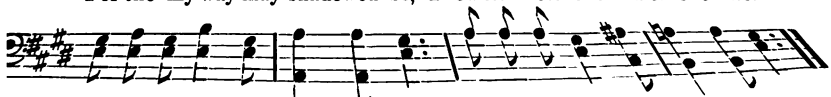


Tho' oft af-flic-tions cloud my days, 'Mid all my griefs I'll sing thy praise;





For tho' my way may shadowed be, Thou still dost love and care for me.



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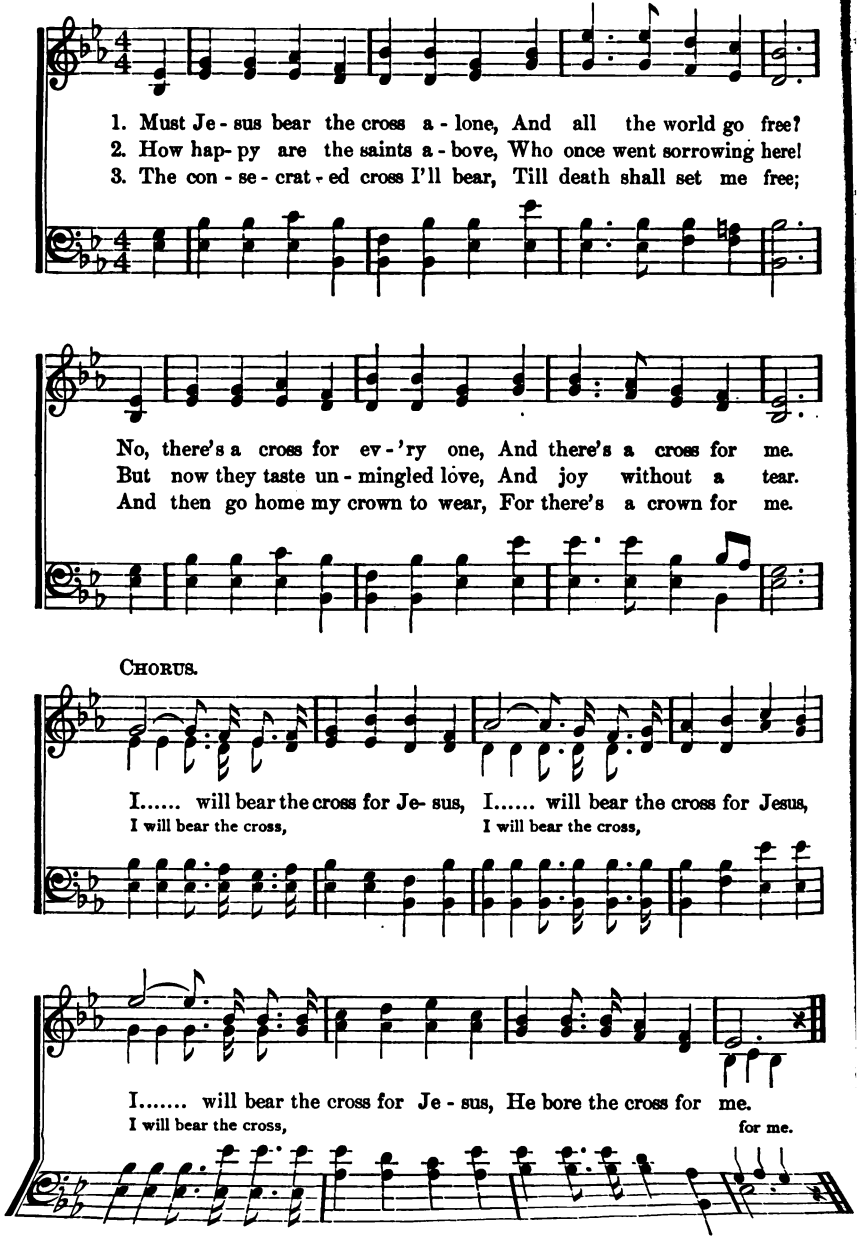
No. 92. I WILL BEAR THE CROSS.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt. REV. WM. STONE. Arr.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap- py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - mingled love, And joy without a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
CHORUS.
I..... will bear the cross for Je- sus, I..... will bear the cross for Jesus,
I will bear the cross, I will bear the cross,
I..... will bear the cross for Je - sus, He bore the cross for me.
I will bear the cross, for me.

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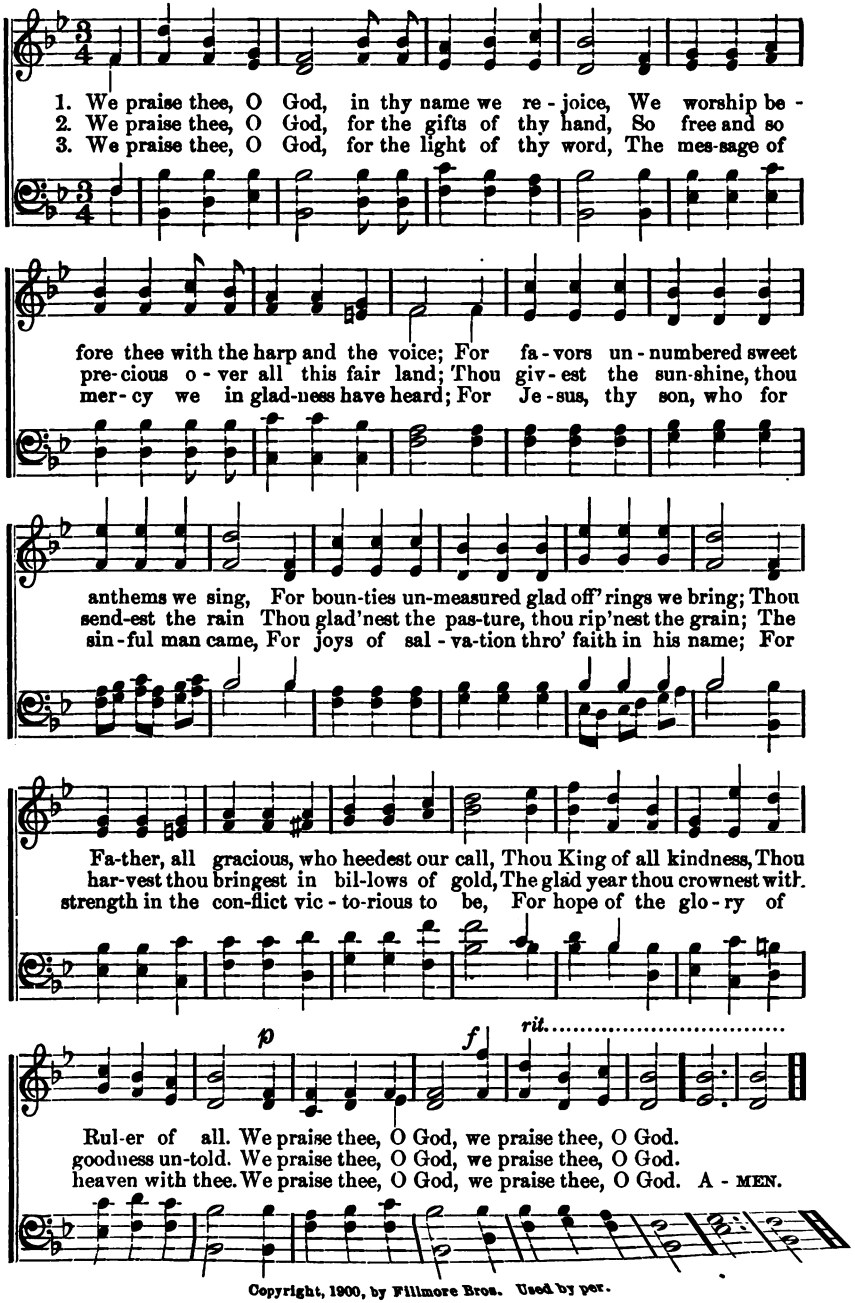
No. 93. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We praise thee, O God, in thy name we re - joice, We worship be -
2. We praise thee, O God, for the gifts of thy hand, So free and so
3. We praise thee, O God, for the light of thy word, The mes-sage of
fore thee with the harp and the voice; For fa - vors un - numbered sweet
pre-cious o - ver all this fair land; Thou giv - est the sun-shine, thou
mer - cy we in glad-ness have heard; For Je - sus, thy son, who for
anthems we sing, For boun-ties un-measured glad off' rings we bring; Thou
send-est the rain Thou glad'nest the pas-ture, thou rip'nest the grain; The
sin-ful man came, For joys of sal - va-tion thro' faith in his name; For
Fa-ther, all gracious, who heedest our call, Thou King of all kindness, Thou
har-vest thou bringest in bil-lows of gold, The glad year thou crownest with.
strength in the con-flict vic - to-rious to be, For hope of the glo - ry of
p
f
rit.
Rul-er of all. We praise thee, O God, we praise thee, O God.
goodness un-told. We praise thee, O God, we praise thee, O God.
heaven with thee. We praise thee, O God, we praise thee, O God. A - MEN.

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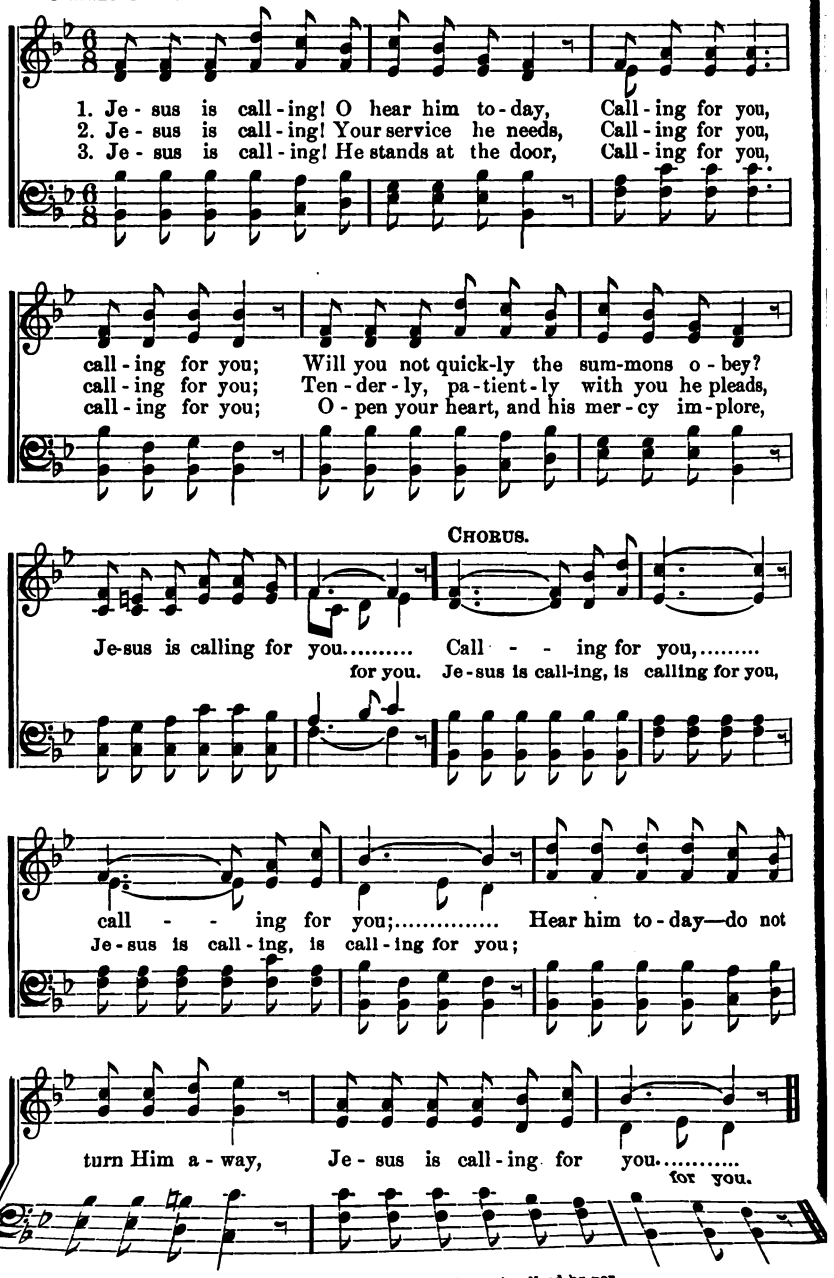
No. 94. JESUS IS CALLING TO-DAY.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. Dr. L. O. EMERSON.


1. Je - sus is call - ing! O hear him to - day, Call - ing for you,
2. Je - sus is call - ing! Your service he needs, Call - ing for you,
3. Je - sus is call - ing! He stands at the door, Call - ing for you,
call - ing for you; Will you not quick-ly the sum-mons o - bey?
call - ing for you; Ten - der - ly, pa - tient - ly with you he pleads,
call - ing for you; O - pen your heart, and his mer - cy im - plore,
CHORUS.
Je-sus is calling for you..... Call - - - ing for you,.....
for you. Je - sus is call-ing, is calling for you,
call - - - ing for you;..... Hear him to - day—do not
Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing for you;
turn Him a - way, Je - sus is call - ing for you.....
for you.

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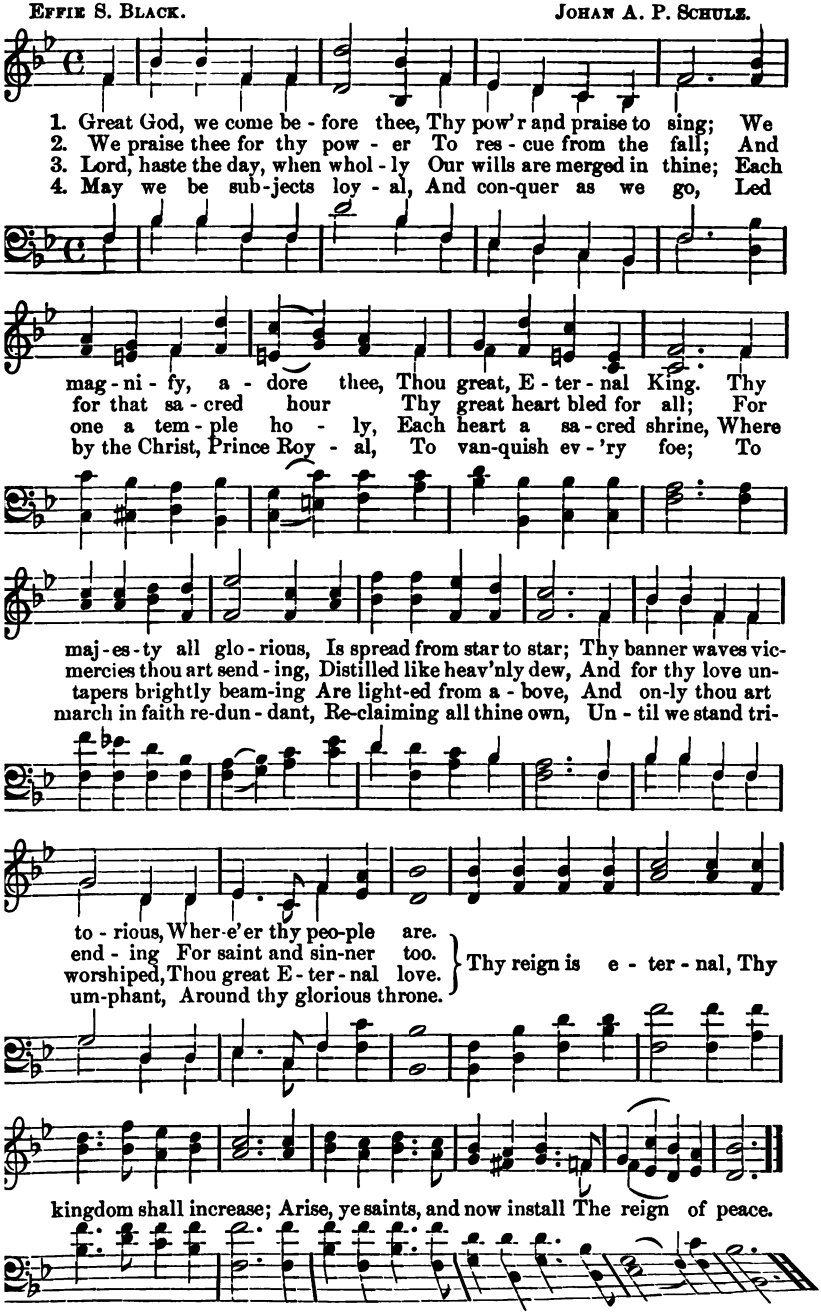
lo. 95. GREAT GOD, WE COME BEFORE THEE.

EFFIE S. BLACK. JOHAN A. P. SCHULZ.


1. Great God, we come be - fore thee, Thy pow'r and praise to sing; We
2. We praise thee for thy pow - er To res - cue from the fall; And
3. Lord, haste the day, when whol - ly Our wills are merged in thine; Each
4. May we be sub-jects loy - al, And con-quer as we go, Led
mag - ni - fy, a - dore thee, Thou great, E - ter - nal King. Thy
for that sa - cred hour Thy great heart bled for all; For
one a tem - ple ho - ly, Each heart a sa - cred shrine, Where
by the Christ, Prince Roy - al, To van-quish ev - 'ry foe; To
maj - es - ty all glo - rious, Is spread from star to star; Thy banner waves vic-
mercies thou art send - ing, Distilled like heav'nly dew, And for thy love un-
tapers brightly beam-ing Are light-ed from a - bove, And on-ly thou art
march in faith re-dun - dant, Re-claiming all thine own, Un - til we stand tri-
to - rious, Wher-e'er thy peo-ple are.
end - ing For saint and sin-ner too.
worshiped, Thou great E - ter - nal love.
um-phant, Around thy glorious throne.
Thy reign is e - ter - nal, Thy
kingdom shall increase; Arise, ye saints, and now install The reign of peace.

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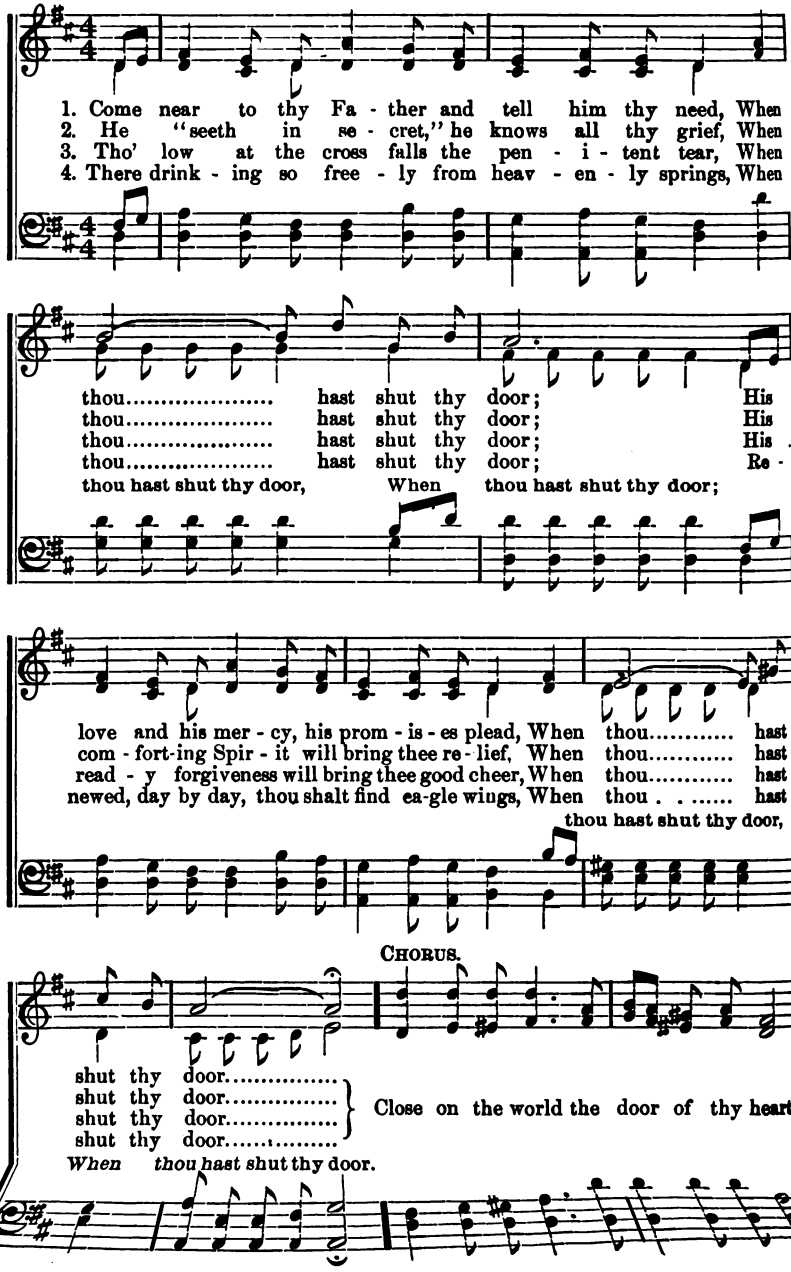
No. 96. WHEN THOU HAST SHUT THY DOOR.

E. E. Hewitt. Adam Geibel.


1. Come near to thy Fa - ther and tell him thy need, When
2. He "seeth in se - cret," he knows all thy grief, When
3. Tho' low at the cross falls the pen - i - tent tear, When
4. There drink - ing so free - ly from heav - en - ly springs, When
thou..... hast shut thy door; His
thou..... hast shut thy door; His
thou..... hast shut thy door; His
thou..... hast shut thy door; Re -
thou hast shut thy door, When thou hast shut thy door;
love and his mer - cy, his prom - is - es plead, When thou..... hast
com - fort-ing Spir - it will bring thee re - lief, When thou..... hast
read - y forgiveness will bring thee good cheer, When thou..... hast
newed, day by day, thou shalt find ea-gle wings, When thou . . .. hast
thou hast shut thy door,
Chorus.
shut thy door.....
shut thy door.....
shut thy door.....
shut thy door.....
Close on the world the door of thy heart,
When thou hast shut thy door.

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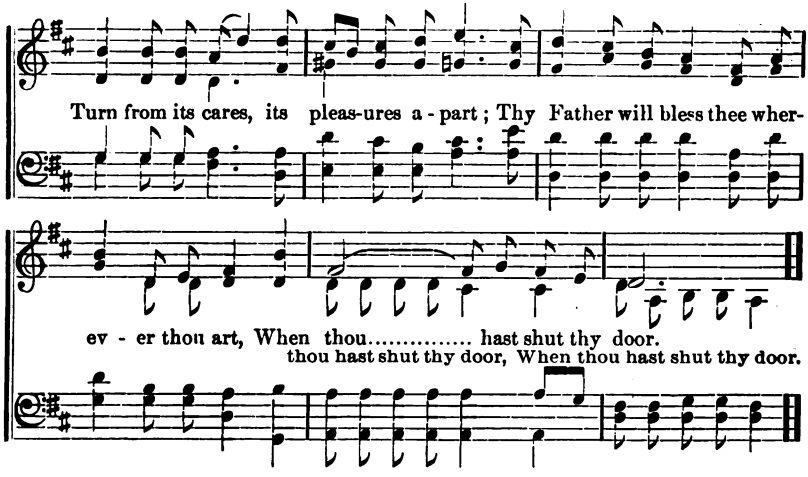
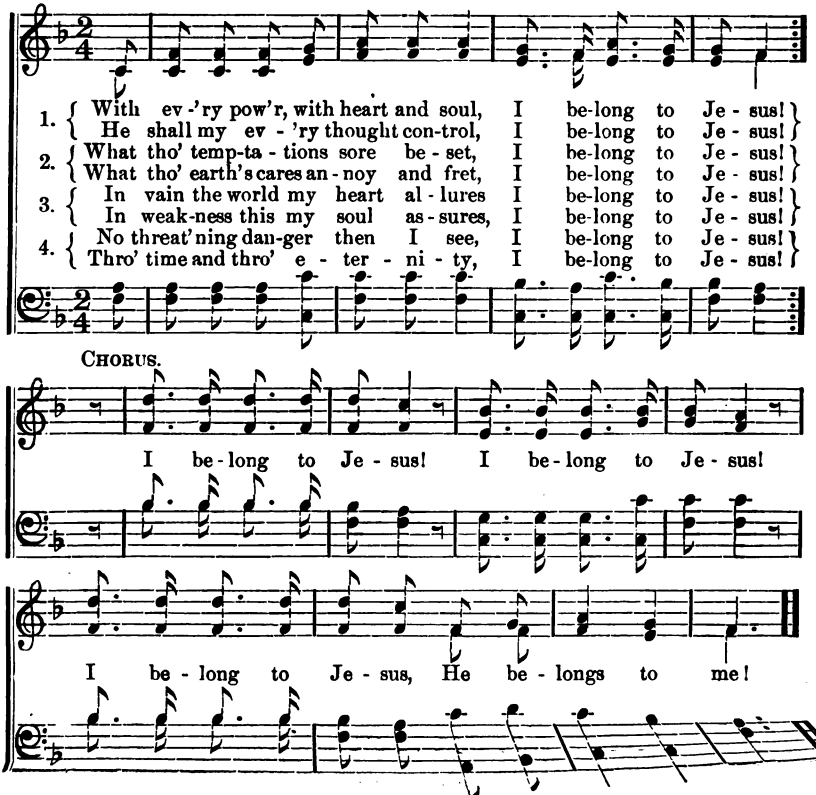
WHEN THOU HAST SHUT THY DOOR.—Concluded.


Turn from its cares, its pleas-ures a - part; Thy Father will bless thee wher-
ev - er thou art, When thou..... hast shut thy door.
thou hast shut thy door, When thou hast shut thy door.

No. 97. I BELONG TO JESUS.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.

1. With ev-'ry pow'r, with heart and soul, I be-long to Je - sus!
He shall my ev - 'ry thought con-trol, I be-long to Je - sus!
2. What tho' temp-ta - tions sore be - set, I be-long to Je - sus!
What tho' earth's cares an - noy and fret, I be-long to Je - sus!
3. In vain the world my heart al - lures I be-long to Je - sus!
In weak-ness this my soul as - sures, I be-long to Je - sus!
4. No threat'ning dan-ger then I see, I be-long to Je - sus!
Thro' time and thro' e - ter - ni - ty, I be-long to Je - sus!
CHORUS.
I be - long to Je - sus! I be - long to Je - sus!
I be - long to Je - sus, He be - longs to me!

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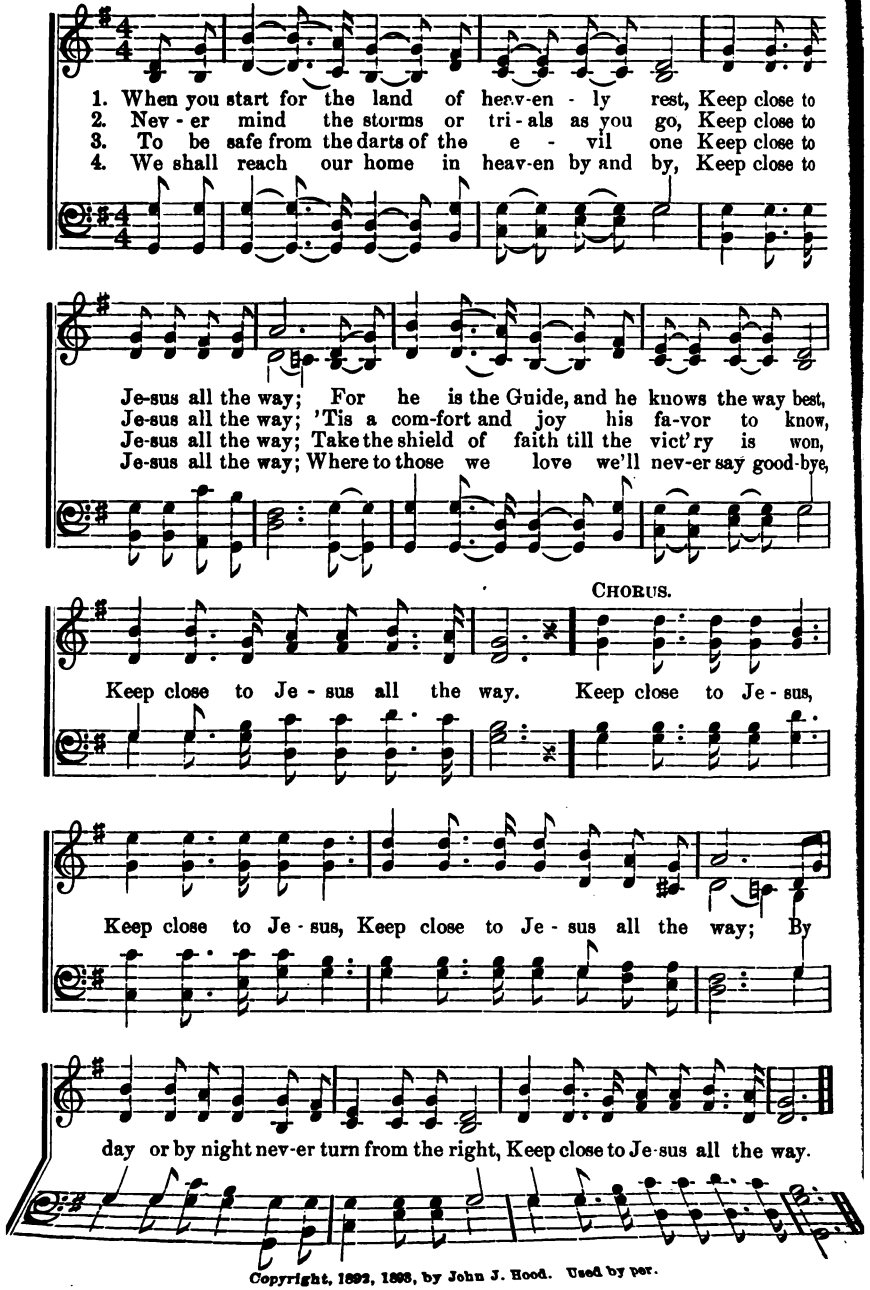
No. 98. KEEP CLOSE TO JESUS.

J. L. JOHN LANE.

1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to
Je-sus all the way; For he is the Guide, and he knows the way best,
Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy his fa-vor to know,
Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vict'ry is won,
Je-sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll nev-er say good-bye,
CHORUS.
Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,
Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By
day or by night nev-er turn from the right, Keep close to Je-sus all the way.

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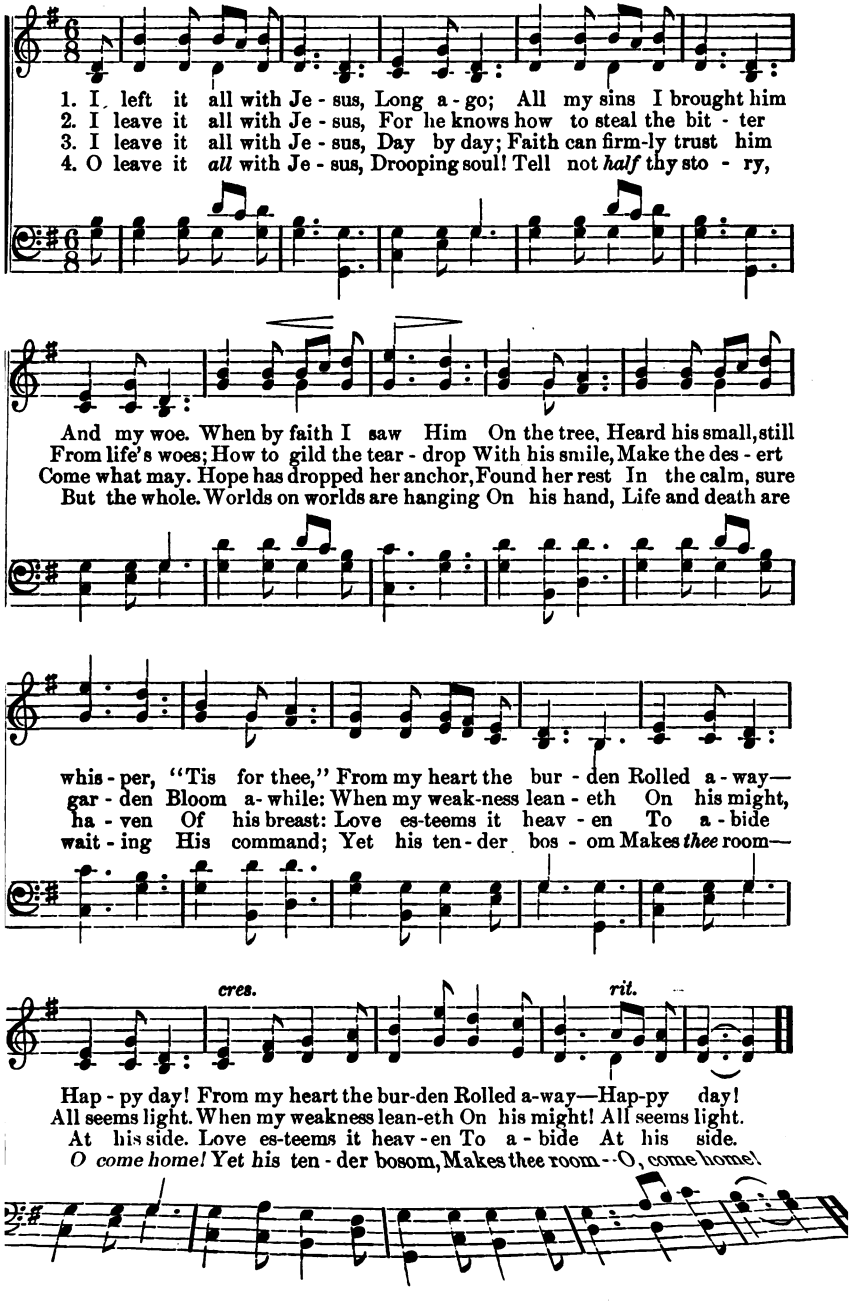
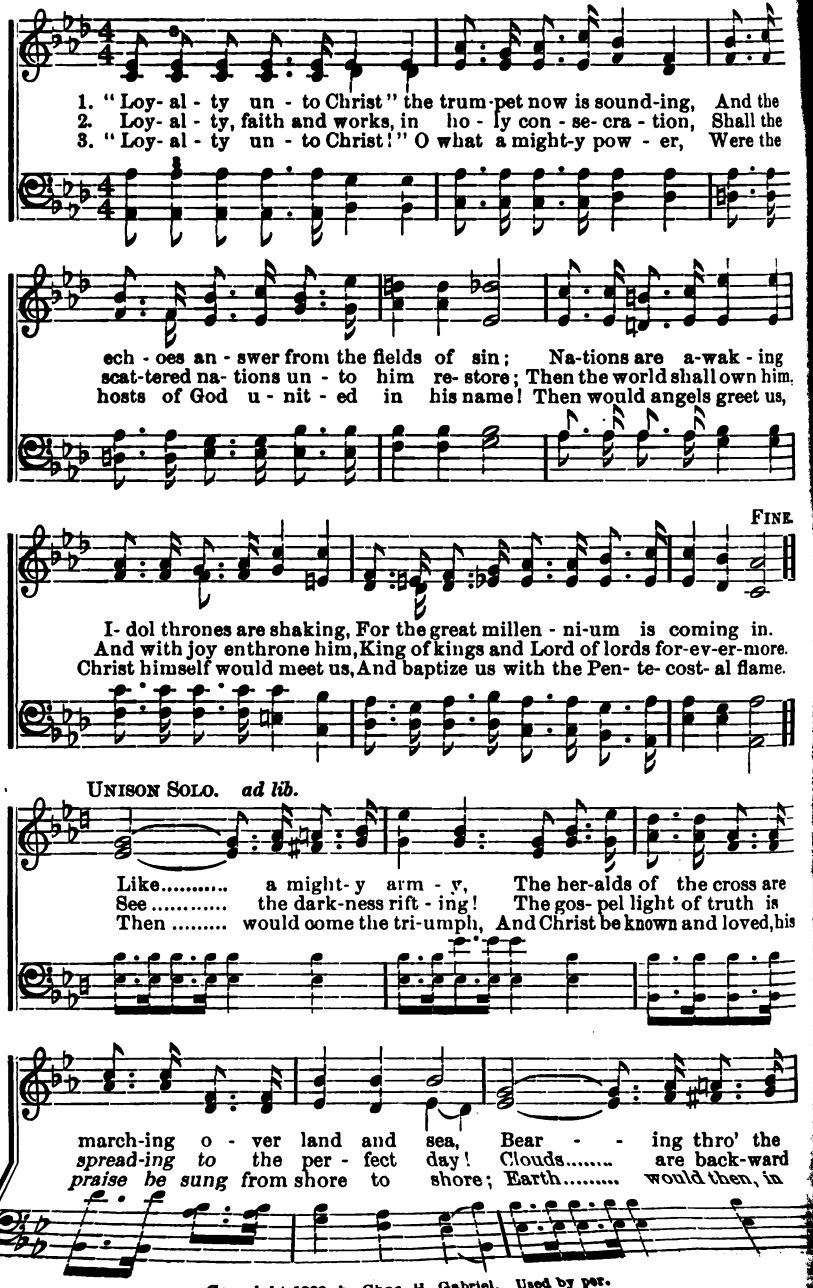
No. 99. I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

Miss Ellen H. Willis. Miss H. M. Warner.

1. I left it all with Je - sus, Long a - go; All my sins I brought him
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For he knows how to steal the bit - ter
3. I leave it all with Je - sus, Day by day; Faith can firm-ly trust him
4. O leave it *all* with Je - sus, Drooping soul! Tell not *half* thy sto - ry,
And my woe. When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard his small, still
From life's woes; How to gild the tear - drop With his smile, Make the des - ert
Come what may. Hope has dropped her anchor, Found her rest In the calm, sure
But the whole. Worlds on worlds are hanging On his hand, Life and death are
whis - per, "Tis for thee," From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way—
gar - den Bloom a - while: When my weak-ness lean - eth On his might,
ha - ven Of his breast: Love es-teems it heav - en To a - bide
wait - ing His command; Yet his ten - der bos - om Makes *thee* room—
cres.
rit.
Hap - py day! From my heart the bur-den Rolled a-way—Hap-py day!
All seems light. When my weakness lean-eth On his might! All seems light.
At his side. Love es-teems it heav - en To a - bide At his side.
O come home! Yet his ten - der bosom, Makes thee room—O, come home!

No. 100. LOYALTY UNTO CHRIST.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. "Loy- al - ty un - to Christ" the trum-pet now is sound-ing, And the
2. Loy- al - ty, faith and works, in ho - ly con - se- cra - tion, Shall the
3. "Loy- al - ty un - to Christ!" O what a might-y pow - er, Were the
ech - oes an - swer from the fields of sin; Na-tions are a-wak - ing
scat-tered na- tions un - to him re- store; Then the world shall own him.
hosts of God u - nit - ed in his name! Then would angels greet us,
FINE.
I- dol thrones are shaking, For the great millen - ni-um is coming in.
And with joy enthrone him, King of kings and Lord of lords for-ev-er-more.
Christ himself would meet us, And baptize us with the Pen- te- cost- al flame.
UNISON SOLO. ad lib.
Like..... a might- y arm - y, The her-alds of the cross are
See..... the dark-ness rift - ing! The gos- pel light of truth is
Then..... would come the tri-umph, And Christ be known and loved, his
march-ing o - ver land and sea, Bear - - ing thro' the
spread-ing to the per - fect day! Clouds..... are back-ward
praise be sung from shore to shore; Earth..... would then, in

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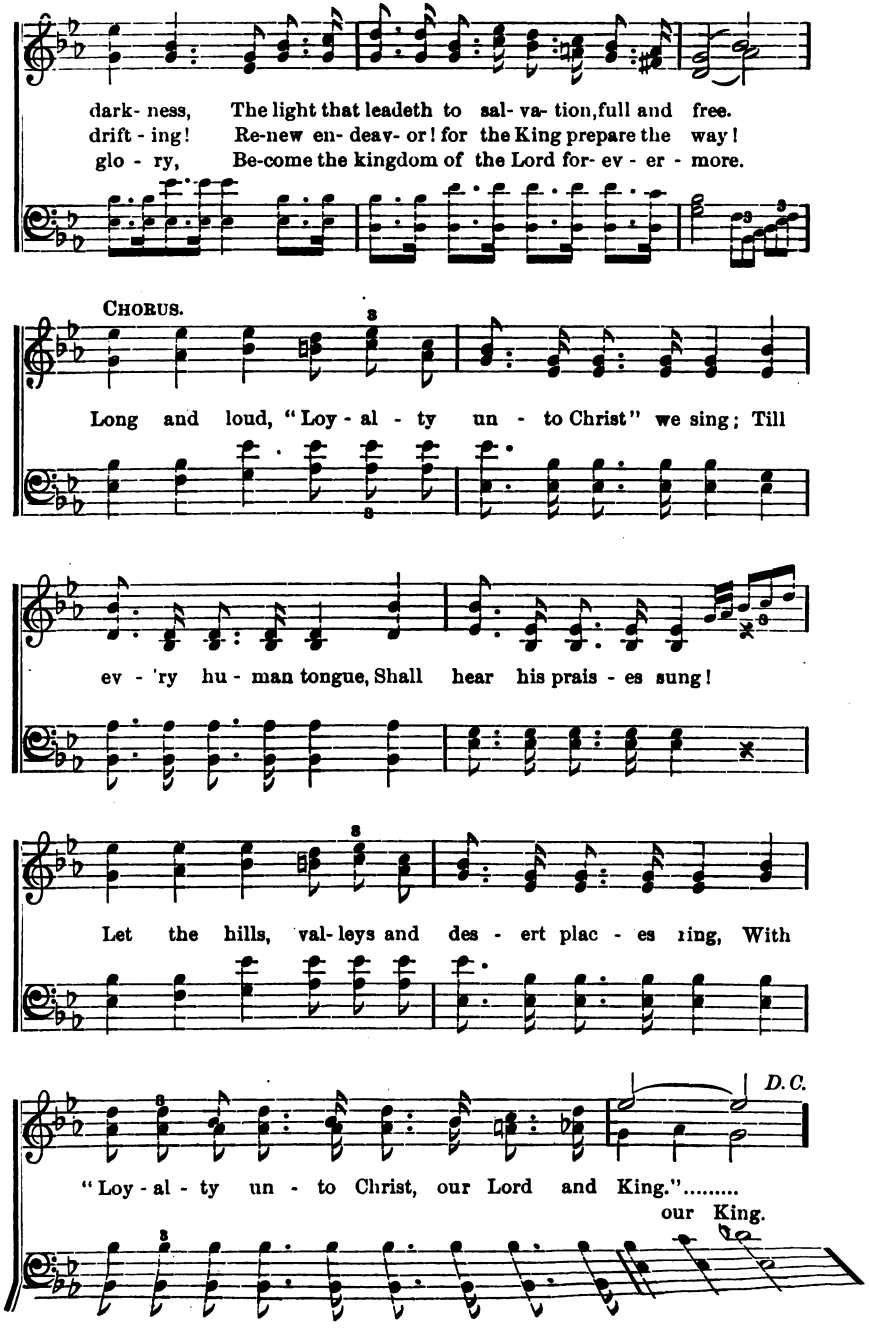
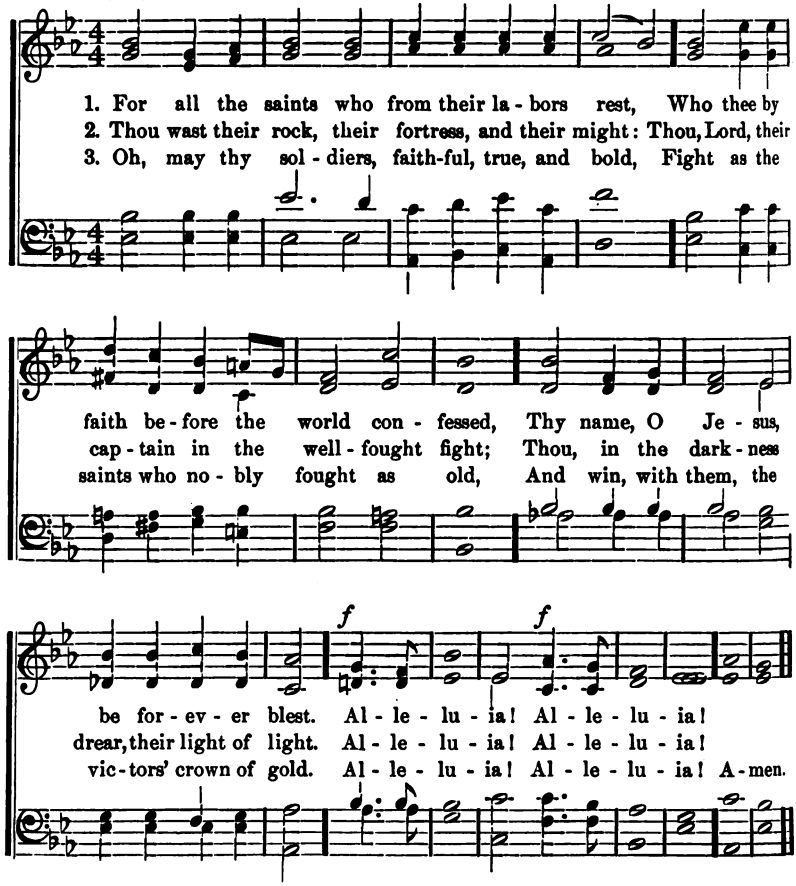
LOYALTY UNTO CHRIST.—Concluded.

dark- ness, The light that leadeth to sal- va- tion, full and free.
drift - ing! Re-new en- deav- or! for the King prepare the way!
glo - ry, Be-come the kingdom of the Lord for- ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
Long and loud, "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ" we sing; Till
ev - 'ry hu - man tongue, Shall hear his prais - es sung!
Let the hills, val- leys and des - ert plac - es ring, With
D.C.
"Loy - al - ty un - to Christ, our Lord and King."..... our King.

No. 101. THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

W. W. How. J. Barnby.

1. For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who thee by
2. Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might: Thou, Lord, their
3. Oh, may thy sol - diers, faith-ful, true, and bold, Fight as the
faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus,
cap - tain in the well - fought fight; Thou, in the dark - ness
saints who no - bly fought as old, And win, with them, the
f
f
be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
drear, their light of light. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
vic - tors' crown of gold. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine. Alleluia!

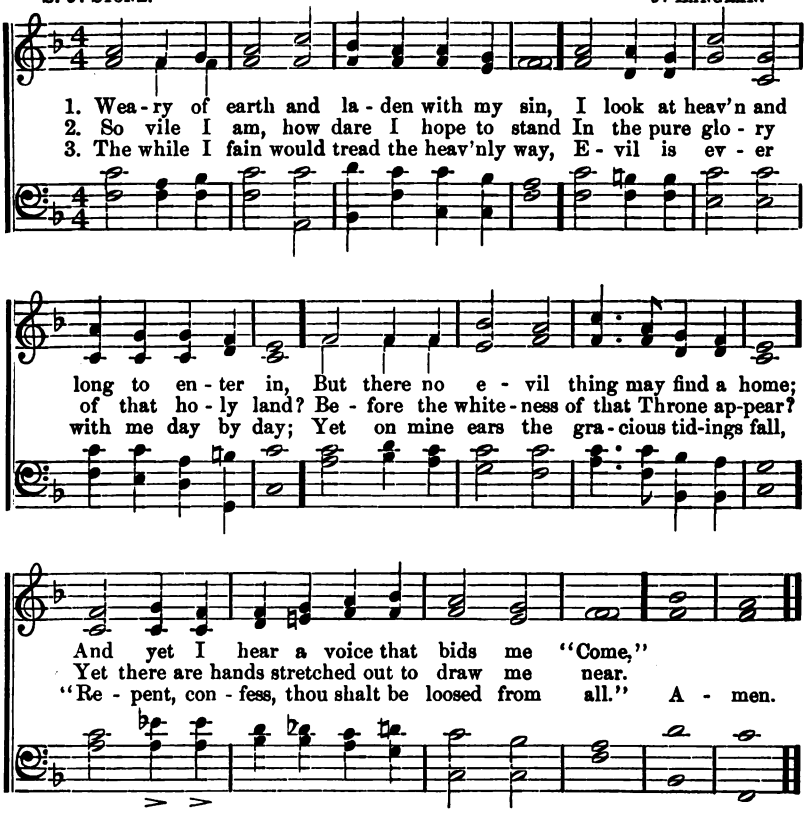
5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on his way. Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

No. 102. PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

S. J. Stone. J. Langran.

1. Wea-ry of earth and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n and
2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glo-ry
3. The while I fain would tread the heav'nly way, E-vil is ev-er
long to en-ter in, But there no e-vil thing may find a home;
of that ho-ly land? Be-fore the white-ness of that Throne ap-pear?
with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the gra-cious tid-ings fall,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come,"
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
"Re-pent, con-fess, thou shalt be loosed from all." A-men.

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas he who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child.
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

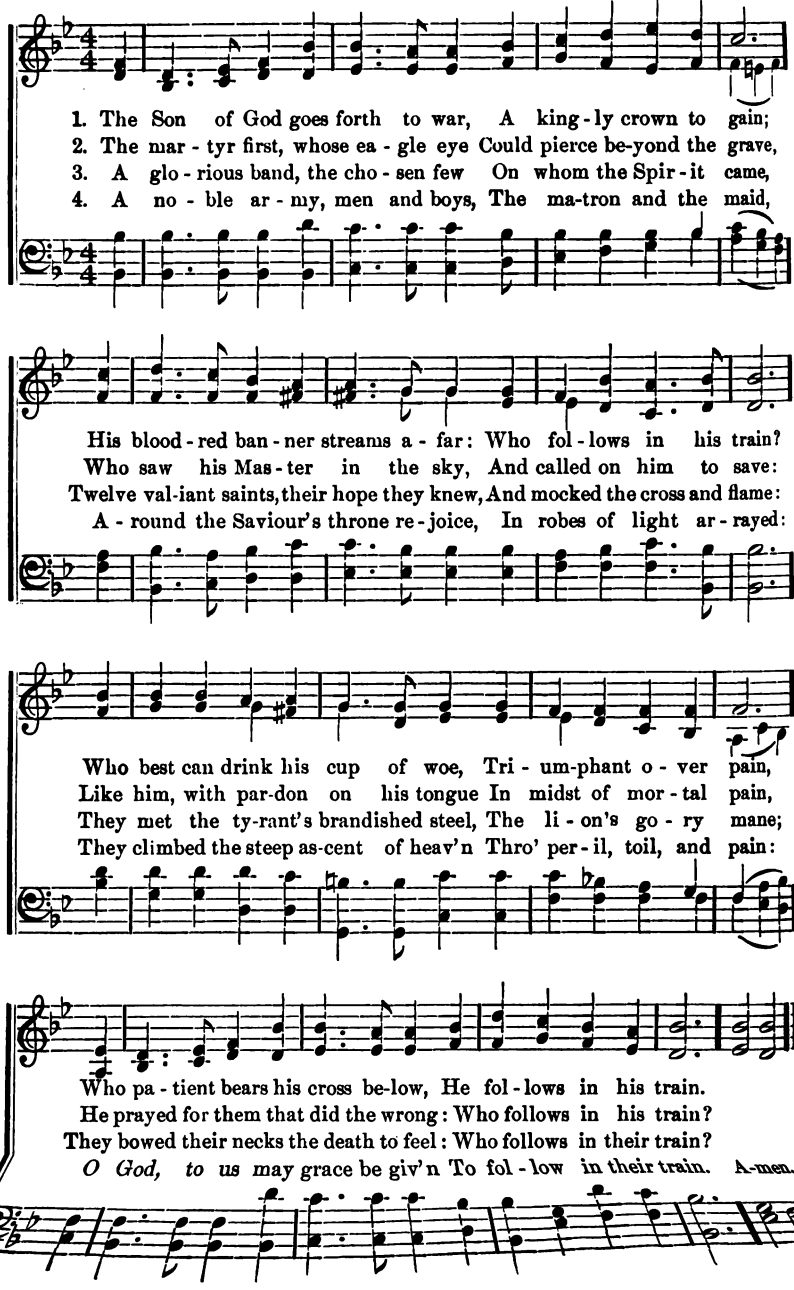
6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

7 Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

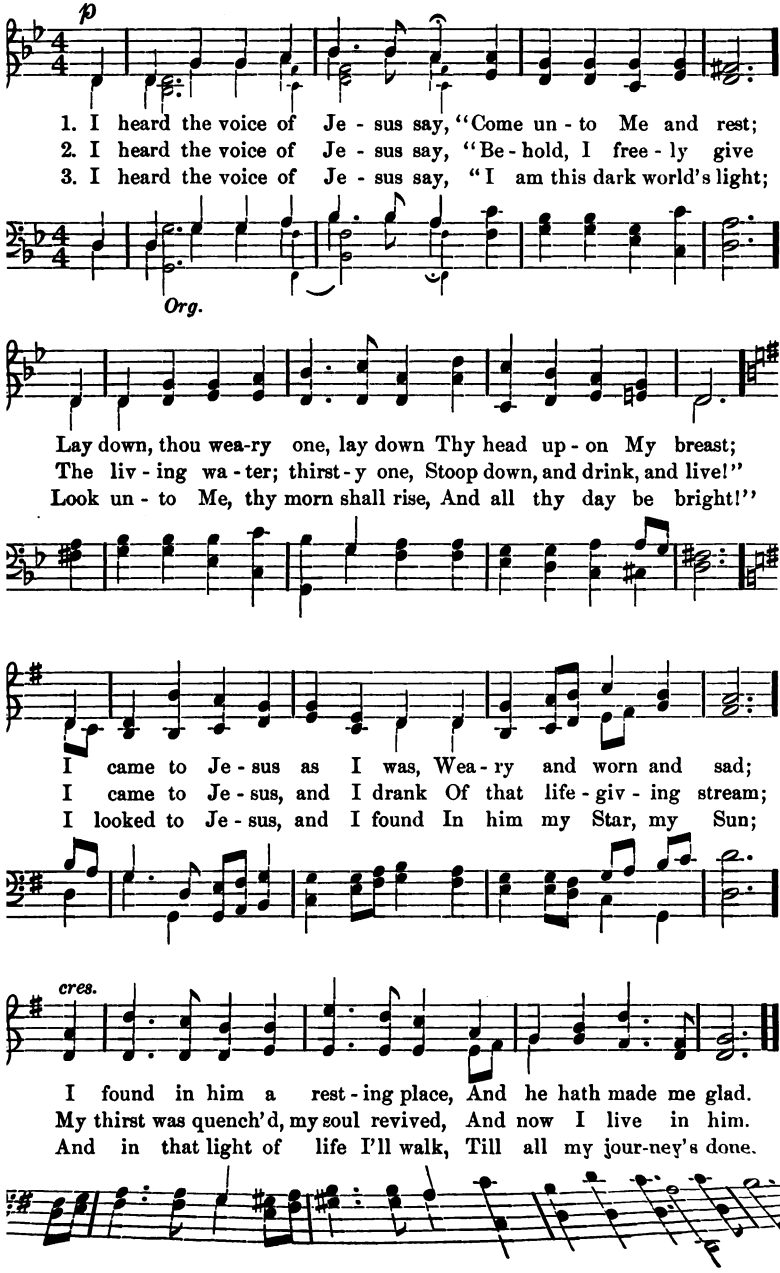
8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

No. 103. THE CHURCH.

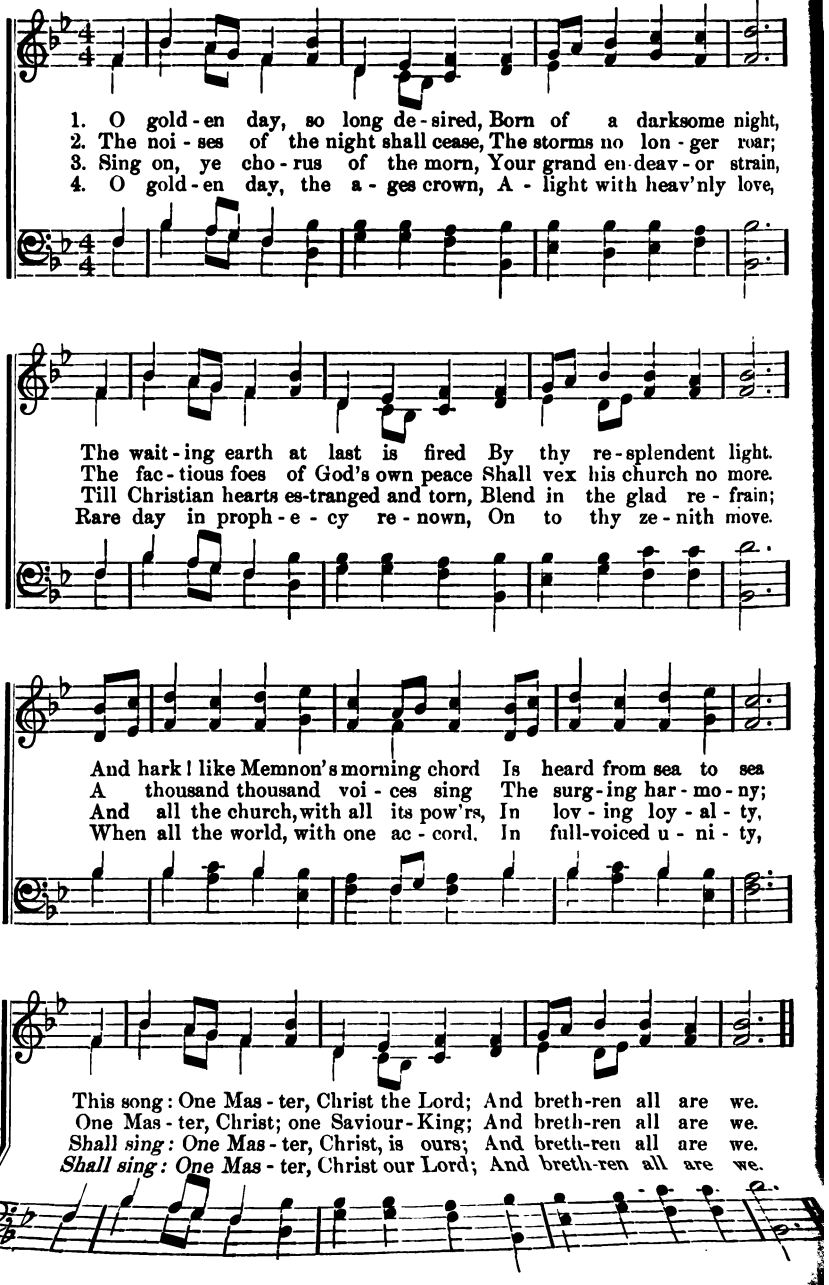
Bishop Reginald Heber. Henry S. Cutler.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came,
4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in his train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on him to save:
Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A-round the Saviour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed:
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,
Like him, with par-don on his tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane;
They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per-il, toil, and pain:
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in his train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who follows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train. A-men.

D. 104. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

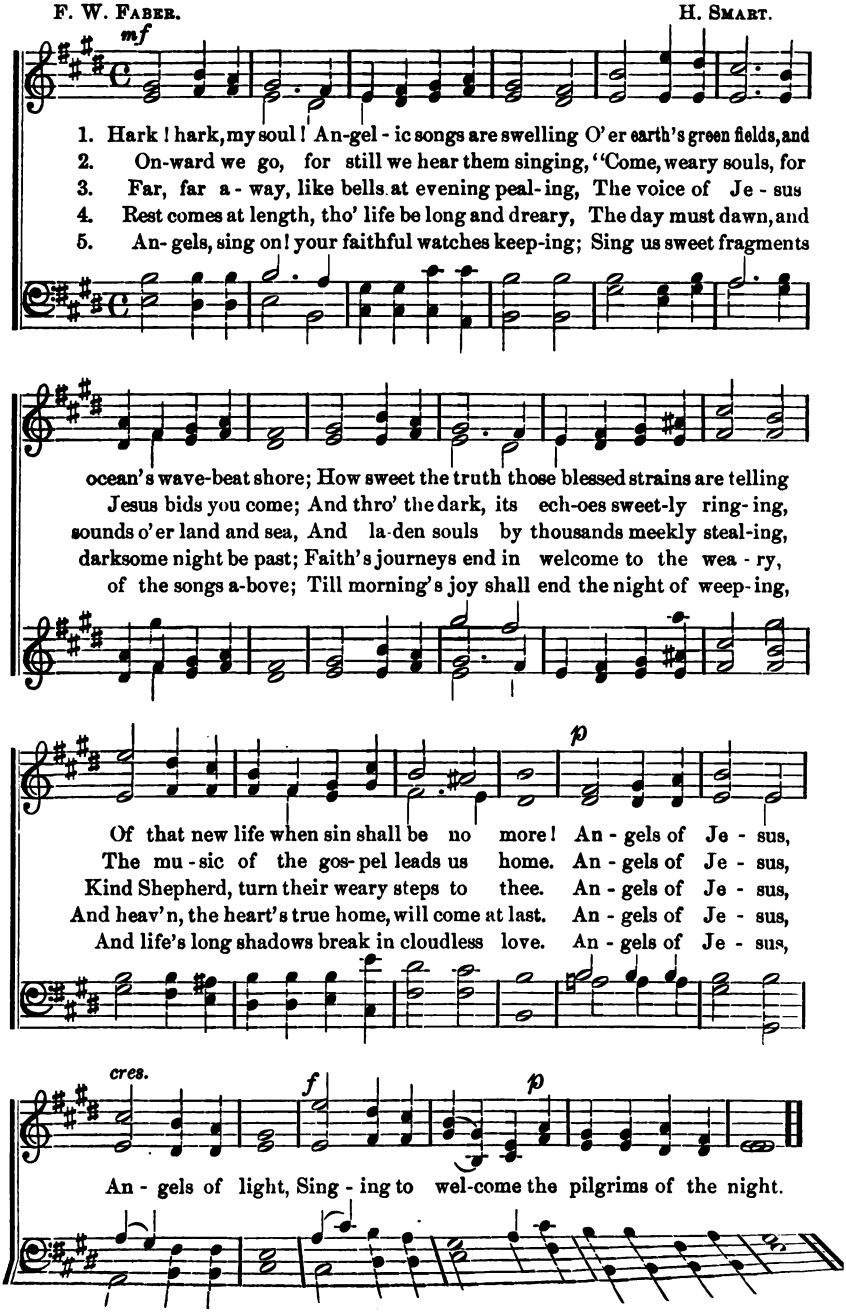
H. Bonar. J. B. Dykes.

p
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;
Org.
Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast;
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In him my Star, my Sun;
cres.
I found in him a rest - ing place, And he hath made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my jour-ney's done.

No. 105. O GOLDEN DAY.

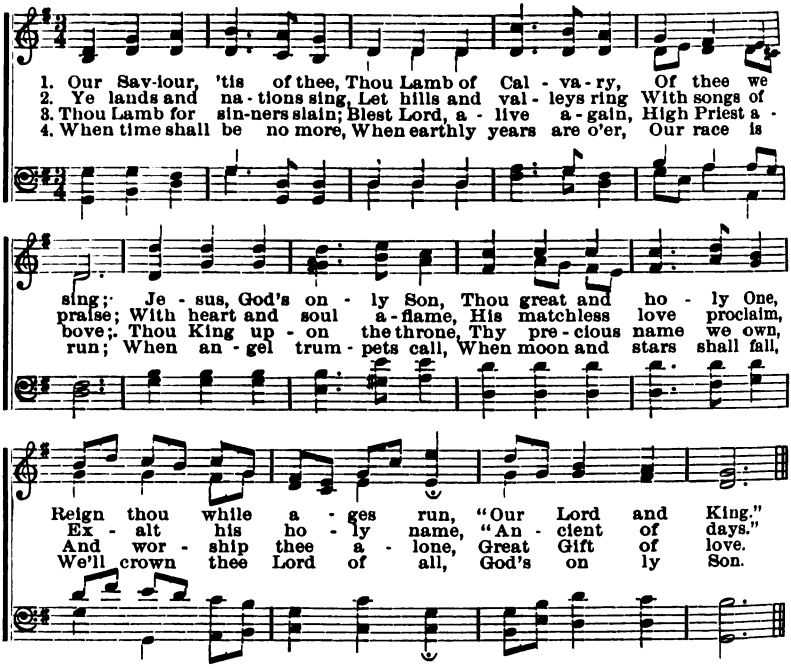
CHARLES A. DICKINSON. Arr. from German Chorals.

1. O gold-en day, so long de-sired, Born of a darksome night,
2. The noi-ses of the night shall cease, The storms no lon-ger roar;
3. Sing on, ye cho-rus of the morn, Your grand en-deav-or strain,
4. O gold-en day, the a-ges crown, A-light with heav'nly love,
The wait-ing earth at last is fired By thy re-splendent light.
The fac-tious foes of God's own peace Shall vex his church no more.
Till Christian hearts es-tranged and torn, Blend in the glad re-frain;
Rare day in proph-e-cy re-nown, On to thy ze-nith move.
And hark! like Memnon's morning chord Is heard from sea to sea
A thousand thousand voi-ces sing The surg-ing har-mo-ny;
And all the church, with all its pow'rs, In lov-ing loy-al-ty,
When all the world, with one ac-cord, In full-voiced u-ni-ty,
This song: One Mas-ter, Christ the Lord; And breth-ren all are we.
One Mas-ter, Christ; one Saviour-King; And breth-ren all are we.
Shall sing: One Mas-ter, Christ, is ours; And breth-ren all are we.
Shall sing: One Mas-ter, Christ our Lord; And breth-ren all are we.

No. 106. HARK! HARK, MY SOUL.

F. W. Faber. H. Smart.


mf
1. Hark! hark, my soul! An-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a-way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of Je-sus
4. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and dreary, The day must dawn, and
5. An-gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet fragments
ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Jesus bids you come; And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,
sounds o'er land and sea, And la-den souls by thousands meekly steal-ing,
darksome night be past; Faith's journeys end in welcome to the wea-ry,
of the songs a-bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,
p
Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An-gels of Je-sus,
The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home. An-gels of Je-sus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee. An-gels of Je-sus,
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last. An-gels of Je-sus,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. An-gels of Je-sus,
cres.
f
p
An-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night.

No. 107. IMMANUEL.

J. W. VanDeVenter. W. S. Weeden.

1. Our Sav-iour, 'tis of thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Of thee we
2. Ye lands and na - tions sing, Let hills and val - leys ring With songs of
3. Thou Lamb for sin-ners slain; Blest Lord, a - live a - gain, High Priest a -
4. When time shall be no more, When earthly years are o'er, Our race is
sing; Je - sus, God's on - ly Son, Thou great and ho - ly One,
praise; With heart and soul a - flame, His matchless love proclaim,
bove; Thou King up - on the throne, Thy pre - cious name we own,
run; When an - gel trum - pets call, When moon and stars shall fall,
Reign thou while a - ges run, "Our Lord and King."
Ex - alt his ho - ly name, "An - cient of days."
And wor - ship thee a - lone, Great Gift of love.
We'll crown thee Lord of all, God's on ly Son.

No. 108. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

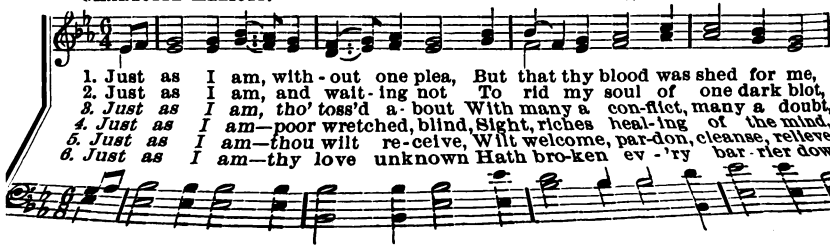
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

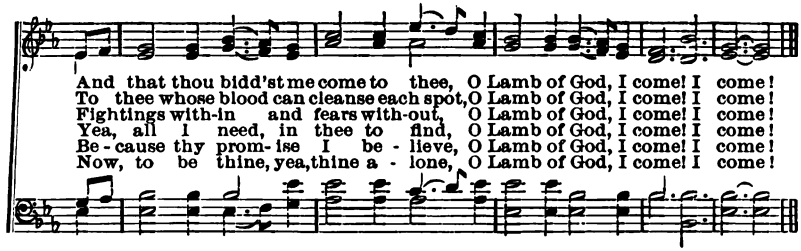
S. F. Smith.

No. 109. JUST AS I AM.

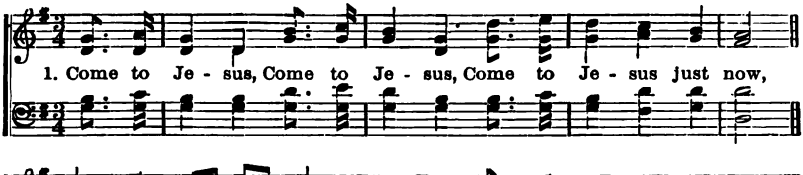
Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

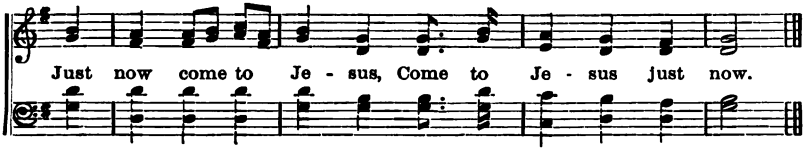

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor wretched, blind, Sight, riches heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am—thy love unknown Hath bro-ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

JUST AS I AM.—Concluded.


And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings with-in and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 110. COME TO JESUS.

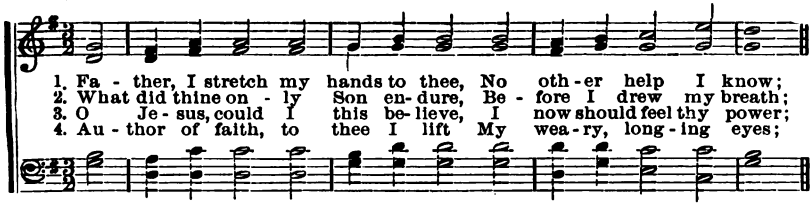


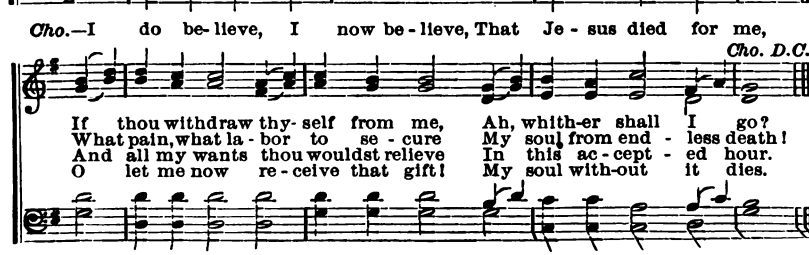


2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. Call upon him.
7. He will hear you.
8. Look unto him.
9. He'll forgive you.
10. Only trust him.
11. Jesus love you.
12. Don't reject him.
13. I believe him.

No. 111. I STRETCH MY HANDS TO THEE.

C. W. CHARLES WESLEY.


1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth-er help I know;
2. What did thine on-ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel thy power;
4. Au-thor of faith, to thee I lift My wea-ry, long-ing eyes;


Cho.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me,
Cho. D.C.
If thou withdraw thy-self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la-bor to se-cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve In this ac-cept-ed hour.
O let me now re-ceive that gift! My soul with-out it dies.

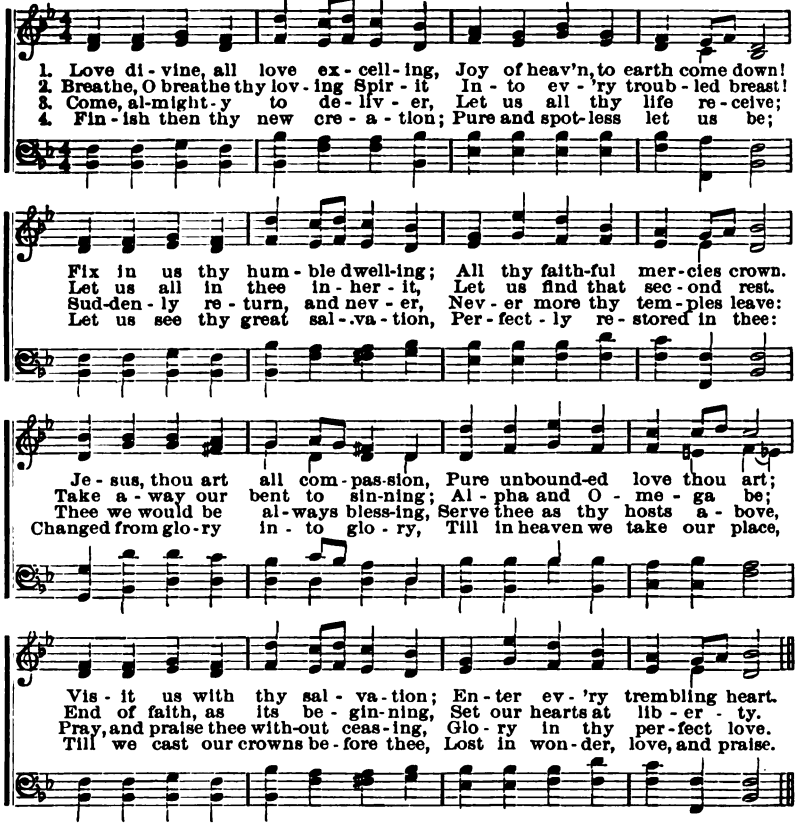
And thro' his blood, his pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice
Could I but see thy face!
Now let me hear thy quickening voice
And taste thy pardoning grace,

No. 112. LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin-ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;
Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Let us all in thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest.
Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more thy tem-ples leave:
Let us see thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in thee:
Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure unbound-ed love thou art;
Take a-way our bent to sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve thee as thy hosts a-bove,
Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heaven we take our place,
Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
Pray, and praise thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo-ry in thy per-fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

No. 113. HOLY SPIRIT, FOUNT OF BLESSING. (Tune above.)

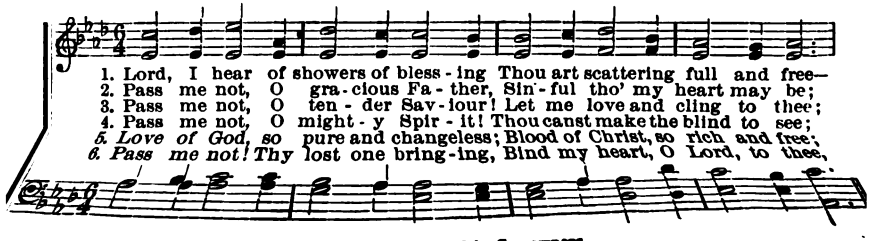
1 Holy Spirit, Fount of blessing,
Ever watchful, ever kind,
Thy celestial aid possessing,
Prisoned souls deliverance find,
Seal of truth, and Bond of union,
Source of light, and Flame of love,
Symbol of divine communion,
In the olive-bearing dove;

2 Heavenly Guide from paths of error,
Comforter of minds distressed,
When the billows fill with terror,
Pointing to an ark of rest;
Promised Pledge, eternal Spirit,
Greater than all gifts below,
May our hearts thy grace inherit;
May our lips thy glories show!

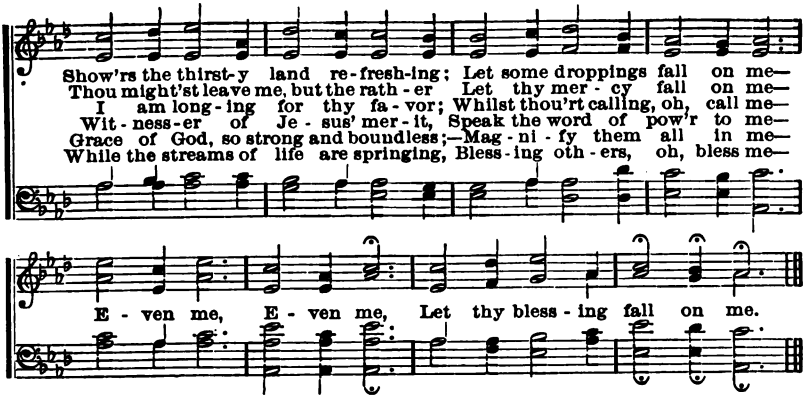
Thomas J. Judkin.

No. 114. EVEN ME.

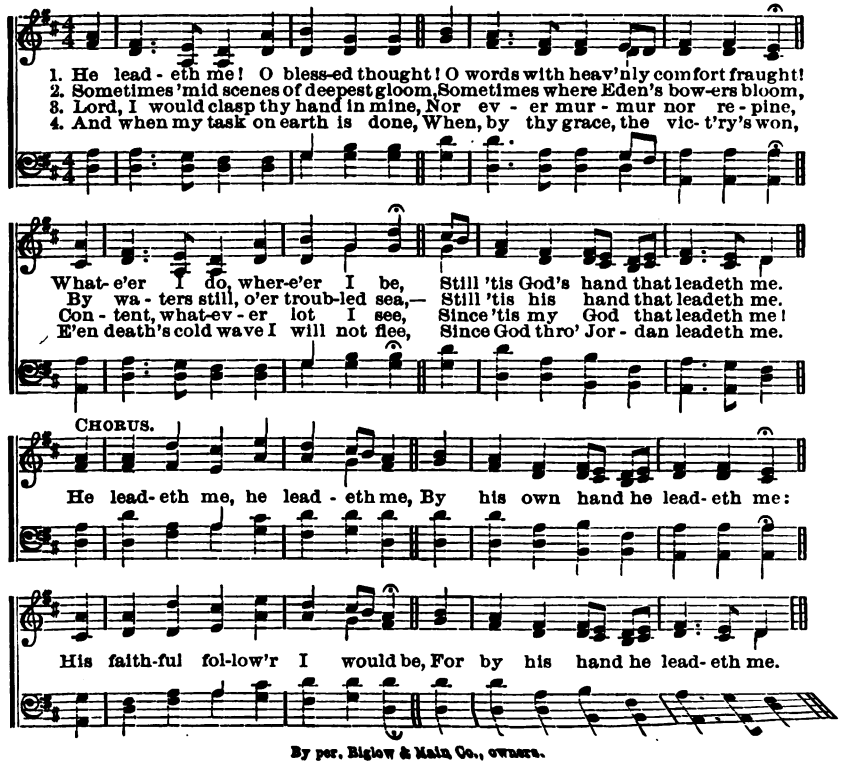
MRS. ELIZ. CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scattering full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-iour! Let me love and cling to thee;
4. Pass me not, O might-y Spir-it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
5. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
6. Pass me not! Thy lost one bring-ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee.

By per. Biglow & Main Co., owners.

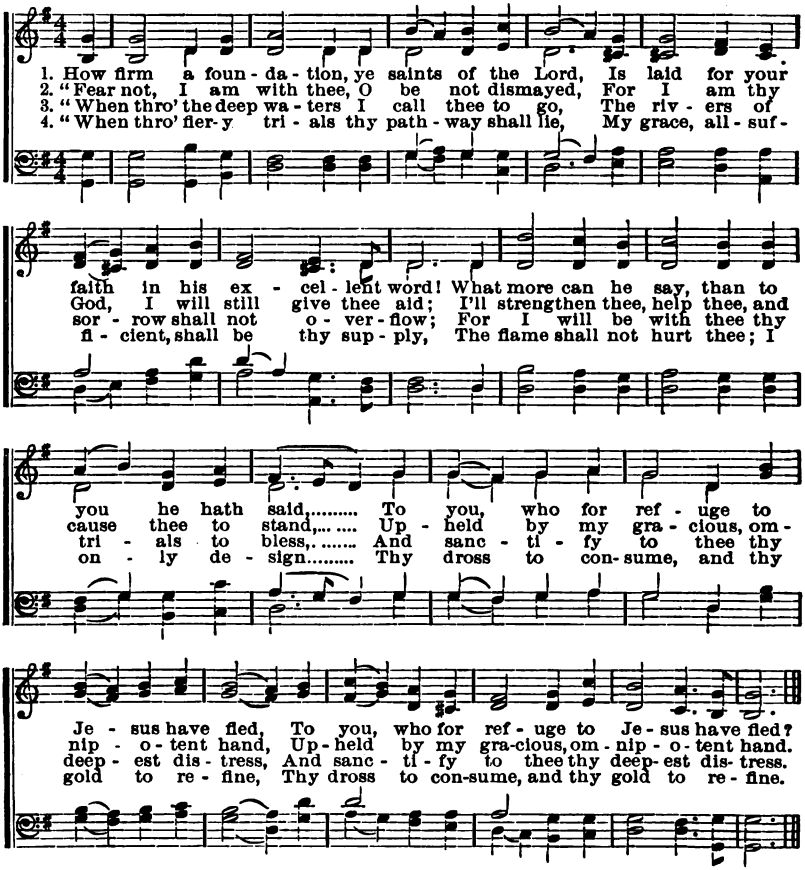
EVEN ME.—Concluded.

Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me—
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let thy mer-cy fall on me—
I am long-ing for thy fa-vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me—
Wit-ness-er of Je-sus' mer-it, Speak the word of pow'r to me—
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—Mag-ni-fy them all in me—
While the streams of life are springing, Bless-ing oth-ers, oh, bless me—
E-ven me, E-ven me, Let thy bless-ing fall on me.

No. 115. HE LEADETH ME.

J. H. GILMORE. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea,— Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan leadeth me.
CHORUS.
He lead-eth me, he lead-eth me, By his own hand he lead-eth me:
His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me.

By per. Biglow & Main Co., owners.

No. 116. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

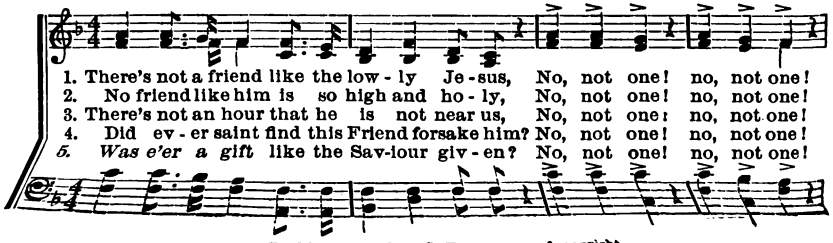
GEORGE KEITH. Unknown.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path - way shall lie, My grace, all - suf -
faith in his ex - cel - lent word! What more can he say, than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I
you he hath said,..... To you, who for ref - uge to
cause thee to stand,..... Up - held by my gra - cious, om -
tri - als to bless,..... And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy
on - ly de - sign..... Thy dross to con - sume, and thy
Je - sus have fled, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
gold to re - fine, Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

No. 117. NO, NOT ONE!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

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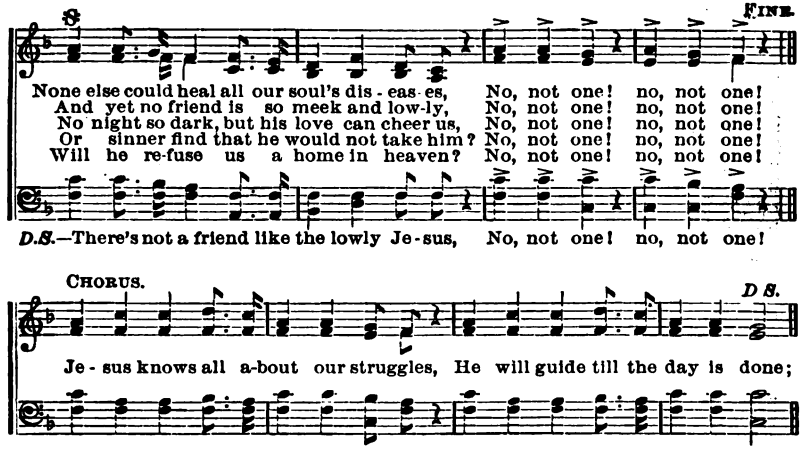
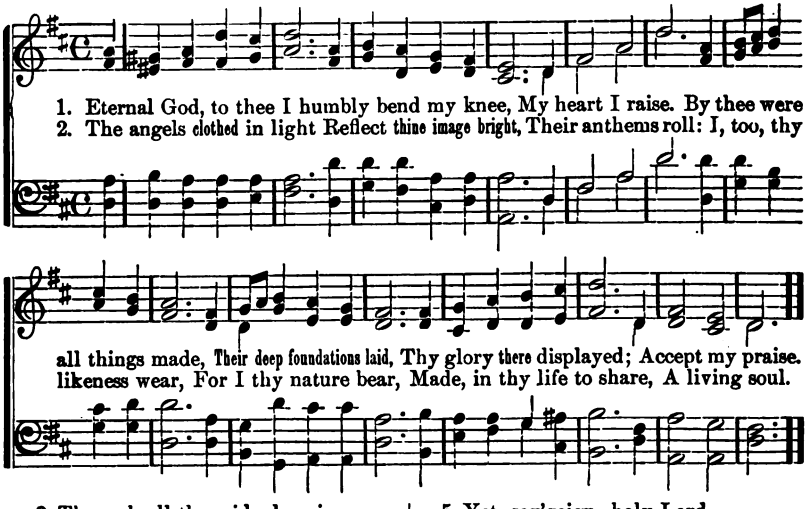
NO, NOT ONE!—Concluded.

FINE.
None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark, but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will he re-fuse us a home in heaven? No, not one! no, not one!
D.S.—There's not a friend like the lowly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
CHORUS.
D.S.
Je - sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

No. 118. ETERNAL GOD, TO THEE.

REV. W. H. HODGE. C. L. TYLER.


1. Eternal God, to thee I humbly bend my knee, My heart I raise. By thee were
2. The angels clothed in light Reflect thine image bright, Their anthems roll: I, too, thy
all things made, Their deep foundations laid, Thy glory there displayed; Accept my praise.
likeness wear, For I thy nature bear, Made, in thy life to share, A living soul.

3 Through all thy wide domains,
Thy will supremely reigns,
As nature sings.
With angels great in might,
Before thy throne of light,
I worship thee by right,
The King of kings.

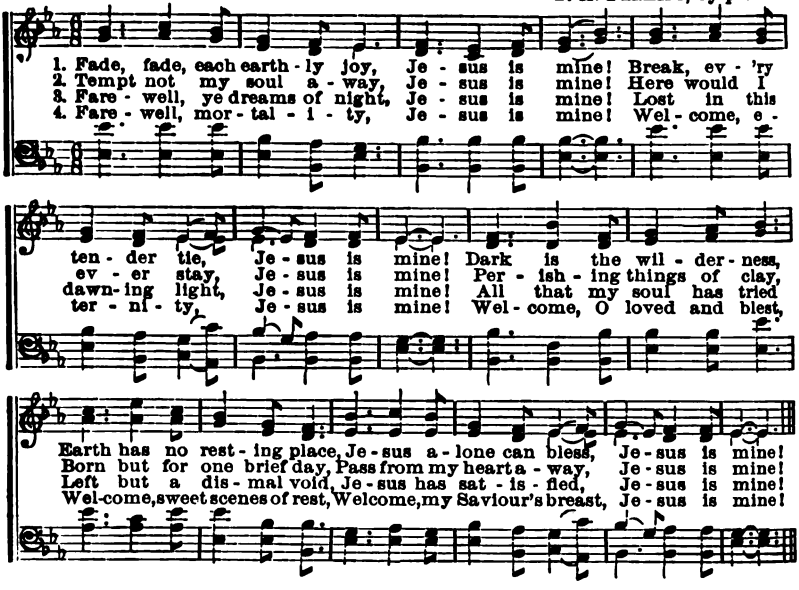
4 *Most holy One* and pure,
No sin canst thou endure,
Thou God of light;
Bowed down by sin and fear,
I, trembling, now draw near,
O how shall I appear

5 Yet, sov'reign, holy Lord,
Relying on thy word,
I boldly go;
For thou hast died for me,
From death to set me free,
And make me, all through thee,
Whiter than snow.

6 Henceforth my aim must be
To please thee perfectly,
Thou Saviour mine.
Myself to thee I give,
The gift thou wilt receive,
And grant me strength to liv

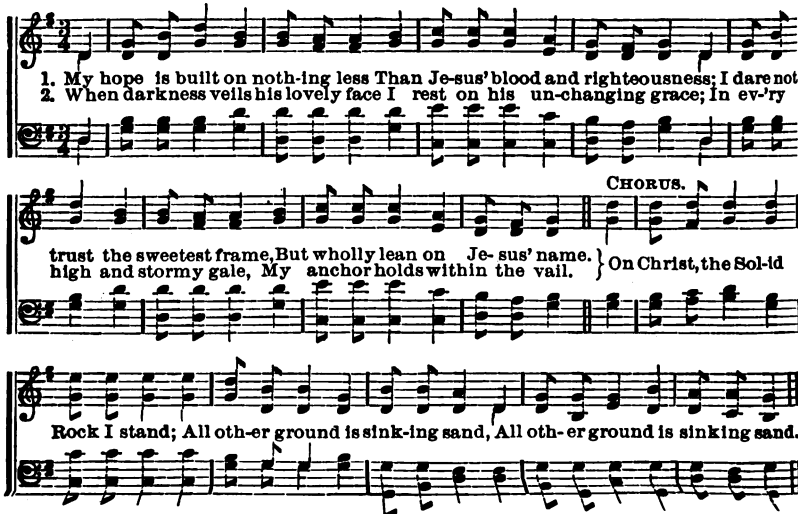
No. 119. JESUS IS MINE!

MRS. CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS, by per.


1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e -
ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,
Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Wel-come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 120. THE SOLID ROCK.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not
2. When darkness veils his lovely face I rest on his un-changing grace; In ev-'ry
CHORUS.
trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je- sus' name.
high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the vail.
On Christ, the Sol-id
Rock I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

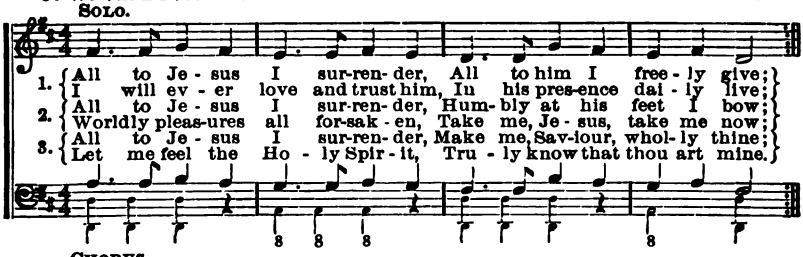
4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in him be found;
Drest in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

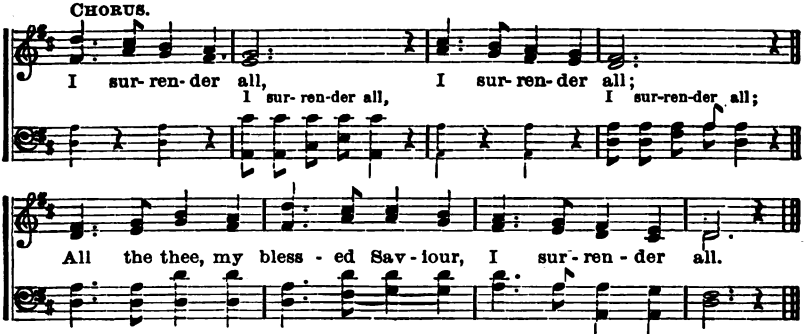
By per. Biglow & Main Co., owners.

No. 121. I SURRENDER ALL.

J. W. VanDeVenter. W. S. Weeden.

Solo.


1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren- der, All to him I free - ly give;
I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres-ence dai - ly live;
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren- der, Hum-bly at his feet I bow;
Worldly pleas-ures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now;
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren- der, Make me, Sav-iour, whol- ly thine;
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine.

Chorus.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

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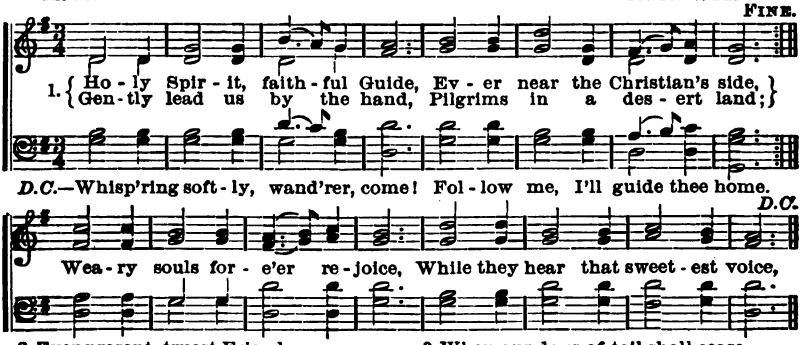
No. 122. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

Fine.

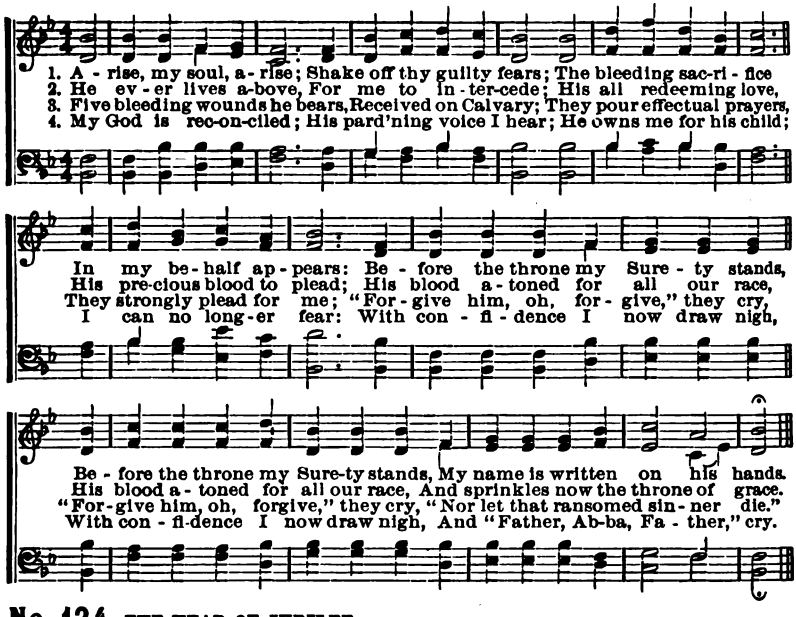

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land;
D.C.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.
D.C.
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er;
Whisper softly, wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

No. 123. ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

CH. WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.


1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sac-ri - fice
2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all redeeming love,
3. Five bleeding wounds he bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers,
4. My God is rec-on-ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for his child;
In my be - half ap - pears: Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
His pre-cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
They strongly plead for me; "For - give him, oh, for - give," they cry,
I can no long-er fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,
Be - fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, My name is written on his hands.
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
"For-give him, oh, forgive," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die."
With con - fi-dence I now draw nigh, And "Father, Ab-ba, Fa - ther," cry.

No. 124. THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

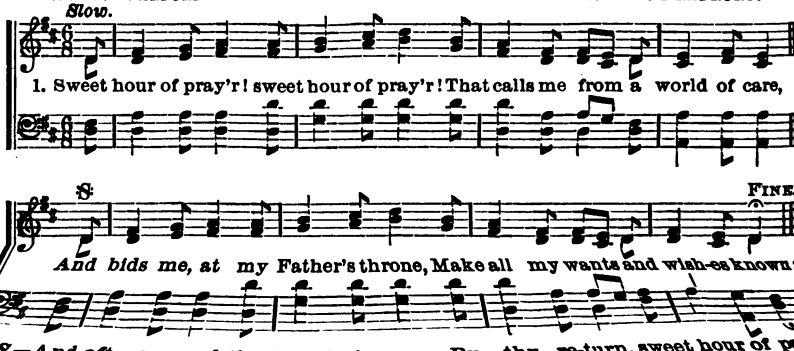
2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

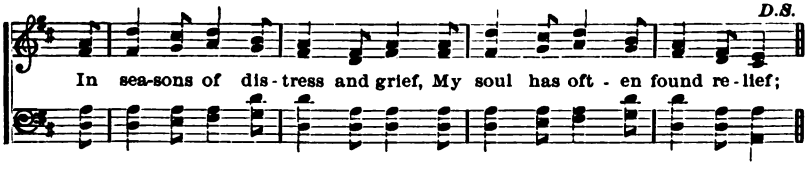
No. 125. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.


Slow.
1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
S.
FINE.
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known:
D.S.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r

By per. Biglow & Main Co., owners.

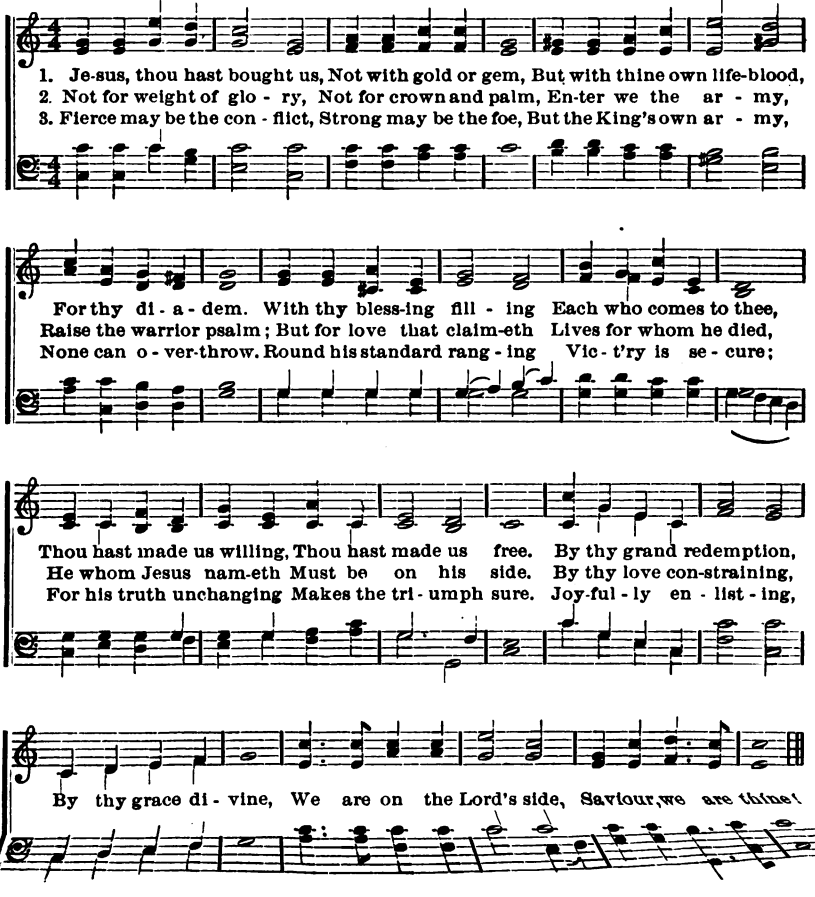
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.—Concluded.



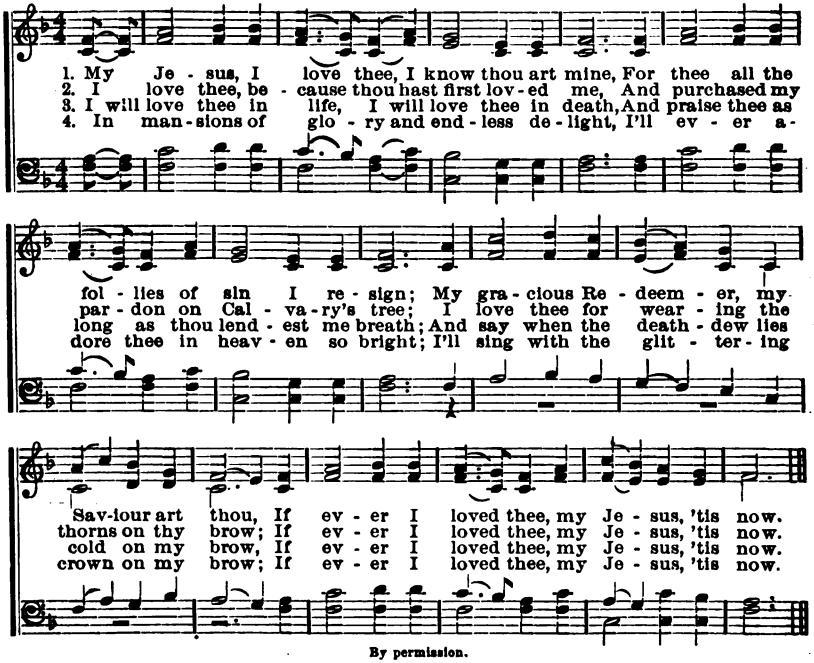
2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

No. 126. JESUS, THOU HAST BOUGHT US.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Arr. by J. Goss.

1. Je-sus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with thine own life-blood,
2. Not for weight of glo-ry, Not for crown and palm, En-ter we the ar-my,
3. Fierce may be the con-flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar-my,
For thy di-a-dem. With thy bless-ing fill-ing Each who comes to thee,
Raise the warrior psalm; But for love that claim-eth Lives for whom he died,
None can o-ver-throw. Round his standard rang-ing Vic-t'ry is se-cure;
Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free. By thy grand redemption,
He whom Jesus nam-eth Must be on his side. By thy love con-straining,
For his truth unchanging Makes the tri-umph sure. Joy-ful-ly en-list-ing,
By thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are thine!

No. 127. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav-iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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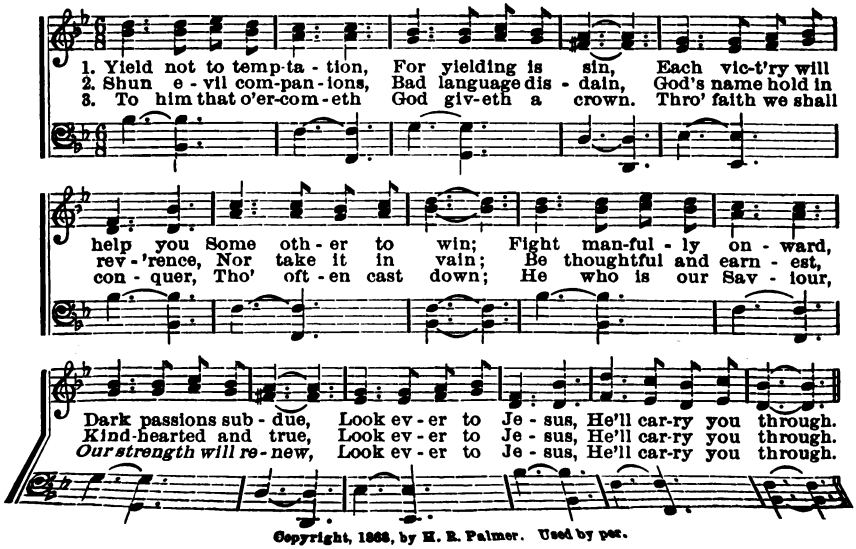
No. 128. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. Palmer. H. R. Palmer.


1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com - eth God giv-eth a crown. Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,
Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

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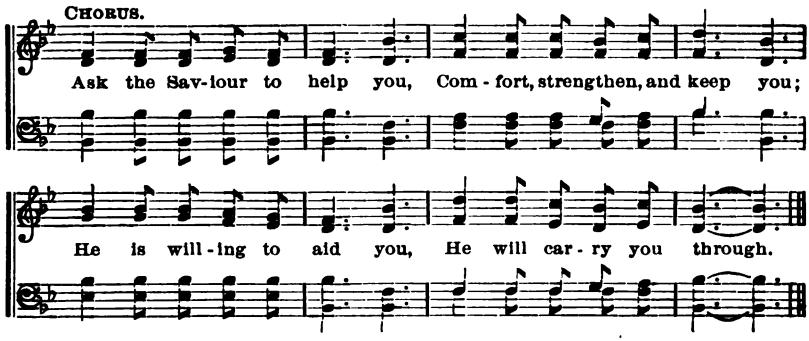
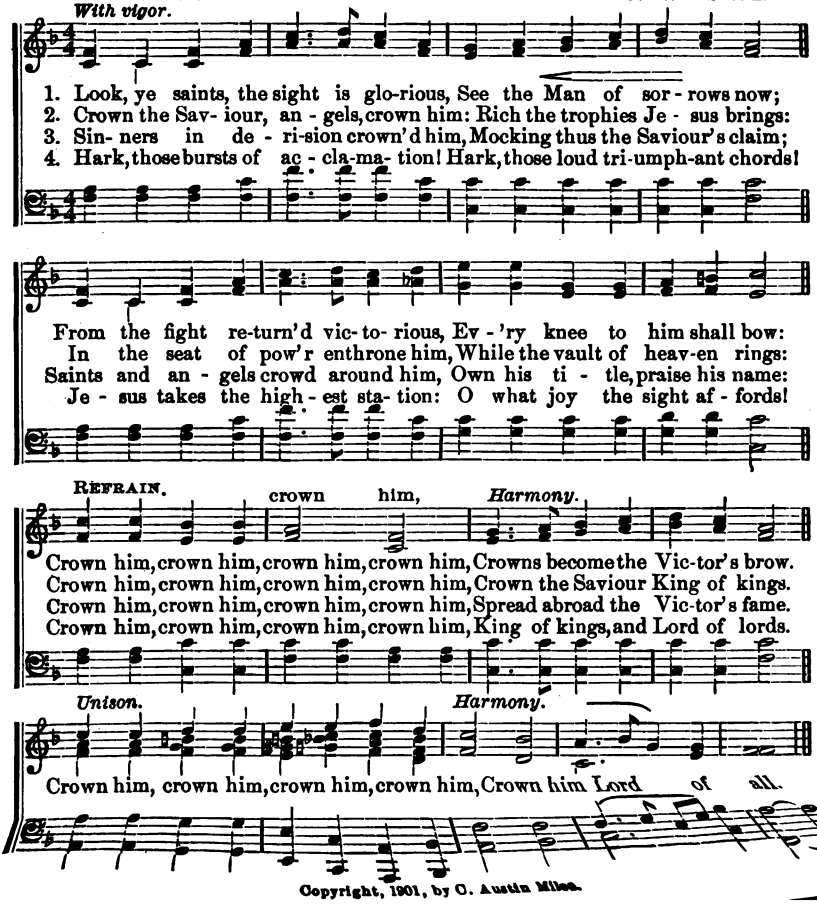
YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.—Concluded.

No. 129. CROWN THE SAVIOUR.

THOMAS KELLY. Rev. WM. STONE.

With vigor.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the Man of sor-rows now;
2. Crown the Sav-iour, an-gels, crown him: Rich the trophies Je-sus brings:
3. Sin-ners in de-ri-sion crown'd him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
4. Hark, those bursts of ac-cla-ma-tion! Hark, those loud tri-umph-ant chords!
From the fight re-turn'd vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to him shall bow:
In the seat of pow'r enthrone him, While the vault of heav-en rings:
Saints and an-gels crowd around him, Own his ti-tle, praise his name:
Je-sus takes the high-est sta-tion: O what joy the sight af-fords!
REFRAIN.
crown him,
Harmony.
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Crowns become the Vic-tor's brow.
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown the Saviour King of kings.
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Spread abroad the Vic-tor's fame.
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, King of kings, and Lord of lords.
Unison.
Harmony.
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

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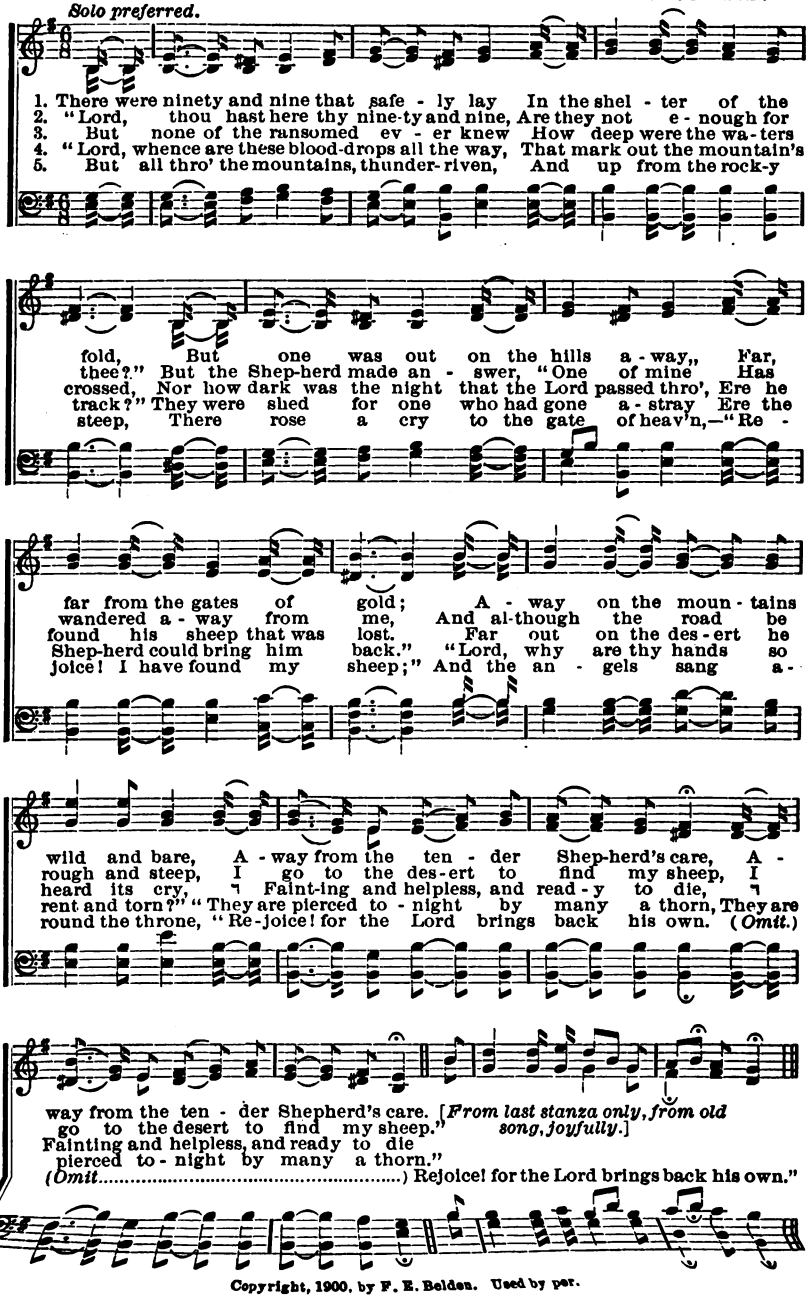
No. 130. THE LOST SHEEP.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. F. E. BELDEN.

Solo preferred.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the
2. "Lord, thou hast here thy nine-ty and nine, Are they not e - nough for
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the wa-ters
4. "Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the way, That mark out the mountain's
5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven, And up from the rock-y
fold, But one was out on the hills a - way,, Far,
thee?" But the Shep-herd made an - swer, "One of mine Has
crossed, Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro', Ere he
track?" They were shed for one who had gone a - stray Ere the
steep, There rose a cry to the gate of heav'n,—"Re -
far from the gates of gold; A - way on the moun - tains
wandered a - way from me, And al-though the road be
found his sheep that was lost. Far out on the des - ert he
Shep-herd could bring him back." "Lord, why are thy hands so
joice! I have found my sheep;" And the an - gels sang a -
wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care, A -
rough and steep, I go to the des-ert to find my sheep, I
heard its cry, Faint-ing and helpless, and read - y to die,
rent and torn?" "They are pierced to - night by many a thorn, They are
round the throne, "Re-joice! for the Lord brings back his own. (*Omit.*)
way from the ten - der Shepherd's care. [*From last stanza only, from old*
go to the desert to find my sheep." *song, joyfully.*]
Fainting and helpless, and ready to die
pierced to - night by many a thorn."
(*Omit*.....) Rejoice! for the Lord brings back his own."

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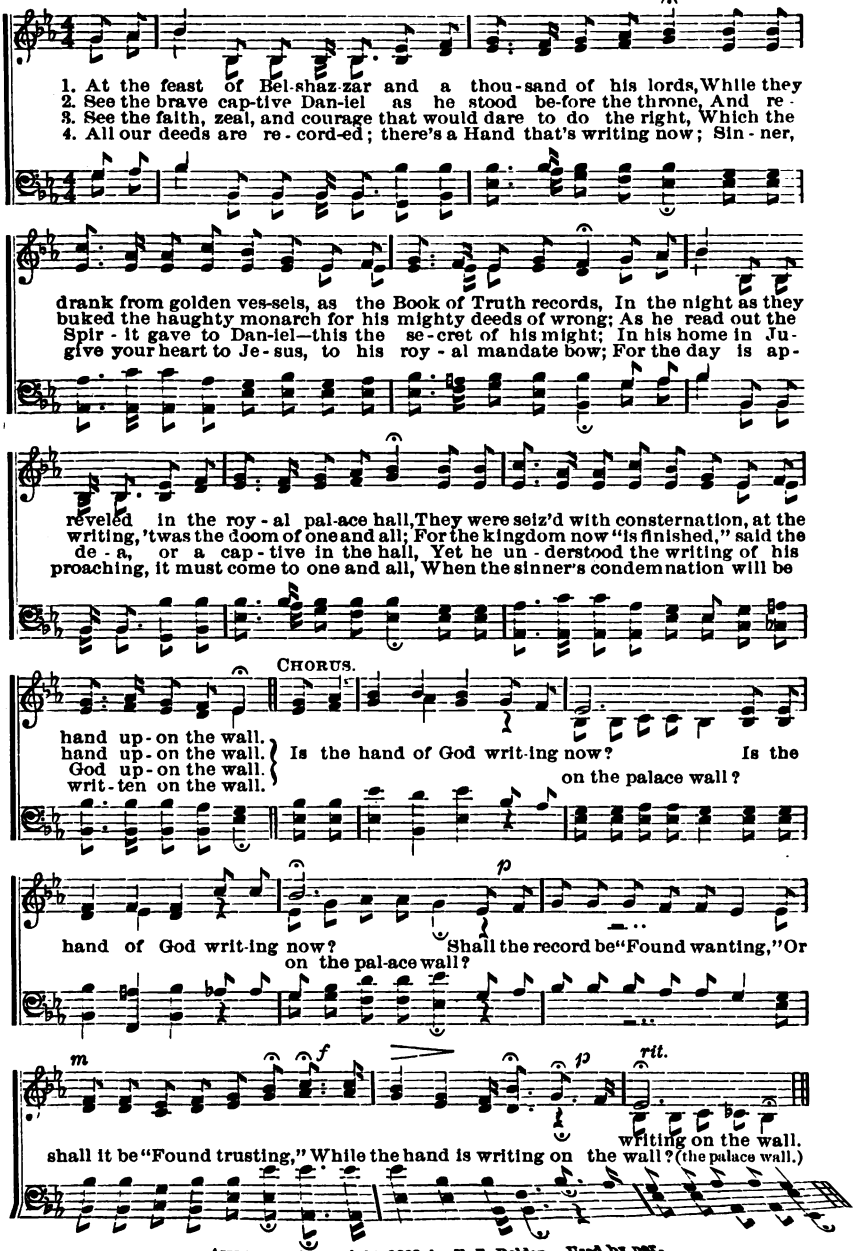
No. 131. THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

"And the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace."—Dan. 5: 5.

Words and Music by KNOWLES SHAW. Arr. by F. E. BELDEN.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they
2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel as he stood be-fore the throne, And re-
3. See the faith, zeal, and courage that would dare to do the right, Which the
4. All our deeds are re-cord-ed; there's a Hand that's writing now; Sin-ner,
drank from golden ves-sels, as the Book of Truth records, In the night as they
buked the haughty monarch for his mighty deeds of wrong; As he read out the
Spir-it gave to Dan-iel—this the se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-
give your heart to Je-sus, to his roy-al mandate bow; For the day is ap-
reveled in the roy-al pal-ace hall, They were seiz'd with consternation, at the
writing, 'twas the doom of one and all; For the kingdom now "is finished," said the
de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall, Yet he un-derstood the writing of his
proaching, it must come to one and all, When the sinner's condemnation will be
CHORUS.
hand up-on the wall.
hand up-on the wall.
God up-on the wall.
writ-ten on the wall.
Is the hand of God writ-ing now? Is the
on the palace wall?
hand of God writ-ing now? Shall the record be "Found wanting," Or
on the pal-ace wall?
shall it be "Found trusting," While the hand is writing on the wall? (the palace wall.)
writing on the wall.

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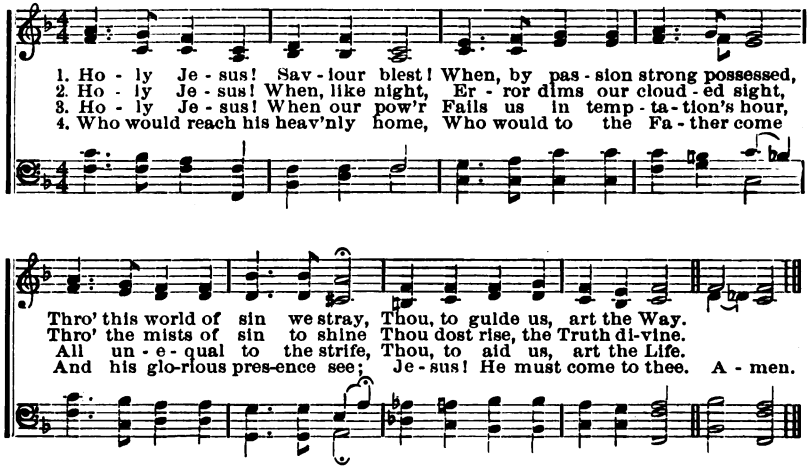
No. 132. HOLY JESUS! SAVIOUR BLEST!

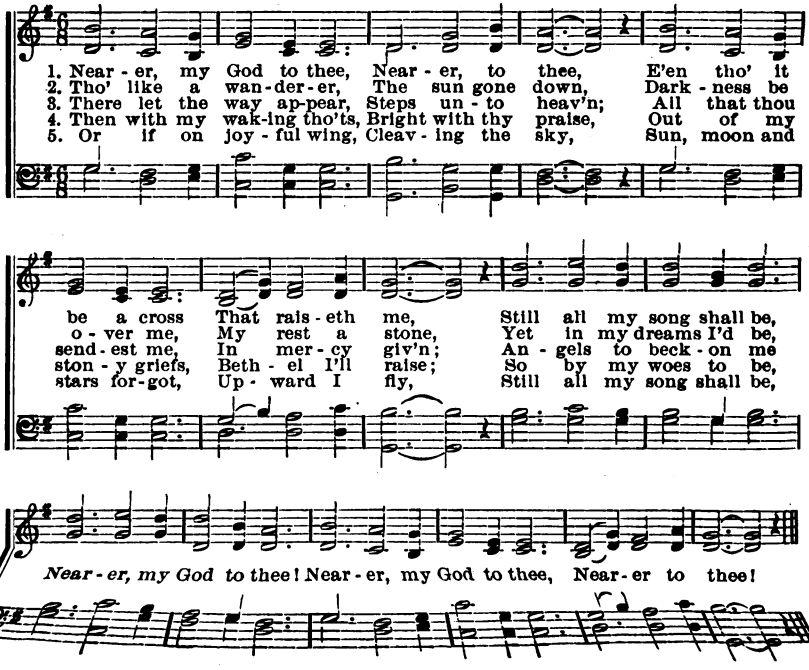
"I am the way, the truth, and the life."

RICHARD MANT. W. H. P. BARLEY.


1. Ho - ly Je - sus! Sav - iour blest! When, by pas - sion strong possessed,
2. Ho - ly Je - sus! When, like night, Er - ror dims our cloud - ed sight,
3. Ho - ly Je - sus! When our pow'r Fails us in temp - ta - tion's hour,
4. Who would reach his heav'nly home, Who would to the Fa - ther come
Thro' this world of sin we stray, Thou, to guide us, art the Way.
Thro' the mists of sin to shine Thou dost rise, the Truth di-vine.
All un - e - qual to the strife, Thou, to aid us, art the Life.
And his glo-rious pres-ence see; Je - sus! He must come to thee. A - men.

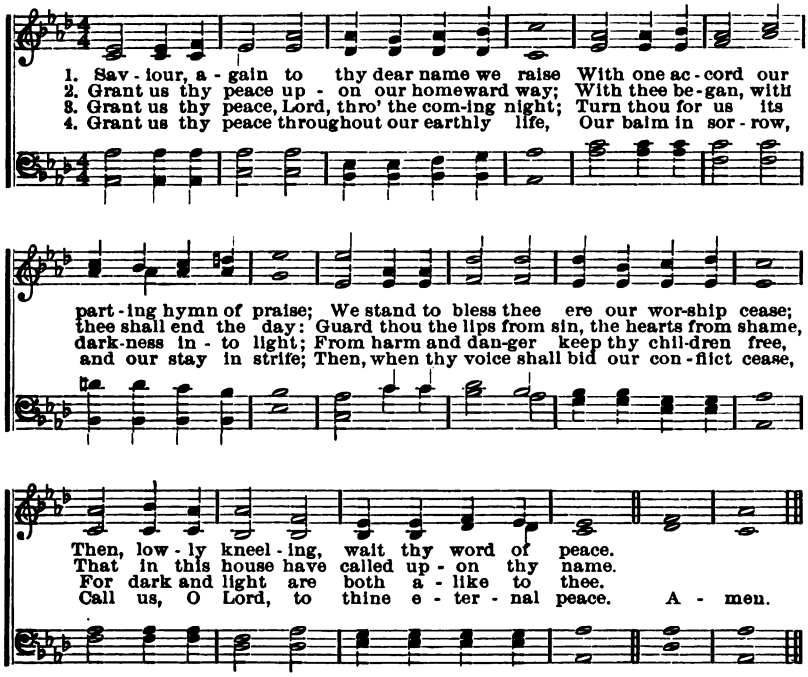
Copyright, 1901, by Rev. J. W. Chapman. By per.

No. 133. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God to thee, Near - er, to thee, E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou
4. Then with my wak-ing tho'ts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and
be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be,
send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me
ston - y griefs, Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be,
stars for-got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God to thee! Near - er, my God to thee, Near - er to thee!

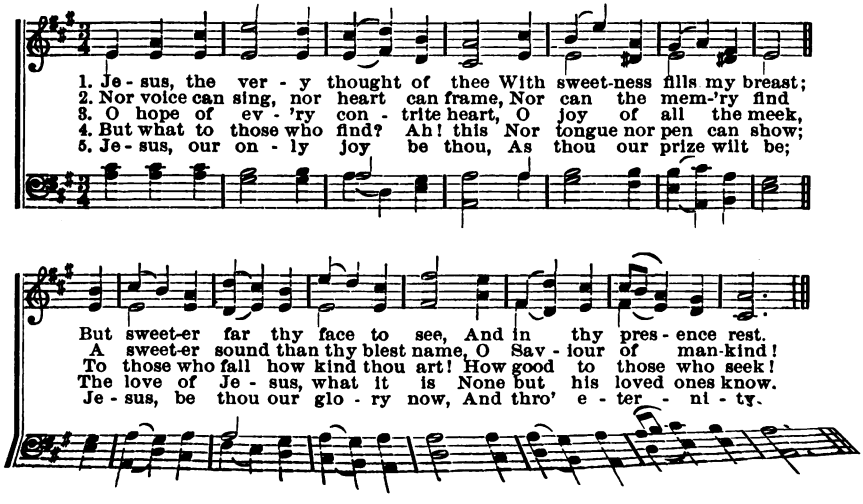
No. 134. SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME.

Rev. John Ellerton. Edward J. Hopkins.

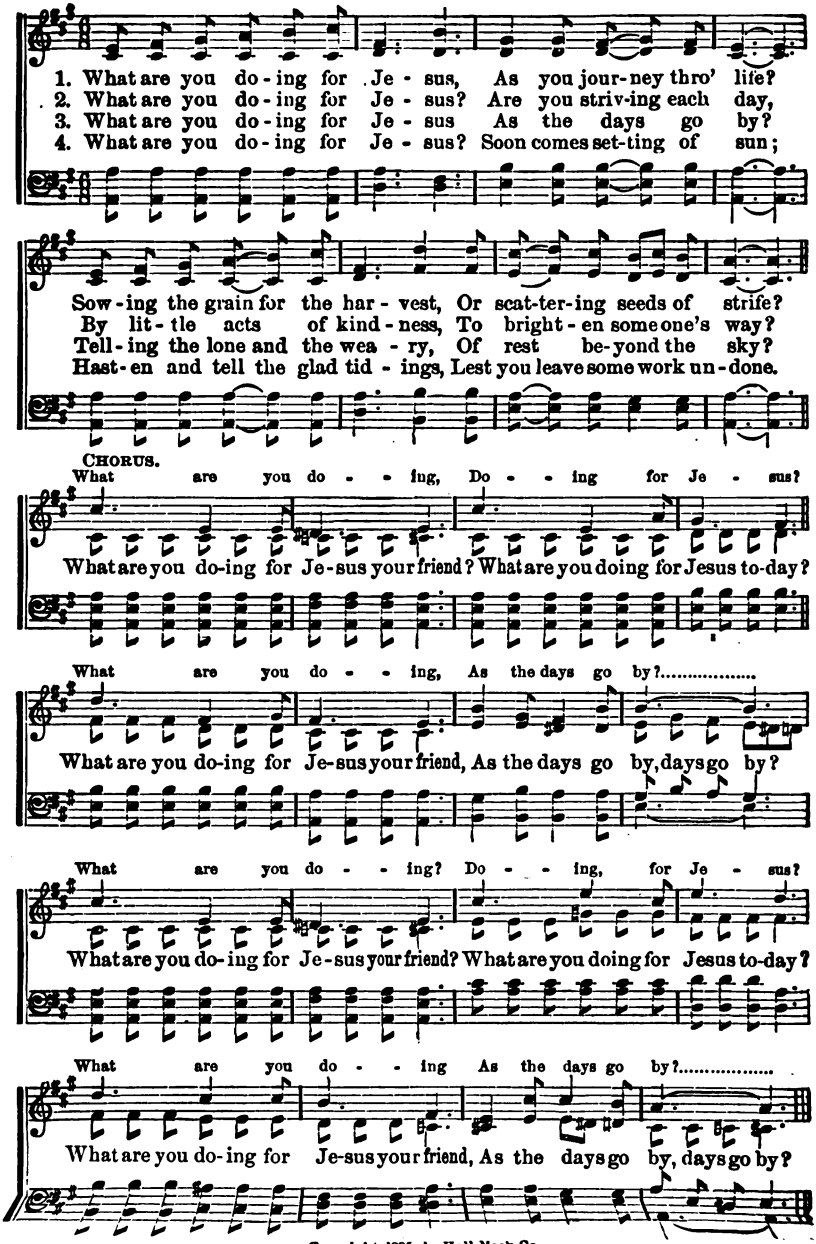

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our homeward way; With thee be - gan, with
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night; Turn thou for us its
4. Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sor - row,
part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee ere our wor-ship cease;
thee shall end the day: Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan-ger keep thy chil-dren free,
and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease,
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait thy word of peace.
That in this house have called up - on thy name.
For dark and light are both a - like to thee.
Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

No. 135. JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

Dr. Haweis.


1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show;
5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou, As thou our prize wilt be;
But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man-kind!
To those who fall how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but his loved ones know.
Je - sus, be thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 136. WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

EMILY P. MILLER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What are you do-ing for Je-sus, As you jour-ney thro' life?
2. What are you do-ing for Je-sus? Are you striv-ing each day,
3. What are you do-ing for Je-sus As the days go by?
4. What are you do-ing for Je-sus? Soon comes set-ting of sun;
Sow-ing the grain for the har-vest, Or scat-ter-ing seeds of strife?
By lit-tle acts of kind-ness, To bright-en some one's way?
Tell-ing the lone and the wea-ry, Of rest be-yond the sky?
Hast-en and tell the glad tid-ings, Lest you leave some work un-done.
CHORUS.
What are you do - - ing, Do - - ing for Je - sus?
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What are you do - - ing, As the days go by?.....
What are you do-ing for Je-sus your friend, As the days go by, days go by?
What are you do - - ing? Do - - ing, for Je - sus?
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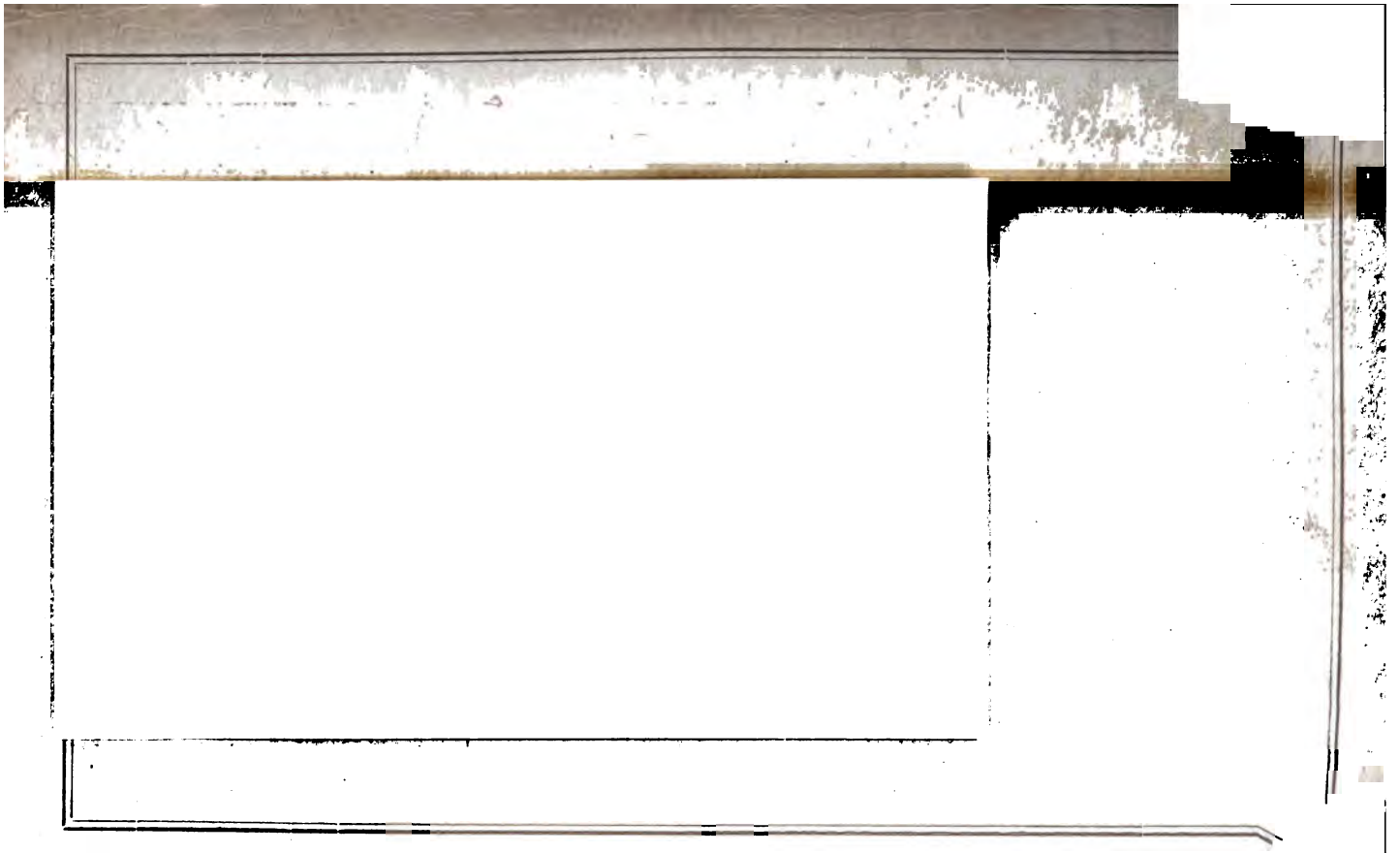

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CHAPMAN, J. Wilbur

AUTHOR

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